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THE
CALVARY SELECTION
OF
SPIRITUAL SONGS

WITH MUSIC

FOR THE CHURCH AND THE CHOIR.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY
CHARLES S. ROBINSON,
AND¹¹
ROBERT S. MACARTHUR.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW-YORK.

849 566 1059 16

The books of The Calvary Selection Series of Spiritual Songs are now offered to the Baptist churches for use in the different departments of religious work and devotion : I. The Calvary Selection of Spiritual Songs for Church and Choir ; II. The Edition for Social Worship. To these has recently been added : III. Spiritual Songs for the Sunday-School. It is believed that the use of such a series of Manuals in the singing of the people, young and old together, will at once elevate the taste and increase the interest of all.

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PREFACE.

THIS book has its origin in the desire expressed by some pastors for such a book, for use in the churches under their charge. It is published in the usual way, because of the surmise that what would be appropriate for them might be sought by others.

It is evident to all who have noted the drift of public sentiment and taste, during the past few years, that it has been moving in two directions almost diverse: on the one side, towards music with a decided melody and hymns accompanied by a refrain; on the other side, towards hymns of a more stately character and a more varied rhythm, and towards tunes constructed somewhat on the model of the English and German chorals. In this selection an attempt has been made to meet the popular taste in both directions, as far as was possible without a surrender of those hymns and tunes which are standard and beloved everywhere.

Some churches prefer to be led in their Sabbath praises by a precentor, with a view of encouraging the whole people to sing. Others are better satisfied to employ an educated choir, that a somewhat wider range of artistic cultivation may be reached. For both classes provision has been made in this volume. Parts of it are not set to music, in order that the choir may occasionally sing a hymn without help, adapting it for themselves.

The compilers offer this Manual of Worship to the churches in the hope that it may prove helpful to them in their services of song, and may thus contribute to the glory of their great Head.

CHARLES S. ROBINSON.
ROBERT S. MACARTHUR.

New-York, December, 1878.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	HYMNS.
THE LORD'S DAY.....	1—60
THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.....	61—77
THE SACRIFICE OF PRAISE.....	78—111
THE CLOSE OF SERVICE.....	112—157
THE INSPIRED SCRIPTURES.....	158—175
GOD: THE ALMIGHTY FATHER.....	176—233
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.	
INCARNATION AND BIRTH.....	234—256
LIFE AND CHARACTER.....	257—272
SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.....	273—294
RESURRECTION AND REIGN.....	295—323
EXALTATION AND OFFICES.....	329—349
THE HOLY SPIRIT.....	350—380
THE GOSPEL OF GRACE.	
MAN'S LOST STATE.....	381—397
THE ATONEMENT.....	398—415
INVITATIONS.....	416—441
REPENTANCE UNTO LIFE.....	445—480
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.	
CONFLICT WITH SIN.....	481—516
COURAGE AND CHEER.....	517—584
COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.....	585—639
EXPERIENCE AND GRACES.....	640—674
PRIVILEGES OF BELIEVERS.....	675—703
DISCIPLINE AND SORROW.....	704—748



	HYMNS.
THE CHURCH.	
INSTITUTIONS.....	749—778
BENEVOLENT WORK.....	779—797
SUNDAY-SCHOOL.....	798—806
BAPTISM.....	807—822
THE LORD'S SUPPER.....	823—889
MISSIONS AND GROWTH.....	890—932
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.....	933—972
THE GENERAL JUDGMENT.....	973—988
THE REST OF HEAVEN.....	989—1045
MISCELLANEOUS.....	1046—1072
CHANTS AND OCCASIONAL.....	1073—1086
DOXOLOGIES.....	PAGE. 413—414
INDEX OF TUNES.....	415
METRICAL INDEX.....	417
INDEX OF AUTHORS.....	419
INDEX OF TEXTS.....	421
INDEX OF STANZAS.....	423
INDEX OF SUBJECTS.....	431
INDEX OF FIRST LINES.....	434

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

A. WILLIAMS.



1. How pleased and blest was I, To hear the peo-ple cry, "Come, let us seek our God to - day!"



Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.



1

Psalm 122.

I. WATTS.

How PLEASED and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

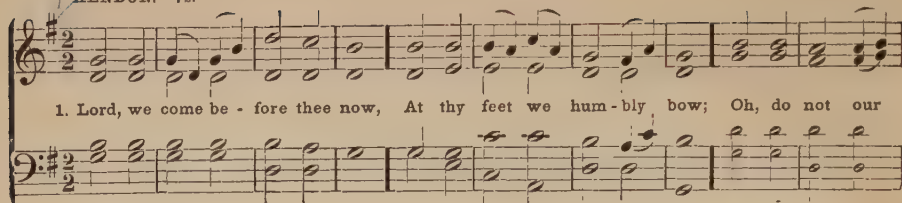
3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

2 Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorned with wondrous grace,
While walls of strength embrace thee round: For here my friends and kindred dwell;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

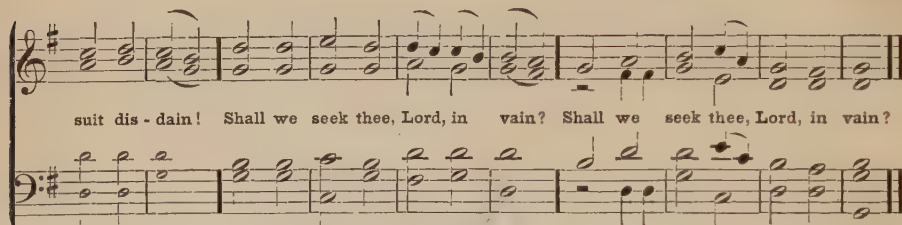
4 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

HENDON. 7s.

C. H. A. MALAN.



1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum - bly bow; Oh, do not our



suit dis - dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2

"Thy face we seek."

W. HAMMOND.

3

Jesus intercedes.

J. MONTGOMERY.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

To thy temple we repair—
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the veil we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

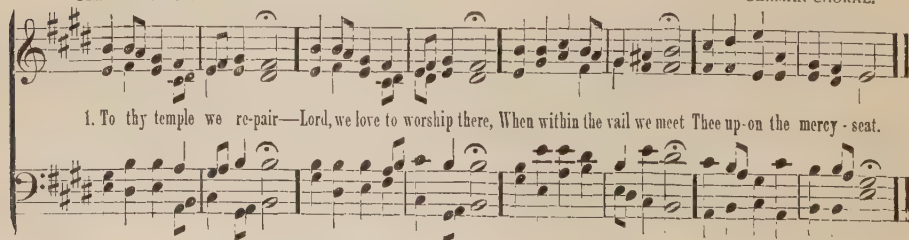
3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say—
"We have walked with God to-day."

CHAPEL. 7s.

GERMAN CHORAL.



1. To thy temple we re - pair—Lord, we love to worship there, When within the veil we meet Thee up - on the mercy - seat.

DIJON. 7s.

GERMAN EVENING HYMN.

1. To thy pastures fair and large, Heaven-ly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch with ten-d'rest care, 'Mid the springing grass pre-pare.

4

Psalm 23.

J. MERRICK.

5

Twilight.

S. F. SMITH.

To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

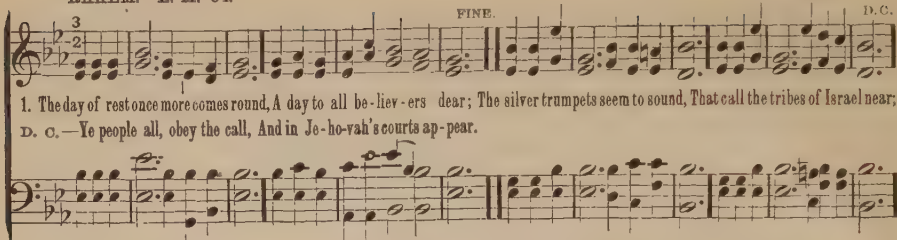
4 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

WEBER. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Soft-ly fades the twi-light ray Of the ho-ly Sab-bath day;
Gent-ly as life's set-ting sun, When the Chris-tian's course is run.

BAKEM. L. M. 61.

I. B. WOODBURY,
D. C.

1. The day of rest once more comes round, A day to all be-lie-ers dear; The silver trumpets seem to sound, That call the tribes of Israel near;
D. C.—Ye people all, obey the call, And in Je-ho-vah's courts ap-pear.

6

"Day of Rest."

T. KELLY.

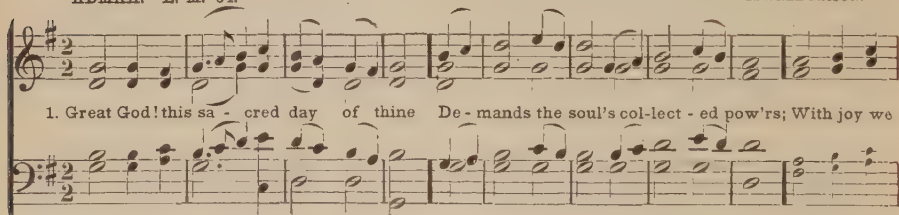
THE day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear;
The silver trumpets seem to sound,
That call the tribes of Israel near;
Ye people all, obey the call,
And in Jehovah's courts appear.

2 Obedient to thy summons, Lord,
We to thy sanctuary come;

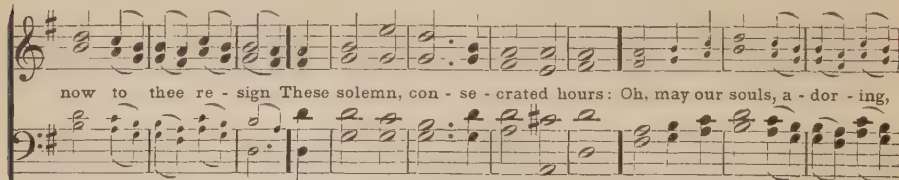
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send thy people joyful home;
Of thee our King, oh, may we sing,
And none with such a theme be dumb.
3 Oh, hasten, Lord, the day when those
Who know thee here shall see thy face;
When suffering shall for ever close,
And they shall reach their destined place;
Then shall they rest, supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to thy grace.

ADMAH. L. M. 61.

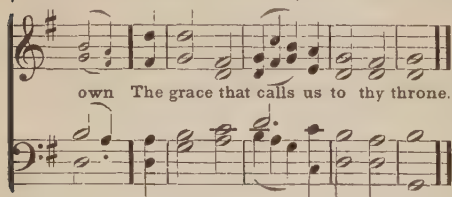
LOWELL MASON.



1. Great God! this sa - cred day of thine De - mands the soul's col - lect - ed pow'rs; With joy we



now to thee re - sign These solemn, con - se - crated hours: Oh, may our souls, a - dor - ing,



own The grace that calls us to thy throne.

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
Oh, may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

Grace in Service.

A. STEELE.

GREAT God! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
With joy we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours;
Oh, may our souls, adoring, own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;
Oh, may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine;
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

BROWNELL. L. M. 61.

FROM F. J. HAYDN.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye; My noonday walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

8

Psalm 23.

J. ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,

My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned;
And streams shall murmur all around.

YOAKLEY. L. M. 61.

W. YOAKLEY.

1. { When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light salutes mine eyes, } [away,
O Sun of righteousness divine, On me with beams of mercy shine!} Oh, chase the cloud of guilt
away, And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning-sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

9

Constant Devotion.

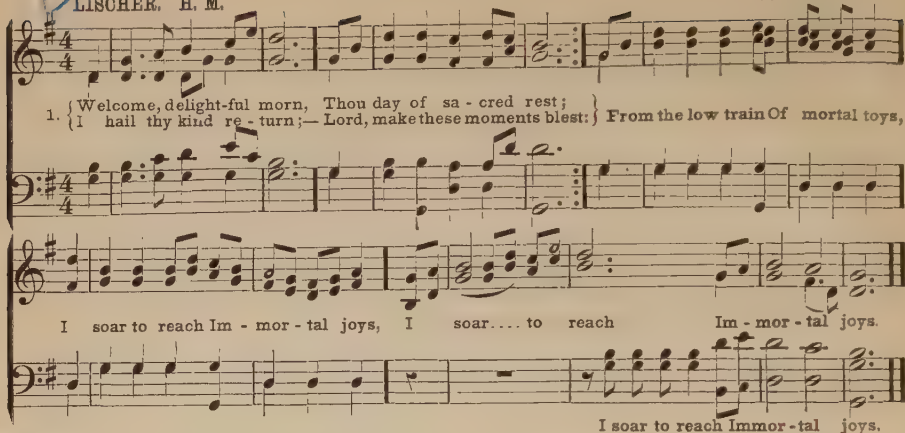
W. SHRUBSOLE.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine!

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

LISCHER, H. M.

F. SCHNEIDER.



1. Welcome, delight-ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest;
I hail thy kind re - turn;— Lord, make these moments blest; } From the low train Of mortal toys,
I soar to reach Im - mor - tal joys, I soar... to reach Im - mor - tal joys.
I soar to reach Im - mor - tal joys.

10

Welcome Worship.

HAYWARD.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train | I soar to reach
Of mortal toys, | Immortal joys.
2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel | And learn to know
Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord.
3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbaths be
New life obtain, | Enjoyed in vain.

MILLENNIUM, H. M.

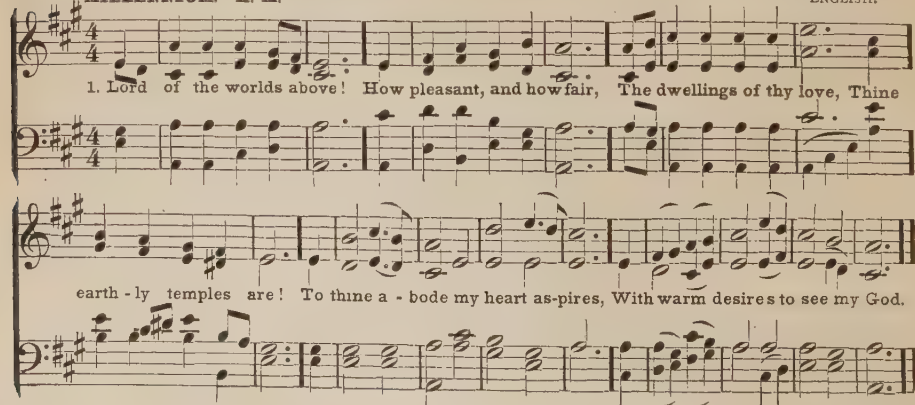
11

Psalm 84.

I. WATTS.

LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant, and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.
2 Oh, happy souls who pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they,
Who love the way to Zion's hill.
3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
Oh, glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

ENGLISH.



1. Lord of the worlds above! How pleasant, and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thine
earth - ly temples are! To thine a - bode my heart as - pires, With warm desires to see my God.

12

H. M.

Psalm 43.

T. DWIGHT.

Now, to thy sacred house,
With joy I turn my feet,
Where saints, with morning-vows,
In full assembly meet:
Thy power divine shall there be shown,
And from thy throne thy mercy shine.

2 Oh, send thy light abroad;
Thy truth with heavenly ray
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way;
I'll hear thy word with faith sincere,
And learn to fear and praise the Lord.

3 Here reach thy bounteous hand,
And all my sorrows heal;
Here health and strength divine,
Oh, make my bosom feel;
Like balmy dew shall Jesus' voice
My heart rejoice, my strength renew.

4 Now in thy holy hill,
Before thine altar, Lord!
My harp and song shall sound
The glories of thy word:
Henceforth, to thee, O God of grace!
A hymn of praise, my life shall be.

SABBATH. 7s. 6l.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Safe - ly through ano - ther week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing
seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day: Day of all the week the best, Emblem
of e - ter - nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

13

Sabbath morning.

J. NEWTON.

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,—
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in thee above.

HALLE. 7s. 6l.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. { Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light, }
Sun of Right - eous - ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night; }

Day - spring from on high, be near, Day - star in my heart ap - pear.

14

Morning.

C. WESLEY.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

15

Evening.

T. HASTINGS.

Now, FROM labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord! I would converse with thee:
Oh, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice;
Lord! forgive—thy grace restore,
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,—
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh, accept my song of praise.

SAVANNAH. 10s.

I. PLEVEL.

1. Hail, hap - py day! thou day of ho - ly rest, What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast!

When Christ, the God of grace in love descends, And kind - ly holds communion with his friends

MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright; } On thee, the high and low-ly,

Bend-ing be-fore the throne, Sing Ho - ly. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the Great Three in One.

16

"Day of Rest" C. WORDSWORTH.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright;
 On thee, the high and lowly,
 Bending before the throne,
 Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
 To the Great Three in One.

2 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

3 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.

To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One.

17

"Thine holy day." RAY PALMER.

THINE holy day's returning,
 Our hearts exult to see;
 And with devotion burning,
 Ascend, O God, to thee!
 To-day with purest pleasure,
 Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
 We search for heavenly treasure,
 We learn thy holy law.

2 We join to sing thy praises,
 Lord of the Sabbath day;
 Each voice in gladness raises
 Its loudest, sweetest lay!
 Thy richest mercies sharing,
 Inspire us with thy love,
 By grace our souls preparing
 For nobler praise above.

18

IOS. Communion in love. P. H. BROWN.

HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest,
 What heavenly peace and transport fill
 our breast!

When Christ, the God of grace, in love
 descends,
 And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
 Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;

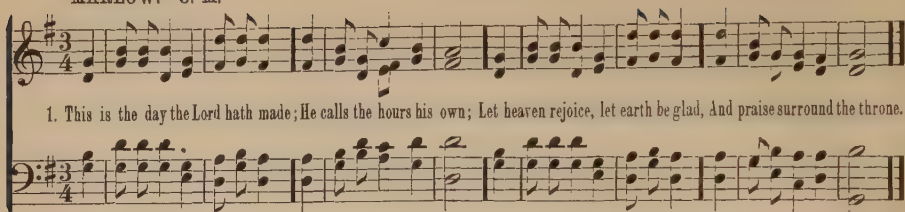
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
 And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the
 skies,

And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes:
 Oh, meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
 And waft it to the blissful realms above!

MARLOW. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own; Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.

19

Psalm 118.

I. WATTS.

20

Psalm 122.

I. WATTS.

This is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

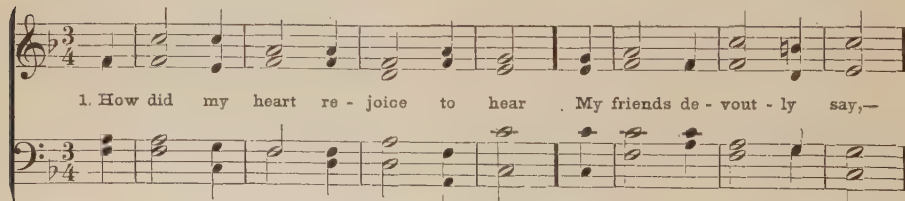
How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,—
“In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day.”

- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's only Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

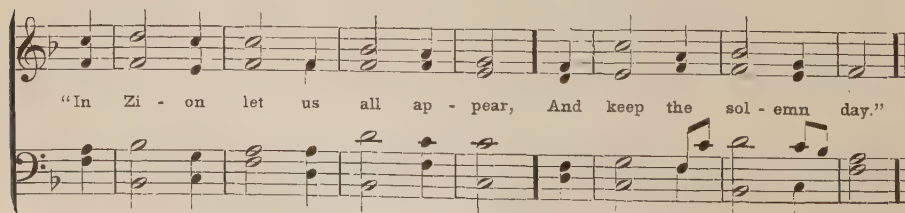
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.
- 5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour reigns.

MEAR. C. M.

WELSH AIR. A. WILLIAMS.



1. How did my heart re-joice to hear My friends de-vout-ly say,—



“In Zi-on let us all ap-pear, And keep the sol-emn day.”

LANESBORO, C. M.

W. DIXON.

1. Ear-ly, my God, without de-lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spir - it faints a - way, My thirsty spir - it faints a - way, With - out thy cheer - ing grace.

21

Psalms 63.

I. WATTS.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

BEMERTON, C. M.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

H. W. GREATORREX.

1. Lord! when we bend be - fore thy throne, And our con - fessions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - ploze.

22

Sincerity.

J. D. CARLYLE.

LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

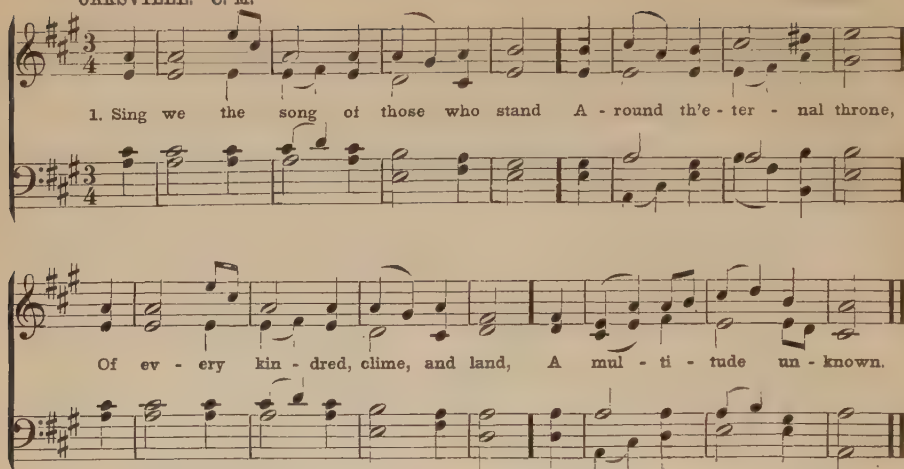
2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Nor let a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our heart 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

OAKSVILLE. C. M.

C. ZEUNER.



23

"Worthy the Lamb!" J. MONTGOMERY.

SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here:
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, sufferings still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church Triumphant's song.

4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"—
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love!"

5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save!
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave!"

24

Psalm 122.

H. F. LYTE.

With joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found:
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

25

"The Rising Day."

I. WATTS.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

CHURCH. C. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. My soul, how love - ly is the place, To which thy God re - sorts!

'Tis heaven to see his smil - ing face, Though in his earth - ly courts.

26

Psalm 84.

I. WATTS.

- MY soul, how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

PETERBORO', C. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes;

Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To him that rules the skies.

27

Psalm 25: 14.

C. WESLEY, alt.

- SPEAK to me, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here on earth I rove;
Speak to my heart, and let me feel
The kindling of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, I forget
All time and toil and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
Thy face, O God, I seek,—
Attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.
- 4 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

HANDEL. A. WILLIAMS' COLL.

1. How charm-ing is the place Where my Re-deem-er, God,
Un-vails the beau-ty of his face, And sheds his love a-broad!

28

The Sanctuary.

S. STENNETT.

How CHARMING is the place

Where my Redeemer, God,

Unveils the beauty of his face,

And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,

To which the great resort,

Are once to be compared with this,

Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,

With radiant glory crowned,

Our joyful eyes behold him sit

And smile on all around.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place

Within thy blest abode,

Among the children of thy grace,

The servants of my God.

29

Psalms 63.

L. WATTS.

My God! permit my tongue

This joy, to call thee mine;

And let my early cries prevail

To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul

Thy mercy doth implore;

Not travelers, in desert lands,

Can pant for water more.

3 For life, without thy love,

No relish can afford;

No joy can be compared to this,—

To serve and please the Lord.

4 In wakeful hours at night,

I call my God to mind;

I think how wise thy counsels are,

And all thy dealings kind.

5 Since thou hast been my help,

To thee my spirit flies;

And, on thy watchful providence,

My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings

My soul in safety keeps;

I follow where my Father leads,

And he supports my steps.

30

Psalms 84.

L. WATTS.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,

That saw the Lord arise!

Welcome to this reviving breast,

And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,

And feasts his saints to-day;

Here may we sit and see him here,

And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place

Where my dear Lord hath been,

Is sweeter than ten thousand days

Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay

In such a frame as this,

And sit and sing herself away

To everlasting bliss.

GLORY. S. M.

RALPH HARRISON.

1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join

in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

31

"Immanuel's ground."

I. WATTS.

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

32

Rev. 15:3.

W. HAMMOND.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing, how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims! on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
"Ye blessed children! come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

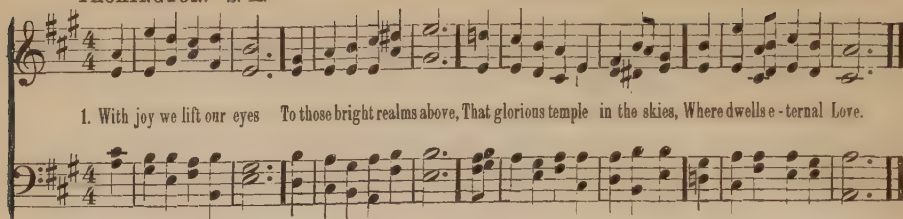
LISBON. S. M.

DANIEL READ.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise, Welcome to this re - viving breast, And these rejoic - ing eyes.

PACKINGTON. S. M.

J. BLACK.



1. With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms above, That glorious temple in the skies, Where dwells e-ternal Love.

33

Hymn of praise.

T. JERVIS.

WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

34

Christian outlook.

P. DODDRIDGE.

NOW LET our voices join
To raise a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims! in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

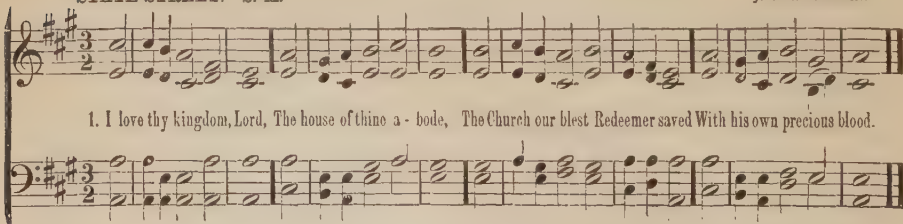
2 See—flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion, spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

3 See—Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect, rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way,—
To him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.



1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a-bode, The Church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.

35

Psalms 137.

T. DWIGHT.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thine hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;

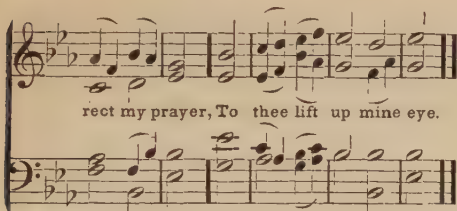
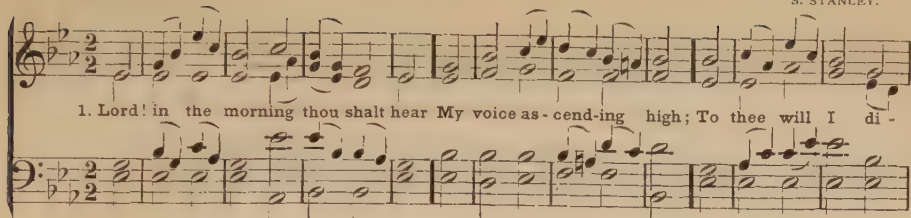
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

WARWICK. C. M.

S. STANLEY.



Presenting, at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

36

Psalm 5.

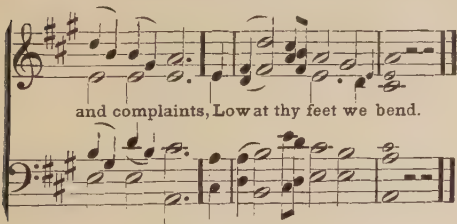
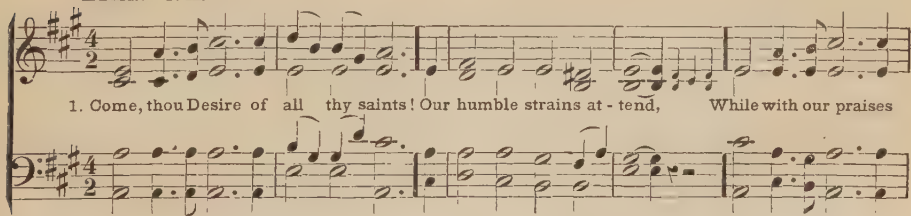
I. WATTS.

LORD! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;—

2 Up to the hills, where Christ has gone
To plead for all his saints,

HYMN. C. M.

MODERN HARP.



How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord! thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

37

"Come, Lord!"

A. STEELE.

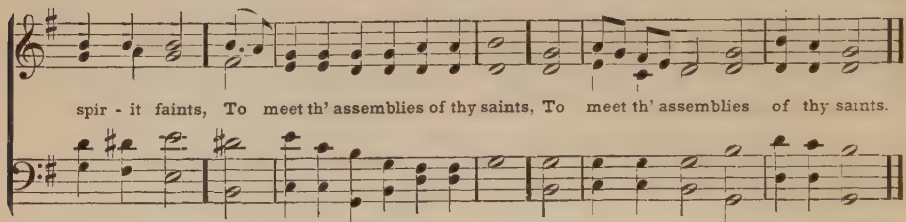
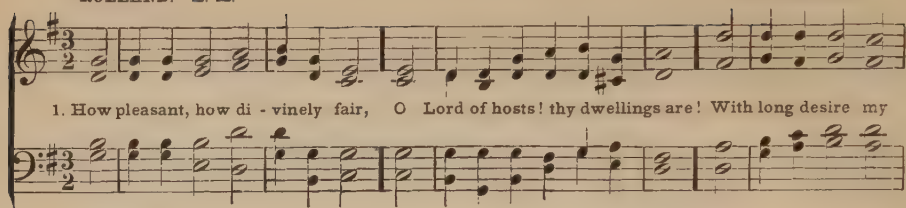
COME, 'thou Desire of all thy saints!

Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!

ROLLAND. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



38

Psalms 84.

I. WATTS.

HOW PLEASANT, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts! thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys, and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

39

Psalms 84.

I. WATTS.

GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore!

40

Morning Hymn. J. CHANDLER, tr.

O CHRIST! with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts be borne;
And may we ever clearly see
Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee!

2 All hallowed be our walk this day;
May meekness form our early ray,
And faithful love our noontide light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

3 May grace each idle thought control,
And sanctify our wayward soul;
May guile depart, and malice cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Our daily course, O Jesus, bless;
Make plain the way of holiness:
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And cheer at last our journey's end.

MELCOMBE. L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



1. Bless, O my soul! the living God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad; Let all the powers, within me, join In work and worship so divine.

41

Psalm 103.

I. WATTS.

BLESS, O my soul! the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers, within me, join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul! who sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;

The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

42

Psalm 135.

I. WATTS.

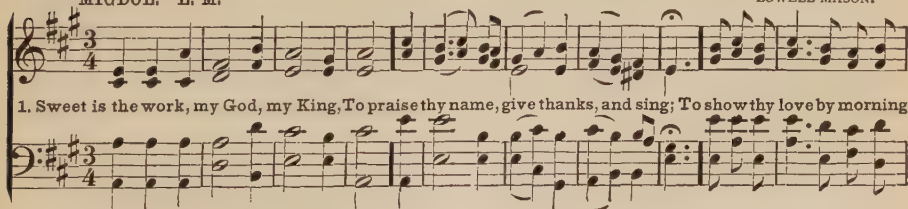
PRaise ye the Lord; exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts ye wait,
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy

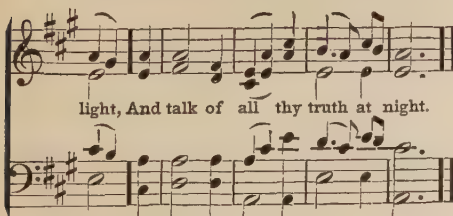
3 Bless ye the Lord who taste his love,
People and priests exalt his name;
Among his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

MIGDOL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praisethy name, give thanks, and sing; To showthy love by morning



light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

43

Psalm 92.

I. WATTS.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;

Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

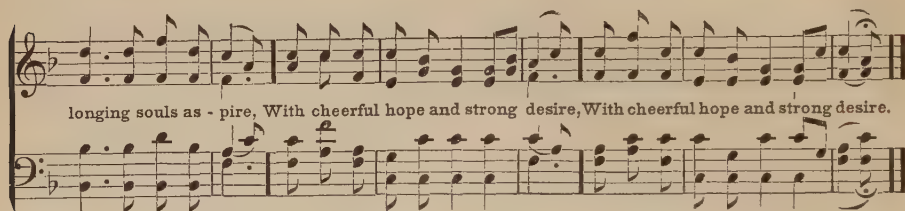
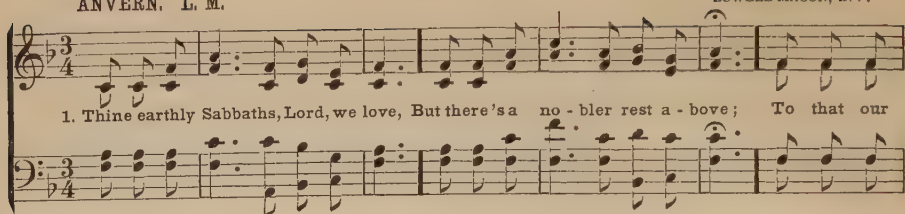
3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

ANVERN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.



44

"A nobler Rest."

P. DODDRIDGE.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

45

Invocation.

I. WATTS.

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

46

Morning.

J. HUTTON.

MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 Oh, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire—
One sinful thought through all the day.

3 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

47

"Return, my soul!"

J. STENNETT.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

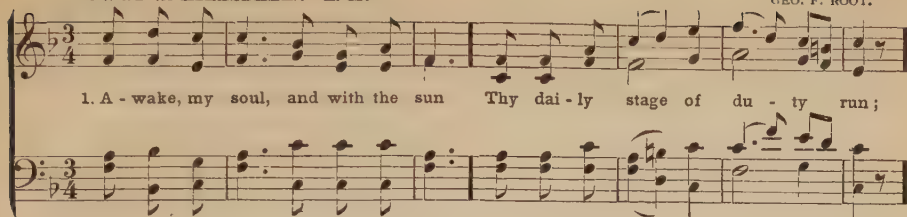
2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

LOWRY (or HILLSDALE). L. M.

GEO. F. ROOT.



Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

48

Morning.

T. KEN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me when I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

49

Psalm 65.

H. F. LYTE.

PRaise, Lord, for thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 How blest thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in thee!

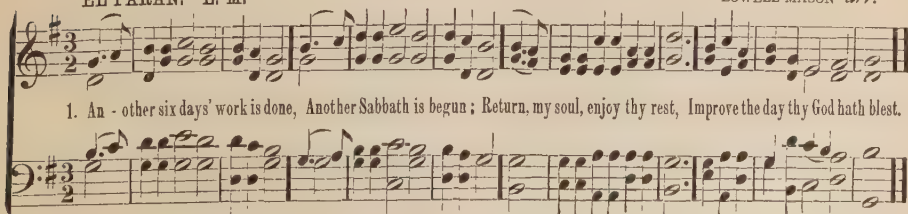
3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills!
Evening and morning hymn thy praise,
And earth thy bounty wide displays.

4 The year is with thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her king.

5 Lord, on our souls thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
Oh, let thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

EL PARAN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON arr.



50

75.

Redeeming Love.

G. BURDER.

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet ;
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move :
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love :
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love :
With our wretched hearts he strove,
Took the things of Christ, and showed
How to reach his blest abode.

5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet ;
Where the Saviour's still the theme,
Where they see, and sing of him.

51

C. M.

The Mercy-Seat.

A. STEELE.

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies :
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near ;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord !
Thy constant aid impart ;
Oh ! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh ! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat ;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

52

C. M.

Retirement.

W. COWPER.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;

And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God.

4 Author and Guardian of my life !
Sweet Source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour !—thou art mine !

5 What thanks I owe thee, and what
love—
A boundless, endless store—
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

53

C. M.

Public Worship.

A. L. BARBAULD.

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay ?
How spread his praise abroad ?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall clouds of incense rise ?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly sacrifice ?

3 Vain, sinful man ! creation's Lord
Thy offerings well may spare ;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

54

S. M.

Psalm 92.

H. AUER.

SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing ;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell ;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

55

L. M.

Hour of Prayer.

T. RAFFLES.

- BLEST hour ! when mortal man retires
 To hold communion with his God,
 To send to heaven his warm desires,
 And listen to the sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour ! when earthly cares resign
 Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
 While all around, the calm divine
 Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour ! when God himself draws
 nigh,
 Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
 To hush the penitential sigh,
 And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour ! for where the Lord resorts,
 Foretastes of future bliss are given ;
 And mortals find his earthly courts
 The house of God, the gate of Heaven !

56

L. M.

" Gate of Heaven."

T. KELLY.

- How sweet to leave the world awhile,
 And seek the presence of our Lord !
 Dear Saviour ! on thy people smile,
 And come, according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
 That we may here converse with thee :
 Ah, Lord ! behold us at thy feet ;
 Let this the " gate of heaven " be.
- 3 " Chief of ten thousand ! " now appear,
 That we by faith may see thy face :
 Oh, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
 And let thy presence fill this place.

57

8s, 7s, 4s.

" We draw near."

T. KELLY.

- IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 We, thy people, now draw near ;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
 Speak, and let thy servants hear ;
 Hear with meekness—
 Hear thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
 May we give them, Lord, to thee ;
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 May we run, nor weary be,
 Till thy glory
 Without cloud in heaven we see.
- 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
 All thy people shall adore ;
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Than they could conceive before ;
 Full enjoyment,
 Full and pure for evermore.

58

L. M.

Invocation.

I. WATTS.

- FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be-
 gone !
 Let my religious hours alone :
 Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see :
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
 And kindles with a pure desire :
 Come, my dear Jesus ! from above,
 And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Saviour ! what delicious fare,
 How sweet thine entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste, above,
 Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine !
 In thee thy Father's glories shine :
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One
 That eyes have seen, or angels known !

59

L. M.

" Two or Three."

S. STENNETT.

- WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise ;—
- 2 There will the gracious Saviour be,
 To bless the little company ;
 There, to unvail his smiling face,
 And bid his glories fill the place.
- 3 We meet at thy command, O Lord !
 Relying on thy faithful word ;
 Now send the Spirit from above,
 And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

60

S. M.

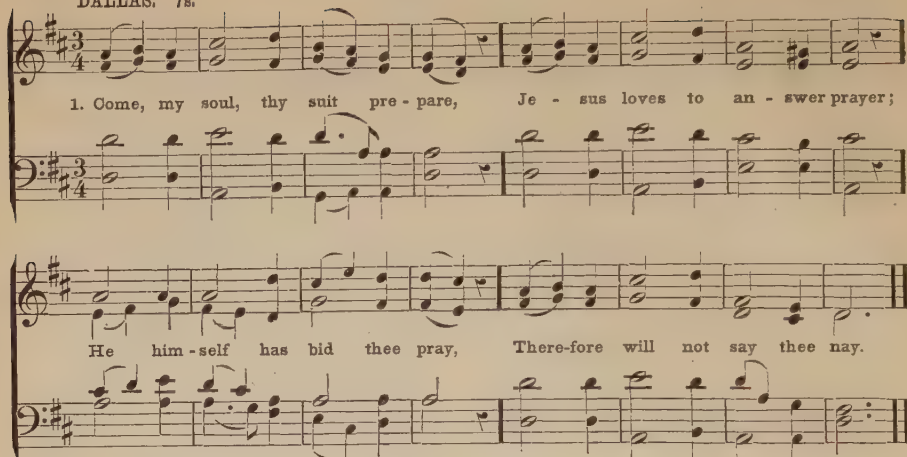
Invitation.

E. TAYLOR.

- COME to the house of prayer,
 O thou afflicted, come ;
 The God of peace shall meet thee there—
 He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
 Ye who are happy now ;
 In sweet accord your voices raise,
 In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
 For ye have felt his love ;
 Soon shall your trembling tongues be
 dumb,
 Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,
 Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
 Let not your hearts his praise disown
 Who gives the power to praise.

DALLAS. 7s.

FROM M. L. CHERUBINI.



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;
He him - self has bid thee pray, There-fore will not say thee nay.

61

A Prayer in Need.

J. NEWTON.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 With my burden I begin:—
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast:

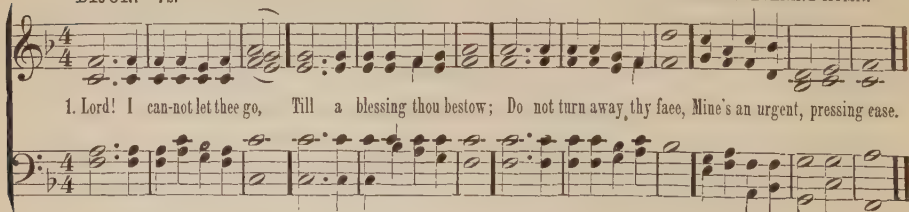
There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

DIJON. 7s.

GERMAN EVENING HYMN.



1. Lord! I can-not let thee go, Till a blessing thou bestow; Do not turn away thy face, Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

62

The Case Argued.

J. NEWTON.

LORD! I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord! that mercy came to me.

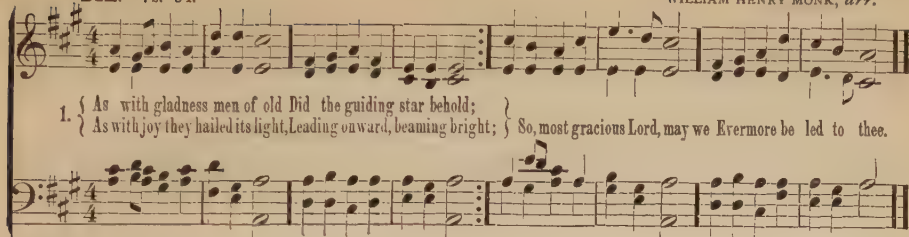
3 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;

Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

5 No—I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

DIX. 7s. 6l.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK, *arr.*

1. { As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold; }
 { As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright; } So, most gracious Lord, may we Evermore be led to thee.

63

The Guiding Star.

W. C. DIX.

As with gladness men of old
 Did the guiding star behold,
 As with joy they hailed its light,
 Leading onward, beaming bright;
 So, most gracious Lord, may we
 Evermore be led to thee.

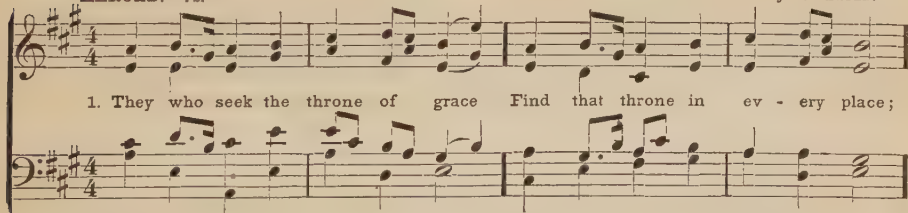
2 As with joyful steps they sped,
 Saviour, to thy manger bed,
 There to bend the knee before
 Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
 At thy cradle rude and bare,
 So may we with holy joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

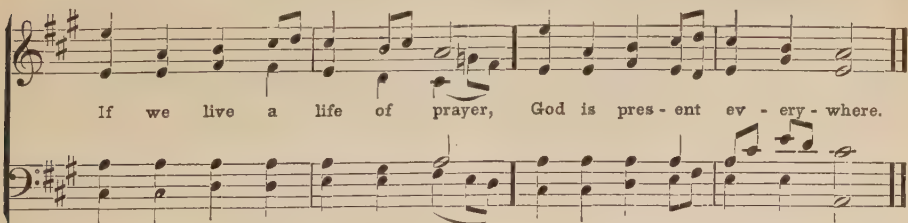
4 Holy Jesus, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way;
 And, when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds thy glory hide.

HEROLD. 7s.

A. J. F. HEROLD.



1. They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev - ery place;



If we live a life of prayer, God is pres - ent ev - ery - where.

64

God everywhere.

ANON.

THEY who seek the throne of grace
 Find that throne in every place;
 If we live a life of prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

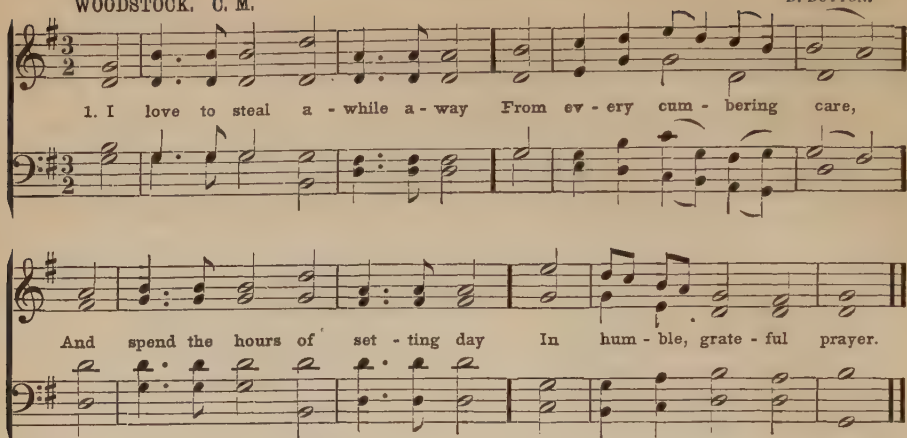
2 In our sickness and our health,
 In our want, or in our wealth,
 If we look to God in prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
 When the foes of life prevail,
 'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
 God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
 To thy Father come, and wait;
 He will answer every prayer:
 God is present everywhere.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON.



1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cum - bering care,
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.

65

Retirement.

P. H. BROWN.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,

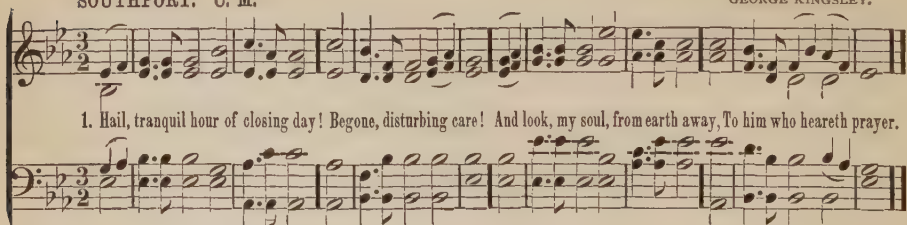
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

SOUTHPORT. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



1. Hail, tranquil hour of closing day! Begone, disturbing care! And look, my soul, from earth away, To him who heareth prayer.

66

"Tranquil hour."

L. BACON.

HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care!
And look, my soul, from earth away,
To him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before his throne of grace,
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows his smiling face.

3 How sweet, thro' long remembered years,
His mercies to recall;

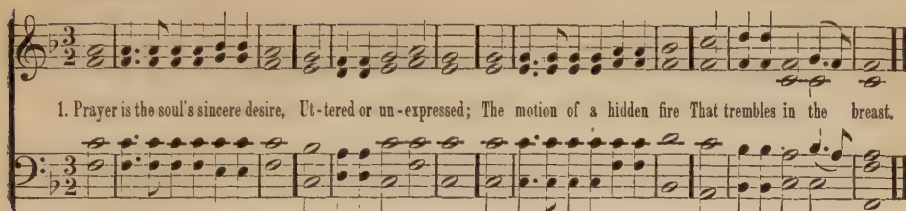
And, pressed with wants, and griefs, and
To trust his love for all. [fears,

4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high.

5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even,
Retire to glorious rest.

BYEFIELD. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



67

What prayer is. J. MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry—"Behold he prays!"

6 O thou, by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

68

"The sacred fire." B. BEDDOME.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

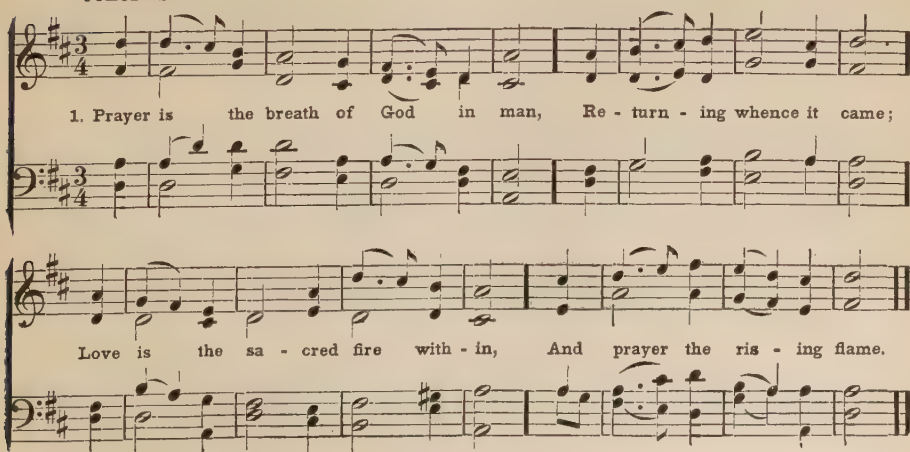
2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a sigh,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

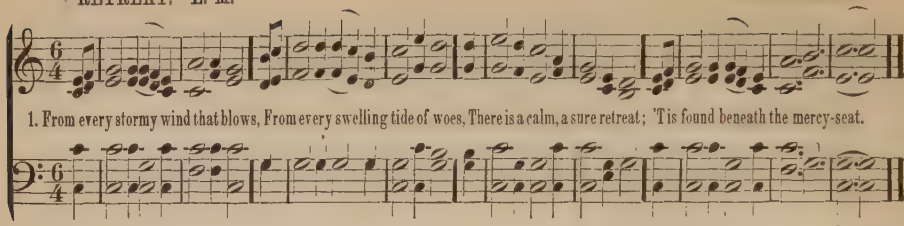
COLCHESTER. C. M.

H. PURCELL.



RETREAT. L. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

69

The mercy-seat.

H. STOWELL.

Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

STOWELL. L. M.

SOLO. WILDER.

SOLO.—SOPRANO.

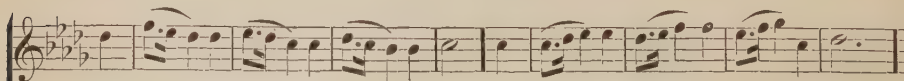


1. From every stormy wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide or woes,

CHORUS.



1. From every stormy wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes,



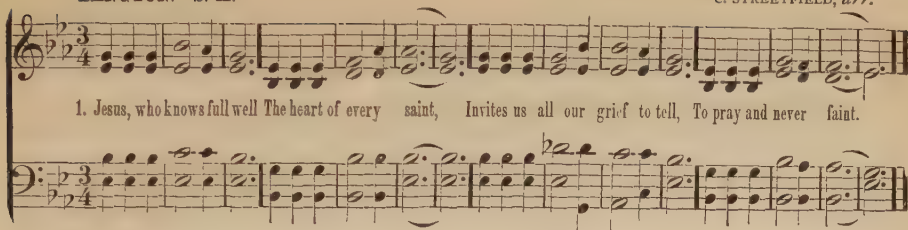
There is... a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.



There is... a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.



LANGTON. S. M.

C. STREETFIELD, *arr.*

70

Importunity.

J. NEWTON.

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

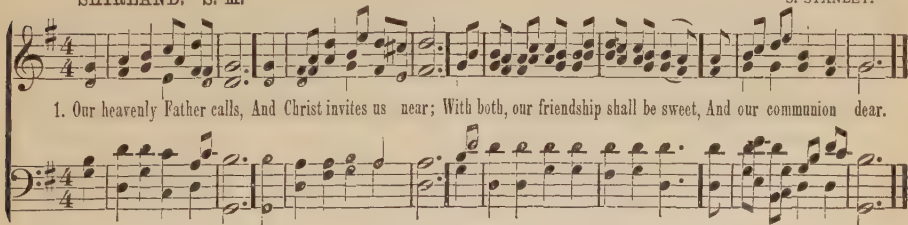
2 He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

S. STANLEY.



71

"God pities."

P. DODDRIDGE.

OUR heavenly Father calls.
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs:
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

72

"The throne of grace."

J. NEWTON.

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?
4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine:
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d.

1. { Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, }
 And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit) } wish-es known:
 D. C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet (Omit) hour of prayer.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,

73

"Sweet hour."

W. W. WALFORD.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 That calls me from a world of care, Thy wings shall my petition bear
 And bids me, at my Father's throne, To him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Make all my wants and wishes known: Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 In seasons of distress and grief, And, since he bids me seek his face,
 My soul has often found relief, Believe his word, and trust his grace,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare, I'll cast on him my every care,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer! And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

LINWOOD. L. M.

GIOACCHIMO ROSSINI.

1. Je - sus, where'er thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold thy mer - cy - seat;

Where'er they seek thee thou art found, And ev - ery place is hal - lowed ground.

74

The mercy-seat.

W. COWPER.

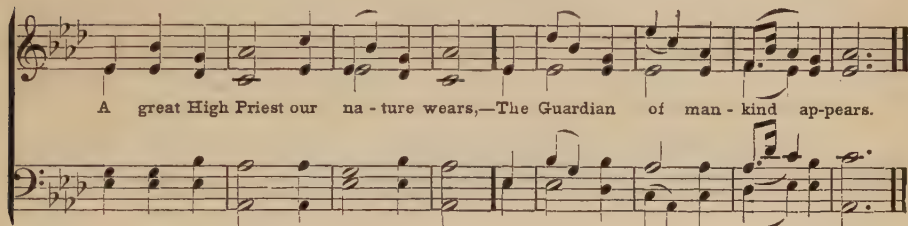
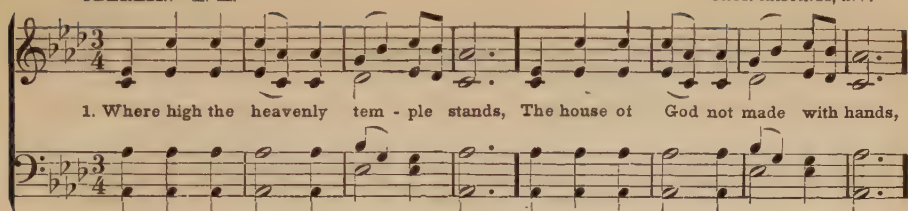
Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

OBERLIN. L. M.

THOS. HASTINGS, *arr.*

75

"The evil hour."

M. BRUCE.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,—
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

76

"What thou wilt."

J. NEWTON.

AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"

Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear:
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength:
Oh, be thy boundless love revealed
In all its height and breadth and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

77

Prayers hindered.

W. COWPER.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
draw;

Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

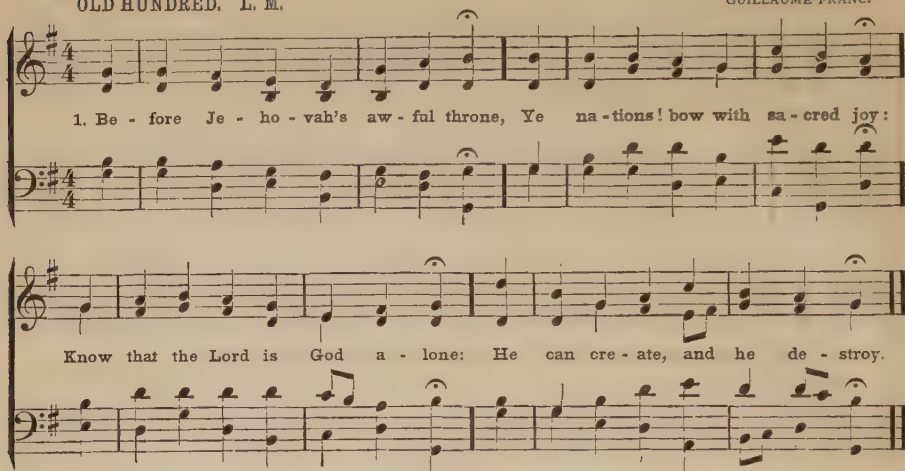
3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANÇ.



1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions! bow with sa - cred joy:
Know that the Lord is God a - lone: He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.

78

Psalm 100.

L. WATTS.

- BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations! bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity, thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

79

Psalm 100.

W. KETHE.

- ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

- 3 Oh, enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

80

Doxology.

T. KEN.

PRaise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

81

Doxology.

L. WATTS.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

82

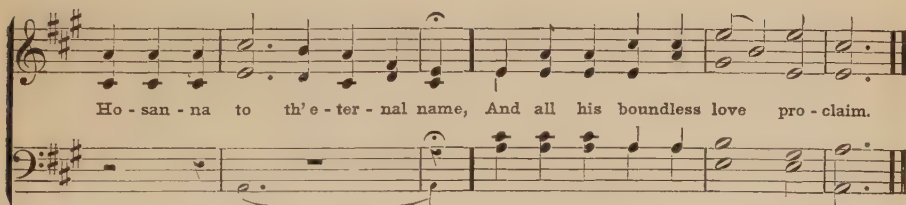
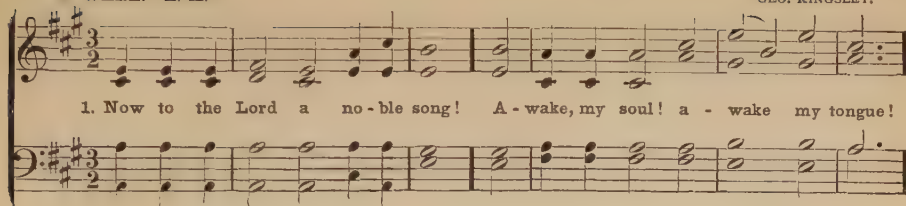
Psalm 117.

L. WATTS.

- FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



83

God's grace.

I. WATTS.

- Now to the Lord a noble song!
 Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
 Hosanna to the eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
 The brightest image of his grace!
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme:
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
 Ye angels! dwell upon the sound:
 Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.
- 4 Oh, may I reach that happy place,
 Where he unveils his lovely face,
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold.

84

Psalms 36.

I. WATTS.

- HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
 Thy goodness in full glory shines;
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud
 That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep:
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 My God, how excellent thy grace!
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
 The sons of Adam, in distress,
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

- 4 From the provisions of thy house
 We shall be fed with sweet repast;
 There, mercy like a river flows,
 And brings salvation to our taste.
- 5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of my Lord;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in thy word.

85

"Te Deum." T. COTTERILL, alt.

- LORD God of Hosts, by all adored!
 Thy name we praise with one accord;
 The earth and heavens are full of thee,
 Thy light, thy love, thy majesty.
- 2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name
 Angels and seraphim proclaim;
 Eternal praise to thee is given
 By all the powers and thrones in heaven.
- 3 The apostles join the glorious throng,
 The prophets aid to swell the song,
 The noble and triumphant host
 Of martyrs make of thee their boast.
- 4 The holy church in every place
 Throughout the world exalts thy praise;
 Both heaven and earth do worship thee,
 Thou Father of eternity!
- 5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
 Highly exalt and honor thee;
 Thy name we worship and adore,
 World without end for evermore.

GILEAD. L. M.

ETIENNE HENRI MEHUL.

1. Praise ye the Lord: my heart shall join In work so pleas-ant, so di-vine;
Now while the flesh is mine a-bode, And when my soul as-cends to God.

86

Psalm 146.

I. WATTS.

PRAISE ye the Lord: my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

87

Psalm 147.

I. WATTS.

PRAISE ye the Lord!—'t is good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He formed the stars—those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,—
A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

5 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

88

Psalm 29.

I. WATTS.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
O'er all the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 The Lord sits Sovereign on the flood;
The Thunderer reigns for ever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

4 In gentler language, there the Lord
The councils of his grace imparts:
Amid the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

89

L. M.

Psalm 145.

I. WATTS.

My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

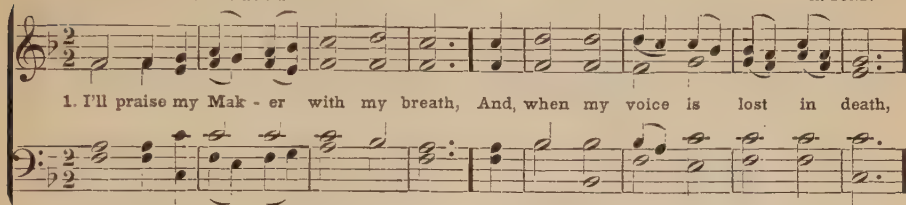
2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine:
Let Zion in her courts proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

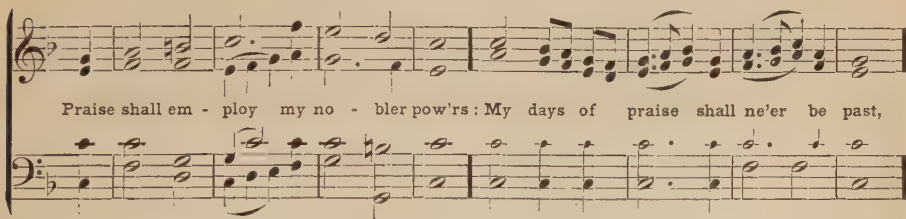
4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

NEWCOURT. L. P. M.

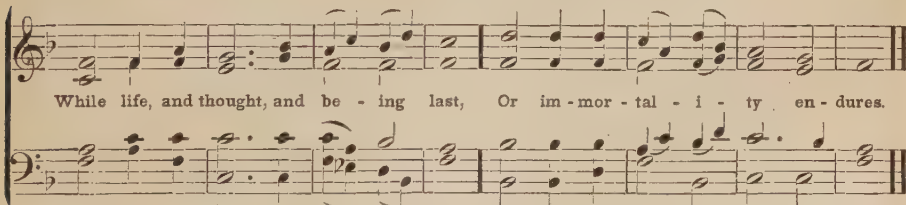
H. BOND.



1. I'll praise my Mak - er with my breath, And, when my voice is lost in death,



Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs: My days of praise shall ne'er be past,



While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

90

Psalm 146.

I. WATTS.

I'll praise my Maker with my breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

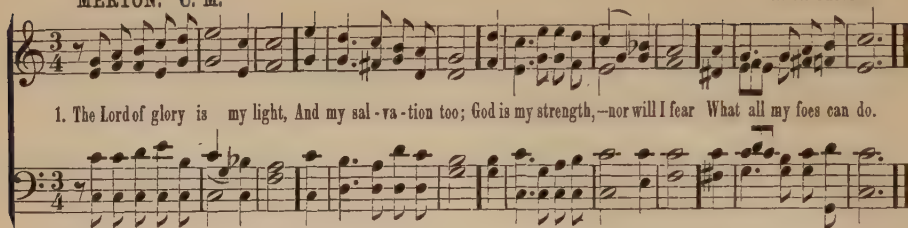
2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God;—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 He loves his saints—he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

MERTON. C. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



91

Psalm 27.

I. WATTS.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength,—nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
2 One privilege my heart desires,—
Oh, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,—
The temples of my God.
3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;

Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.



92

Psalm 65.

I. WATTS.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord! for thee;
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.
2. O Lord! our guilt and fears prevail,
But pardoning grace is thine;
And thou wilt grant us power and skill,
To conquer every sin.
3 Blest are the men, whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face;

Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfill thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
The distant isles shall fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:

Je - ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

93

Psalm 95.

I. WATTS.

- COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own our gracious God.

94

Psalm 81.

H. F. LYTE.

- SING to the Lord, our Might,
With holy fervor sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.
- 2 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.
- 3 We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near his fold,
To pity and to bless.
- 4 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for him to fill;
And he, that Israel then supplied,
Will help his Israel still.

BARBER. S. M.

JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.

1. Sing to the Lord, our Might, With ho - ly fer - vor sing:

Let hearts and in - stru - ments u - nite To praise our heavenly King.

NIOAEA. P. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Holy, holy, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and mighty! God in three persons, blessed Trini - ty!

LEONI. 6, 8, 4s.

RABBI LEONI, arr.

1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned above, Ancient of everlasting days, And God of love:
Jehovah, great I AM, By earth and heaven confessed; I bow and bless the sacred name, For ever blest.

95

"I Am."

T. OLIVERS.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah! great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest!

2 The God of Abraham praise!
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise!
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood!

96

P. M. *The triune God.* R. HEBER.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise
to thee;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore
thee,

Casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down be-
fore thee,

Which wert and art and evermore shalt be

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness
hide thee,

Though the eye of sinful man thy glory
may not see;

Only thou art holy; there is none beside
thee,

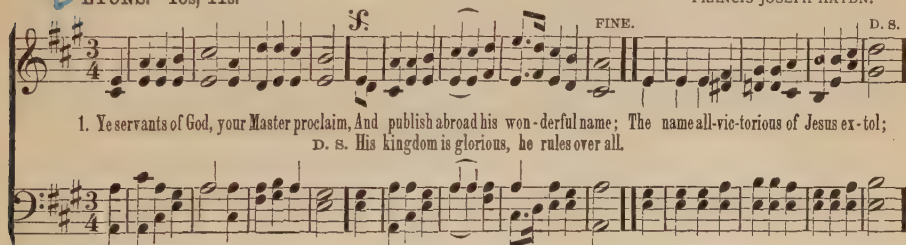
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in
earth and sky and sea;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

LYONS. 10s, 11s.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad his won-derful name; The name all-vic-tor-ious of Jesus ex-tol;
D. S. His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

97

"Salvation to God." C. WESLEY.

YE servants of God, your Master pro-
claim,

And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall
sing,

Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the
Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom and
might;

All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of
days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with
praise.

2 Oh, tell of his might and sing of his
grace,

Whose robe is the light, whose canopy
space;

His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form,

And dark is his path on the wings of the
storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can
recite?

It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the
plain,

And sweetly distils in the dew and the
rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as
frail,

In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the
end!

Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and
Friend.

98

"Worship the King." R. GRANT.

OH, worship the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;

HAMLIN, 7s. D.

J. DOWLAND.

1. Let us with a joy - ful mind Praise the Lord, for he is kind, For his mer - cies
shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. Let us sound his name abroad, For of
gods he is the God Who by wis - dom did cre - ate Heaven's expanse and all its state;—

99

"Ever faithful."

J. MILTON.

LET us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state;—

2 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main;
Who, by his commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
Caused the golden-tressed sun
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

3 All his creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth.
He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye;
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

100

Psalm 107.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THANK and praise Jehovah's name;
For his mercies firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.
Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

2 In the wilderness astray
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home,—
Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

3 To a pleasant land he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.
Oh, that men would praise the Lord
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

ONIDO, 7s, D.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. God e - ter - nal, Lord of all! Lowly at thy feet we fall: All the world doth worship thee;

We a - midst the throng would be. All the ho - ly an - gels cry, Hail, thrice-ho-ly,

God most high! Lord of all the heavenly pow'rs, Be the same loud anthem ours.

101

"Te Deum." J. E. MILLARD, *tr.*

God eternal, Lord of all!
 Lowly at thy feet we fall:
 All the world doth worship thee;
 We amidst the throng would be.
 All the holy angels cry,
 Hail, thrice-holy, God most high!
 Lord of all the heavenly powers,
 Be the same loud anthem ours.

2 Glorified apostles raise,
 Night and day, continual praise;
 Hast thou not a mission too
 For thy children here to do?
 With the prophets' goodly line
 We in mystic bond combine;
 For thou hast to babes revealed
 Things that to the wise were sealed.

3 Martyrs, in a noble host,
 Of thy cross are heard to boast;
 Since so bright the crown they wear,
 We with them thy cross would bear.
 All thy church, in heaven and earth,
 Jesus! hail thy spotless birth;—
 Seated on the judgment-throne,
 Number us among thine own!

102

"In Excelsis."

C. WESLEY.

GLORY be to God on high,—
 God, whose glory fills the sky;
 Peace on earth to man forgiven,—
 Man, the well-beloved of heaven.
 Sovereign Father, Heavenly King!
 Thee we now presume to sing;
 Glad thine attributes confess,
 Glorious all, and numberless.

2 Hail, by all thy works adored!
 Hail, the everlasting Lord!
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove,—
 God of power, and God of love!
 Christ our Lord and God we own,—
 Christ the Father's only Son;
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 Saviour of offending man.

3 Jesus! in thy name we pray,
 Take, oh, take our sins away!
 Powerful Advocate with God!
 Justify us by thy blood.
 Hear, for thou, O Christ! alone,
 Art with thy great Father one;
 One the Holy Ghost with thee;—
 One supreme eternal Three.

103

75, D.

"God on High."

G. SANDYS.

THOU who art enthroned above,
 Thou by whom we live and move !
 Oh, how sweet, with joyful tongue,
 To resound thy praise in song !
 When the morning paints the skies,
 When the sparkling stars arise,
 All thy favors to rehearse,
 And give thanks in grateful verse.

2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
 When devotion fills the breast,
 When we dwell within thy house,
 Hear thy word, and pay our vows ;
 Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
 Fill its courts with joyful praise ;
 With repeated hymns proclaim
 Great Jehovah's awful name.

3 From thy works our joys arise,
 O thou only good and wise !
 Who thy wonders can declare ?
 How profound thy counsels are !
 Warm our hearts with sacred fire ;
 Grateful fervors still inspire ;
 All our powers, with all their might,
 Ever in thy praise unite.

104

85, 75.

"Praise to Thee."

J. FAWCETT.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
 Praise to thee from every tongue ;
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.

2 Father ! source of all compassion !
 Pure, unbounded grace is thine :
 Hail the God of our salvation,
 Praise him for his love divine !

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high !

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
 Praise him, every living creature,
 Earth and heaven's united host.

5 Joyfully on earth adore him,
 Till in heaven our song we raise ;
 Then enraptured fall before him,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

105

115.

"Alleluia."

ANON.

OH, join ye the anthems of triumph that
 rise
 From the throne of the blest, from the
 hosts of the skies ;
 Alleluia, they sing in rapturous strains,
 Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent
 reigns !

2 He gave to the light its beneficent
 wings ;
 He controlleth the councils of senates
 and kings ;
 From his throne in the clouds the light-
 nings are hurled,
 And he ruleth the factions that rage
 through the world.

3 Rejoice, ye that love him ; his power
 cannot fail ;
 His omnipotent goodness shall surely
 prevail ;
 The triumph of evil will shortly be
 passed,
 The omnipotent King shall conquer at
 last.

106

75, 65.

Psalms 150.

C. WESLEY.

PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
 And keeps his courts below ;
 Praise him for his boundless love,
 And all his greatness show !
 Praise him for his noble deeds ;
 Praise him for his matchless power ;
 Him, from whom all good proceeds,
 Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around,
 The great Immanuel's name ;
 Let the gospel trumpet sound,
 The Prince of Peace proclaim !
 Praise him, every tuneful string ;
 All the reach of heavenly art,
 All the power of music bring,
 The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
 Let every creature sing ;
 Glory to our Saviour give,
 And homage to our King :
 Hallowed be his name beneath,
 As in heaven, on earth adored ;
 Praise the Lord in every breath,
 Let all things praise the Lord.

107

75, D.

Singing to God. J. MONTGOMERY.

Songs of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When he spake, and it was done.
 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born;
 Songs of praise arose, when he
 Captive led captivity.

2 Heaven and earth must pass away—
 Songs of praise shall crown that day;
 God will make new heavens and earth—
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
 And shall man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come?
 No; the Church delights to raise
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
 Borne upon their latest breath
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;
 Then, amid eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

108

C. M.

"Hearts to Pray."

J. NEWTON.

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
 And to thy courts repair;
 Again with joyful feet we come,
 To meet our Saviour here.

2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear!
 Thy presence now display;
 We bow within thy house of prayer;
 Oh, give us hearts to pray!

3 The clouds which veil thee from our
 sight,
 In pity, Lord, remove;
 Dispose our minds to hear aright
 The message of thy love.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
 The humble mind, bestow;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
 Our fainting hopes to raise;
 And pour thy blessing from above,
 To aid our feeble praise.

109

L. M.

Psalms 39.

I. WATTS.

JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
 His robes are light and majesty;
 His glory shines with beams so bright,
 No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
 His justice guards his holy law;
 Yet love reveals a smiling face,
 And truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom
 shines,

And baffles Satan's deep designs;
 His power is sovereign to fulfill
 The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
 To be my Father and my Friend?
 Then let my songs with angels join;
 Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

110

L. M.

*"God is Here."*J. WESLEY, *tr.*

Lo, God is here!—let us adore!

And own how dreadful is this place!
 Let all within us feel his power,
 And, silent, bow before his face.

2 Lo, God is here!—him day and night
 United choirs of angels sing:
 To him, enthroned above all height,
 Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts! oh, may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful incense fill!
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

111

C. M.

"Light in thy Light."

C. WESLEY.

ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
 Display thy beams divine,
 And cause the glory of thy face
 Upon my heart to shine.

2 Light, in thy light, oh, may I see,
 Thy grace and mercy prove,
 Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee
 The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
 And let thy happy child
 Behold, without a cloud between,
 The Father reconciled.

4 On me thy promised peace bestow,
 The peace by Jesus given;—
 The joys of holiness below,
 And then the joys of heaven.

HURSLEY, L. M.

W. H. MONK, *arr.*

1. Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

112

"Sun of my soul!"

J. KEBLE.

SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

EVENING HYMN, L. M.

THOS. TALLIS.

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings! Be - neath thine own al - might - y wings.

113

Evening song.

T. KEN.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

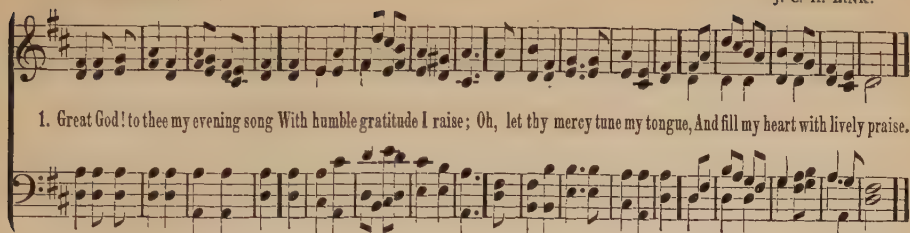
2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 Oh, let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

OVERBERG. L. M.

J. C. H. BINK.



1. Great God! to thee my evening song With humble gratitude I raise; Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with lively praise.

114

Twilight.

A. STEELE.

GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle, rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

115

Benediction.

J. NEWTON.

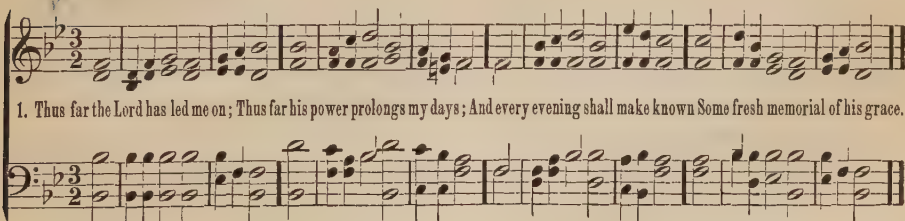
THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts!

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here!

3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power prolongs my days; And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

116

Evening.

I. WATTS.

THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home,
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

117

Dismissal.

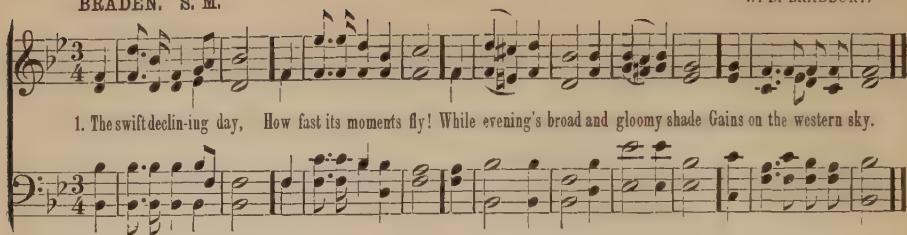
J. HART.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

BRADEN. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. The swift declining day, How fast its moments fly! While evening's broad and gloomy shade Gains on the western sky.

118

Evening.

P. DODDRIDGE.

- THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.
- 3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.
- 4 Then shall new lustre break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

119

"Abide with us."

J. M. NEALE.

- THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.
- 2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

120

"Still with thee."

J. D. BURNS.

- STILL, still with thee, my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee.
- 2 With thee when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With thee my God in prayer.

- 3 With thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, sun
With thee my heart would find.
- 4 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

121

Doxology.

I. WATTS.

- To God the only wise,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.
- 2 Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless his name.
- 3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

122

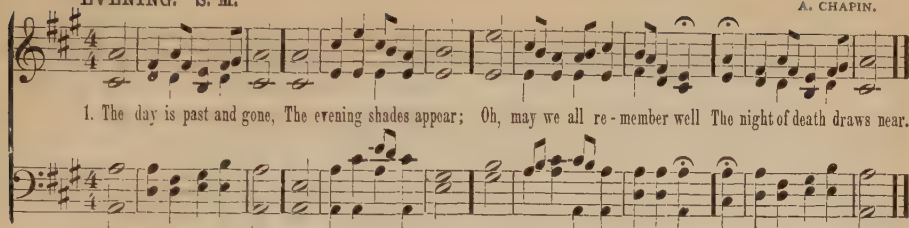
The final rest.

W. J. BLEW

- THE day is past and gone,
Great God, we bow to thee;
Again, as shades of night steal on,
Unto thy side we flee.
- 2 Oh, when shall that day come,
Ne'er sinking in the west,
That country and that happy home,
Where none shall break our rest;—
- 3 Where all things shall be peace,
And pleasure without end,
And golden harps, that never cease,
With joyous hymns shall blend;—
- 4 Where we, preserved beneath
The shelter of thy wing,
For evermore thy praise shall breathe,
And of thy mercy sing.

EVENING. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.



1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; Oh, may we all re-member well The night of death draws near.

123

Home Hymn.

J. LELAND.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near!

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

124

"Closing hour."

E. T. FITCH.

LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

125

Sabbath ended.

A. STEELE.

THE day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!

2 Around thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord! to thy dear will
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 Shine thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

126

At Dismission.

J. HART.

ONCE more, before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name!
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed, and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name:
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

EVENTIDE. 10s.

WM. H. MONK.

1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the ev-en-tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a-bide!

When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a-bide with me!

127

"Abide with us."

H. F. LYTE.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour,
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

PAX DEI. 10s.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Saviour, a-gain to thy dear name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise;

We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease, And now, de-parting, wait thy word of peace.

128

"Go in peace."

J. ELLERTON.

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,
And now, departing, wait thy word of peace,

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward
way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts
from shame,

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the
coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly
life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict
cease,
That in this house have called upon thy name. Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

HOLLEY, 7s.

GEO. HEWS.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee.

129

Evening.

G. W. DOANE.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

130

"Foretastes."

J. MONTGOMERY.

FOR the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

SEYMOUR, 7s.

GREATORCX COLL.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee.

NIGHTFALL. 11s, 5s.

J. BARNBY.

1. Now God be with us, for the night is closing, The light and darkness are of his disposing; And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield us, For he will shield us.

131

"Lord everlasting." C. WINKWORTH, tr.

132

Evening confession.

J. BOWRING.

- Now God be with us, for the night is closing,
The light and darkness are of his disposing;
And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield
us;
For he will shield us.
- 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us,
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father!
o'er us;
In soul and body thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.
- 3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep
o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morn-
ing wakes us;
All sick and mourners, we to thee commend
them,
Do thou befriend them.
- 4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
But thee, O Father! who thine own hast
made us;
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.
- 5 Praise be to thee through Jesus our sal-
vation,
God, three in one, the Ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all thine eye of mercy
casting,
Lord everlasting!
- FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father!
hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness!
Forgive its weakness!
- 2 We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us!
We hear thy voice; it counsels and it courts
us:
And then we turn away; and still thy kind-
ness
Forgives our blindness.
- 3 Oh, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou
delightest
To win with love the wandering; thou in-
vitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.
- 4 Father and Saviour! plant within each
bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.
- 5 Then place them in thine everlasting
gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the
wardens;
Where every flower escaped through death's
dark portal,
Becomes immortal.

LAST BEAM. P. M.

T. V. WEISENTHAL.

1. Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining; Father in heaven, the day is de- clining ;

Safe-ty and innocence fly with the light, Temptation and danger walk forth with the night; From the

fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield me from danger, save me from crime.

REFRAIN.

2d verse.

Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

133

"The Last Beam."

HUNTINGTON.

FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining,
 Father in heaven, the day is declining;
 Safety and innocence fly with the light,
 Temptation and danger walk forth with the night:
 From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
 Shield me from danger, save me from crime!—REF.

2 Father in heaven, oh, hear when we call!
 Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;
 Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might;
 In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light;
 Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,
 Wake in thine arms when morning returns.—REF.

SEGUR. 8s, 7s, 4s.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Guide me, O thou great Jeho-vah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty;

Hold me with thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

134

Guidance.

W. WILLIAMS.

- GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hold me with thy powerful hand;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through;
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my Strength and Shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy

powerful hand: Bread of heav-en, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

135

"Lead us!"

J. EDMESTON.

- LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but thee;
 Yet possessing Every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
 All our weakness thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us;
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
 Lone and dreary, Faint and weary,
 Through the desert thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy;
 Thus provided, Pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

LOWELL MASON, arr.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, 4s.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; { Let us each thy love pos- sess- ing, }
 D. C. Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Traveling through this wilderness. { Tri-umph in re - deem- ing (omit) } grace;

136

Dismissal.

W. SHIRLEY.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 Oh, refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.
 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound,
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away;
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 May we, ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day.

137

"Keep us safe."

T. KELLY.

GOD of our salvation! hear us;
 Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go;
 When we join the world, be near us,
 Lest we cold and careless grow.
 Saviour! keep us;
 Keep us safe from every foe.
 2 As our steps are drawing nearer
 To our everlasting home,
 May our view of heaven grow clearer,
 Hope more bright of joys to come;

And, when dying,
 May thy presence cheer the gloom.

138

Benediction.

J. NEWTON.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above!
 2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

139

Evening blessing.

J. EDMESTON.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing;
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow near us fly,
 Angel guards from thee surround us,
 We are safe if thou art nigh.
 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watcheth where thy people be.
 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.

D. E. JONES.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spirits seal; Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

ONE MORE DAY. P. M.

R. LOWRY.

1. One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is nearer, And Christ is dearer, Than yesterday, to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me.

140

"One More Day."

A. WARNER.

ONE more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer, And Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday, to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.—CHO.
2 One more day's work for Jesus!
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story, To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!—CHO.

3 One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer, And rest comes
At each step of the way; [nearer,
And Christ in all—
Before his face I fall.—CHO.
4 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure, My wants are
And pain for him is sweet. [treasure,
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!—CHO.

EMMELAB. 6s, 5s.

J. BARNEY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.

141

Day is over.

S. BARING-GOULD.

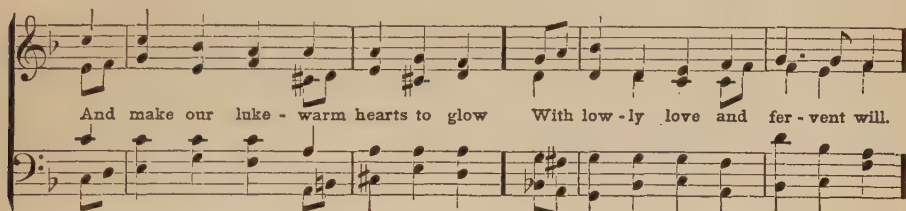
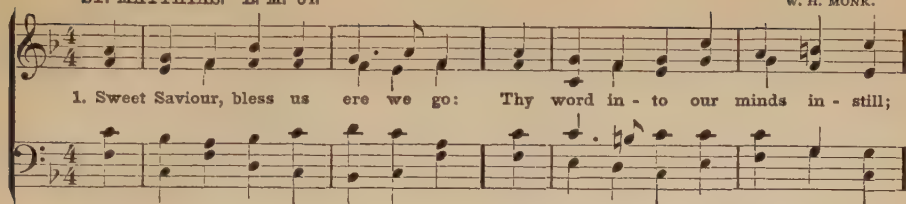
Now THE day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.
2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;

Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

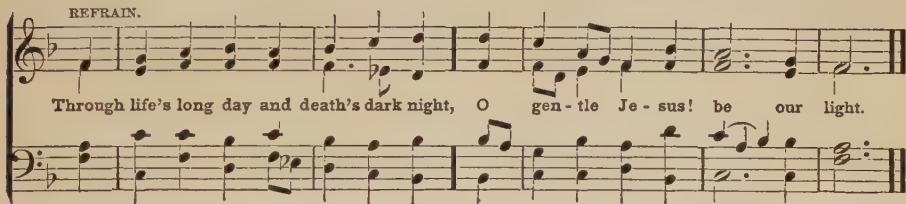
4 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

ST. MATTHIAS. L. M. 61.

W. H. MONK.



REFRAIN.



142

"Ere we go."

F. W. FABER.

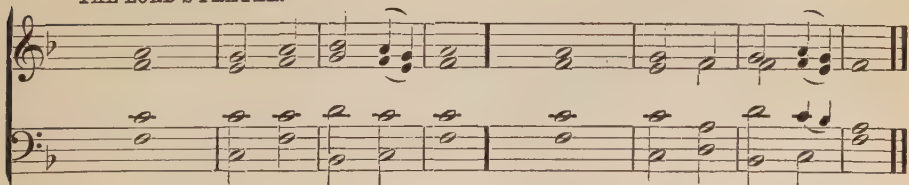
SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go:
Thy word into our minds instill:
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.—REF.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.—REF.

3 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.—REF.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
Oh, let thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.—REF.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



143

Matt. 6 : 9—13.

1 OUR FATHER, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; || thy kingdom come,
thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;
2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we for-
give | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || for thine is the
kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for- | ever. A- | men.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

HYMN 144.

ENGLISH.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here be - low,—

Praise him, all creatures here be - low; Praise him above, Praise him a -
Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove,

bove, Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise him above, ye heaven - ly host; Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove,

Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly
Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly.

Ghost,—Praise Fa - ther, Son, ... and Ho - ly Ghost,—Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

DOXOLOGY. L. M. Concluded.

CHORUS.—*ad lib.*

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, A-men,— Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

DUET.

TUTTI.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

BREAD OF LIFE. 6s, 4s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;

Be-yond the sacred page I seek thee, Lord; My spirit pants for thee, O liv-ing Word!

145

"By Galilee."

M. A. LATHBURY.

BREAK thou the bread of life,
 Dear Lord, to me,
 As thou didst break the loaves
 Beside the sea;
 Beyond the sacred page
 I seek thee, Lord;
 My spirit pants for thee,
 O living Word!

2 Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,
 To me—to me—
 As thou didst bless the bread
 By Galilee;
 Then shall all bondage cease,
 All fetters fall;
 And I shall find my peace,
 My All-in-All!

146 S. M. *The Lord's Prayer.* J. MONTGOMERY.

OUR Heavenly Father, hear

The prayer we offer now :—

"Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 "Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 "Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 "From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 "Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine."

147 7S. *The Holy Spirit.* C. WESLEY.

LIGHT of life, seraphic Fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart;—

2 Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Father! in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.

3 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Set us free from all our sin.

4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

148 8S, 7S. *Dismissal.* E. SMYTHE.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

149 L. M. *Sabbath Eve.* J. EDMESTON.

SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time, how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

150 H. M. *God's Word.* P. DODDRIDGE.

THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will the Eternal King
His words of grace revoke;

They stand secure | Not Zion's hill
And steadfast still; | Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same, | The promise shines
In radiant lines | Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground
And dissipate the spheres;
Midst all the shock | I stand serene,
Of that dread scene, | Thy word my rock.

151 C. M. *"Hear and Know."* I. WATTS.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel! thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

152

7s.

Hymn at Parting.

ANON.

THOU, from whom we never part,
 Thou, whose love is everywhere,
 Thou, who seest every heart,
 Listen to our evening prayer.

2 Father, fill our hearts with love,
 Love unailing, full and free;
 Love that no alarm can move,
 Love that ever rests on thee.

3 Heavenly Father! through the night
 Keep us safe from every ill;
 Cheerful as the morning light,
 May we wake to do thy will.

153

8s, 7s, 4s.

"Hear us!" D. C. COLESWORTHY.

WHILE we lowly bow before thee,
 Wilt thou, gracious Saviour, hear?
 We are poor and needy sinners,
 Full of doubt and full of fear;
 Gracious Saviour,
 Make us humble and sincere.

2 Fill us with thy Holy Spirit;
 Sanctify us by thy grace;
 Oh, incline us more to love thee,
 And in dust our souls abase.
 Hear us, Saviour,
 And unvail thy glorious face.

3 None in vain did ever ask thee
 For the Spirit of thy love;
 Hear us, then, dear Saviour, hear us;
 Grant an answer from above;
 Blesséd Saviour,
 Hear and answer from above.

154

8s, 7s, 4s.

Invocation.

J. PIERPONT.

GOD Almighty and All-seeing!
 Holy One, in whom we all
 Live, and move, and have our being,
 Hear us when on thee we call;
 Father, hear us,
 As before thy throne we fall.

2 Of all good art thou the Giver;
 Weak and wandering ones are we;
 Then for ever, yea, for ever,
 In thy presence would we be;
 Oh, be near us,
 That we wander not from thee.

155

7s.

Separation.

J. NEWTON.

FOR a season called to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever present Friend.

2 Jesus! hear our humble prayer,
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.

3 Then if thou thy help afford,
 Joyful songs to thee shall rise,
 And our souls shall praise the Lord,
 Who regards our humble cries.

156

S. M.

"Bless the Lord!" J. MONTGOMERY.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
 Ye people of his choice;
 Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
 Above all blessing high,
 Who would not fear his holy name,
 And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh, for the living flame
 From his own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours:
 Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
 With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
 The Lord your God adore;
 Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
 Henceforth, for evermore.

157

8s, 7s, 4s.

"Lord, keep us."

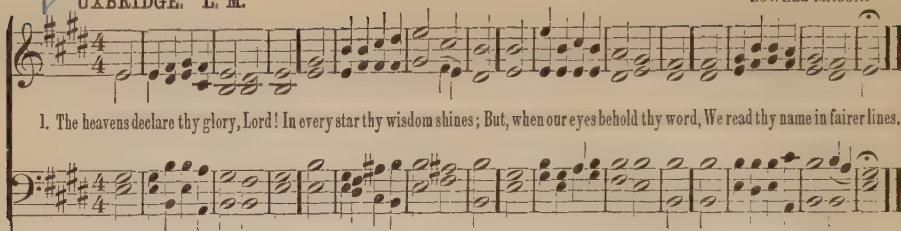
T. KELLY.

KEEP us, Lord, oh, keep us ever:
 Vain our hope, if left by thee;
 We are thine; oh, leave us never,
 Till thy glorious face we see;
 Then to praise thee
 Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is thy word of promise,
 Precious to thy people here;
 Never take thy presence from us,
 Jesus, Saviour, still be near:
 Living, dying,
 May thy name our spirits cheer.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. The heavens declare thy glory, Lord! In every star thy wisdom shines; But, when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines.

158

Psalms 19.

L. WATTS.

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!

In every star thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

160

The Gospel Word.

B. BEDDOME.

God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

161

Psalms 19.

R. GRANT.

THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;—

4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved, amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

159

Inspiration.

L. WATTS.

'T WAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word!
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirmed the messages they brought:
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

WILLINGTON. L. M.

GREATOR EX COLL.

1. Now let my soul, e - ter - nal King, To thee its grate - ful trib - ute bring;
My knee with hum - ble hom - age bow, My tongue per - form its sol - emn vow.

162

"Nature sings." O. HEGINBOTHAM.

Now let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 Here Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
Here lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

4 For love like this, oh, let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

CAPELLO, L. M.

RUDOLF KREUTZER.

1. Up - on the Gos - pel's sa - cred page The gathered beams of a - ges shine;
And, as it hast - ens, ev - every age But makes its brightness more di - vine.

163

"And be glorified." J. BOWRING.

Upon the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

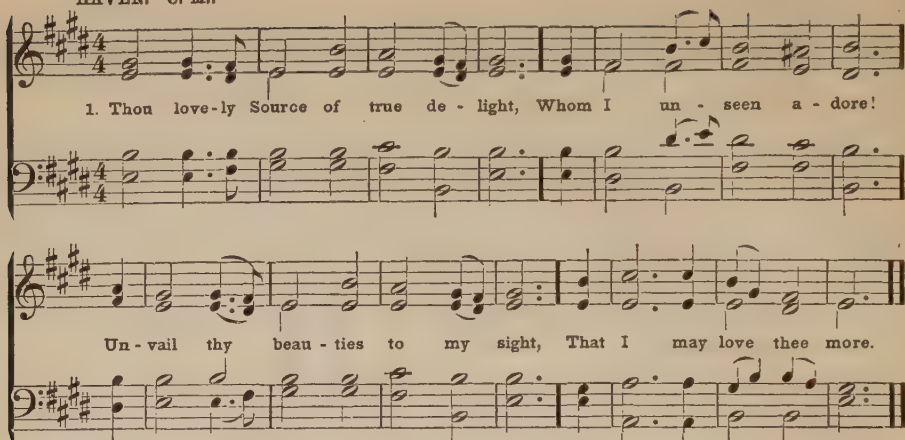
2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mist away.

HAVEN. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Thou love-ly Source of true de - light, Whom I un - seen a - dore!
Un - vail thy beau - ties to my sight, That I may love thee more.

164

Christ in the Word.

A. STEELE.

THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;—
But in thy sacred word,
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
Oh, come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love:
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

165

Psalms 119.

J. FAWCETT.

HOW PRECIOUS is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

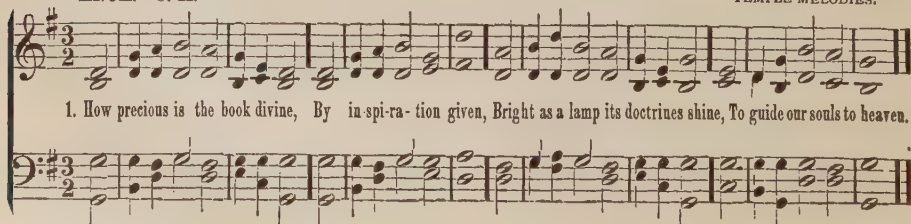
2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

KNOX. C. M.

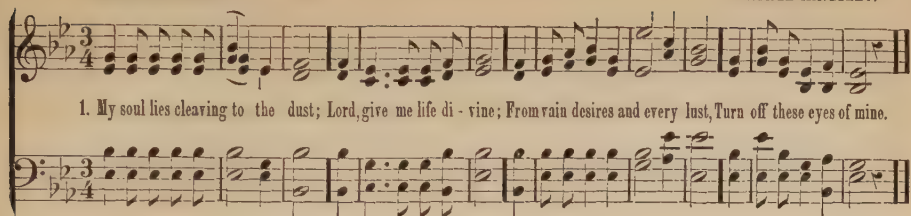
TEMPLE MELODIES.



1. How precious is the book divine, By in-spi-ra-tion given, Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



166

Psalm 119.

I. WATTS.

My soul lies cleaving to the dust;
 Lord, give me life divine;
 From vain desires and every lust,
 Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
 To speed me in thy way,
 Lest I should loiter in my race
 Or turn my feet astray.

3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
 And thou a faithful God?
 Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
 To run the heavenly road?

4 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
 And long to see thy face?
 And yet how slow my spirits move
 Without enlivening grace!

5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
 And ne'er forget thy word,
 When I have felt its quickening power
 To draw me near the Lord.

167

Dull of Heart.

I. WATTS.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
 I fly to thee, my Lord,
 And not a glimpse of hope appears,
 But in thy written word.

2 This is the field where hidden lies
 The pearl of price unknown;
 That merchant is divinely wise,
 Who makes the pearl his own.

3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
 Where wit and reason fail;
 My guide to everlasting life,
 Through all this gloomy vale.

4 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God!
 My roving feet command;
 Nor I forsake the happy road,
 That leads to thy right hand.

168

Psalm 119.

I. WATTS.

OH, how I love thy holy law!
 'Tis daily my delight;
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.

2 How doth thy word my heart engage!
 How well employ my tongue!
 And in my tiresome pilgrimage
 Yields me a heavenly song.

3 Am I a stranger, or at home,
 'Tis my perpetual feast:
 Not honey dropping from the comb,
 So much allures the taste.

4 No treasures so enrich the mind,
 Nor shall thy word be sold
 For loads of silver well-refined,
 Nor heaps of choicest gold.

5 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And there I write thy praise.

169

Psalm 119.

I. WATTS.

LORD! I have made thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage;
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.

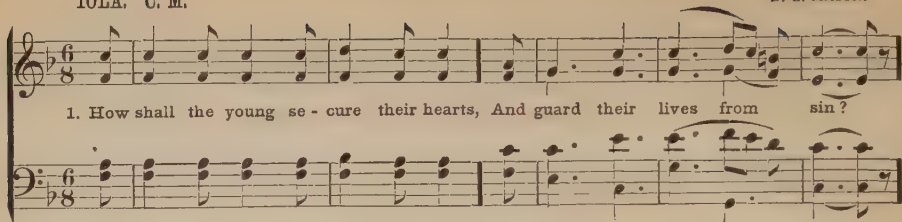
2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight,
 While through the promises I rove,
 With ever-fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise;
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies:—

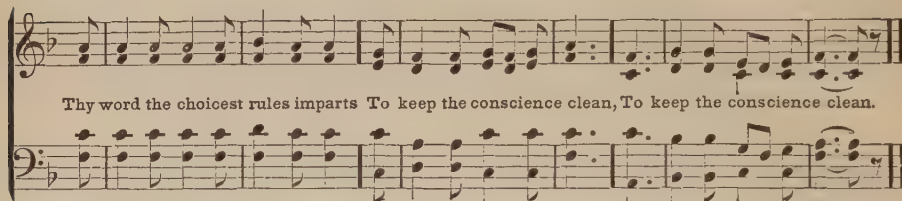
4 The best relief that mourners have;
 It makes our sorrows blest:—
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

IOLA. C. M.

D. G. MASON.



1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin?



Thy word the choicest rules imparts To keep the conscience clean, To keep the conscience clean.

170

Psalm 119.

I. WATTS.

How SHALL the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad;
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

171

Psalm 119.

I. WATTS.

Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still:
Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 Oh, send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Or act the liar's part.

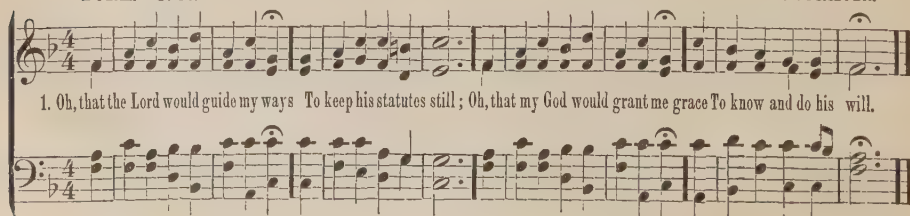
3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord!
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands—
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

YORK. C. M.

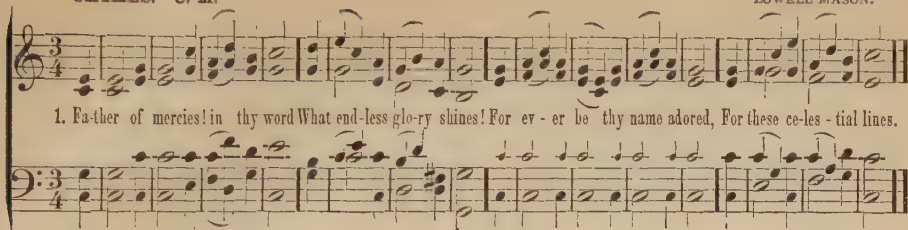
SCOTCH PSALTER.



1. Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his statutes still; Oh, that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will.

CHIMES. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Fa-ther of mer-cies! in thy word What end-less glo-ry shines! For ev-er be thy name adored, For these ce-lestial lines.

172

"Endless glory."

A. STEELE.

FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored.
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimar sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

173

Psalm 119.

W. COWPER.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;—
It gives, but borrows none.

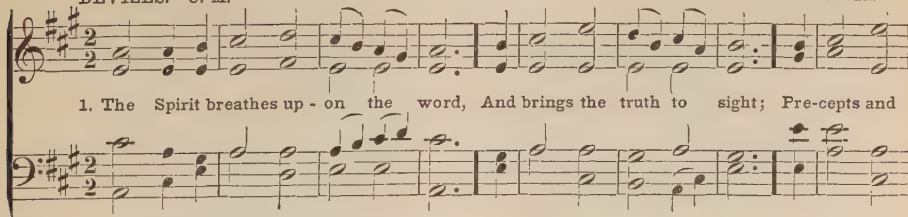
3 The hand, that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

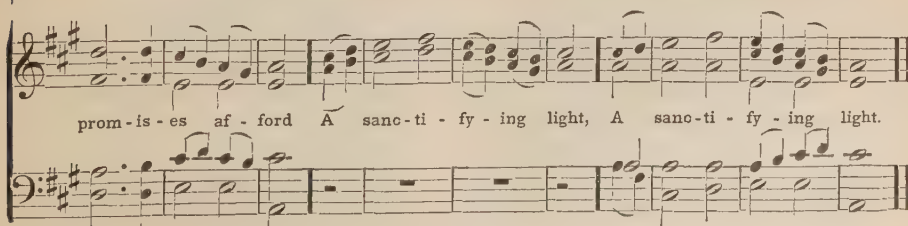
5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

DEVIZES. C. M.

I. TUCKER.



1. The Spirit breathes up - on the word, And brings the truth to sight; Pre-cepts and



prom-is-es af-ford A sanc-ti-fy-ing light, A sano-ti-fy-ing light.

CHENIES. 7s, 6s. D.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high, O Truth unchanged, un -

chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky! We praise thee for the ra - diance That

from the hal - lowed page, A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.

174

The Church's Gift.

W. W. HOW.

O WORD of God incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky!
 We praise thee for the radiance
 That from the hallowed page,
 A lantern to our footsteps,
 Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifeth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored,
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ the living Word.

3 Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old;
 Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see thee face to face.

175

Psalm 19.

J. CONDER.

THE heavens declare his glory,
 Their Maker's skill the skies;
 Each day repeats the story,
 And night to night replies.
 Their silent proclamation
 Throughout the earth is heard;
 The record of creation,
 The page of nature's word.

2 So pure, so soul-restoring,
 Is truth's diviner ray;
 A brighter radiance pouring
 Than all the pomp of day:
 The wanderer surely guiding,
 It makes the simple wise;
 And, evermore abiding,
 Unfailing joy supplies.

3 Thy word is richer treasure
 Than lurks within the mine;
 And daintiest fare less pleasure
 Yields than this food divine.
 How wise each kind monition!
 Led by thy counsels, Lord,
 How safe the saints' condition,
 How great is their reward!

MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er-more hast been, What time the tempest ra - ges,
D. S.—To endless gen-er - a - tions,

Our dwelling-place se - rene: Be - fore thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,
The Ev - er - last - ing thou!

FINE. D. S.

176

Everlasting.—Ps. 90. E. BICKERSTETH.

O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations,
The Everlasting thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:

A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail!
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blessed!

With watchful eye abiding
Upon us with delight;
Our souls, in him confiding,
He keeps both day and night.

2 Above me and beside me,
My God is ever near,
To watch, protect, and guide me,
Whatever ills appear.
Though other friends may fail me;
In sorrow's dark abode,
Though death itself assail me,
I'm ever safe with God.

178

Sovereign Love.

J. CONDER.

'TIS NOT that I did choose thee,
For, Lord! that could not be;
This heart would still refuse thee;
But thou hast chosen me;—
Hast, from the sin that stained me,
Washed me and set me free,
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to thee.

2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.
My heart owns none above thee;
For thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing,—if I love thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

177

Omnipresent.

DUTCH HYMN.

ON mountains and in valleys
Where'er we go is God;
The cottage and the palace,
Alike are his abode.

MAINZER. L. M.

JOSEPH MAINZER.

1. Fa - ther of heaven, whose love profound A ran - som for our souls hath found,
Be - fore thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us thy par - doning love ex - tend.

179

The Trinity.

J. COOPER.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son—incarnate Word—
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah!—Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead!—Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

180

Unsearchableness. E. BUTCHER.

WITH deepest reverence at thy throne,
Jehovah, peerless and unknown!
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,
A glimpse of thee, great God! to gain.

2 Who, by the closest search, can find
The eternal, uncreated Mind?
Nor men, nor angels can explore
Thy heights of love, thy depths of power.

3 That power we trace on every side;
Oh, may thy wisdom be our guide!
And while we live, and when we die,
May thine almighty love be nigh.

181

Long-Suffering.

E. SCOTT.

GOD of my life, to thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song;
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why doth thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumbrer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found?

3 Still let the barren fig-tree stand
Upheld and fostered by thy hand;
And let its fruit and verdure be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.

182

Mystery.

B. BEDDOME.

WAIT, O my soul! thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul! submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'mid the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

CREATION. L. M. D.

F. J. HAYDN.



1. { The spacious firma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, }
 { And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal (Omit).... } pro-claim:

Th' unwea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - - tor's power dis-play;

And pub - lish-es to ev - 'ry land The work of an al-might-y hand.

183

In Nature.—Ps. 19. J. ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim:
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball,—
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found,—
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,—
 "The hand that made us is divine."

184

In the Seasons. F. DODDRIDGE.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear,
 To hail thee, sovereign of the year!
 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole,
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

2 The flowery spring at thy command,
 Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
 The summer rays with vigor shine,
 To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.
 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
 Through all our coasts redundant stores:
 And winters, softened by thy care,
 No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise;
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light and evening shade.
 Here in thy house let incense rise,
 And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
 Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

I. PLEVEL.

1. { While thee I seek, pro - tecting Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled; } With
And may this con - se - crat-ed hour [omit.] ...

bet - ter hopes be filled. Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To thee my tho'ts would
soar: Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore.

185

Providence.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled;
Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

- 2 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

186

Psalm 116.

I. WATTS.

- WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!
- 4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

✓ GENEVA. C. M.

J. COLE.

1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God! My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
When all thy mercies, O my God!

When all thy mercies, O my God!

Transport - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

Transported with the view, I'm lost

✓ 187

Continued help.

J. ADDISON.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

JERUSALEM. C. M. D.

FROM LOUIS SPOHR.

1. When all thy mercies, O my God! My ris - ing soul sur - veys, Transported with the view, I'm lost
D. S.—Be - fore my infant heart conceived

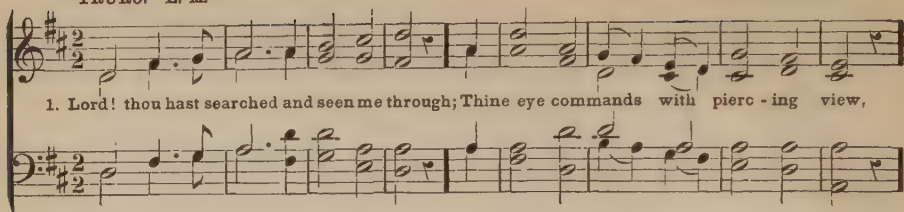
FINE.

D. S.

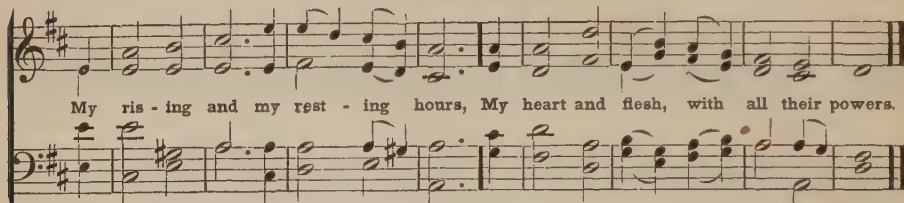
In wonder, love, and praise. 2. Unnumbered comforts, to my soul, Thy ten - der care be - stowed,
From whom those comforts flowed.

TRUBO. L. M.

CHARLES BURNBY.



1. Lord! thou hast searched and seen me through; Thine eye commands with pier - ing view,



My ris - ing and my rest - ing hours, My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

188

Omniscience.—Ps. 139.

I. WATTS.

LORD! thou hast searched and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

189

Faithfulness.

I. WATTS.

Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith
To credit what the Almighty saith!
To embrace the message of his Son!
And call the joys of heaven our own!

2 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

190

Unsearchableness.

R. SCOTT.

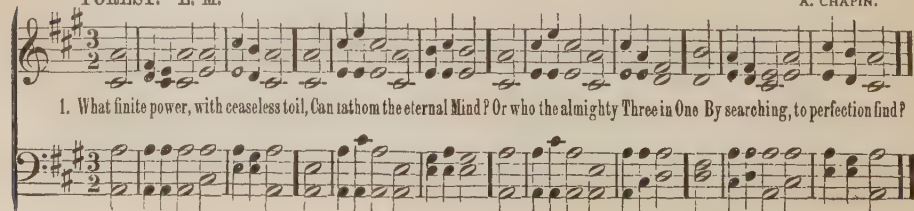
WHAT finite power, with ceaseless toil,
Can fathom the eternal Mind?
Or who the almighty Three in One
By searching, to perfection find?

2 Angels and men in vain may raise,
Harmonious their adoring songs;
The laboring thought sinks down, oppress,
And praises die upon their tongues.

3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice
A portion of his ways to sing;
And mingling with his meanest works,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

FOREST. L. M.

A. CHAPIN.



1. What finite power, with ceaseless toil, Can fathom the eternal Mind? Or who the almighty Three in One By searching, to perfection find?

LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.

1. Lord of all be - ing; throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
 Cen - tre and soul of ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!

191

Omnipresence.

O. W. HOLMES.

LORD of all being; throned afar,
 Thy glory flames from sun and star;
 Centre and soul of every sphere,
 Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
 Sheds on our path the glow of day;
 Star of our hope, thy softened light
 Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
 Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
 Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
 All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
 Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
 Before thy ever-blazing throne
 We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
 And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
 Till all thy living altars claim
 One holy light, one heavenly flame!

192

Providence.

A. STEELE.

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
 How blind are we, how mean our praise!
 Thy steps no mortal eyes explore;
 'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

2 Great God! I do not ask to see
 What in futurity shall be;
 Let light and bliss attend my days,
 And then my future hours be praise.

3 Are darkness and distress my share?
 Give me to trust thy guardian care;
 Enough for me, if love divine
 At length through every cloud shall shine.

4 Yet this my soul desires to know,
 Be this my only wish below;
 That Christ is mine!—this great request,
 Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

193

Sovereignty.

RAY PALMER.

LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
 To search the starry vault profound;
 In vain would wing her flight sublime,
 To find creation's outmost bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
 To search thy great eternal plan,—
 Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
 Long ages ere the world began.

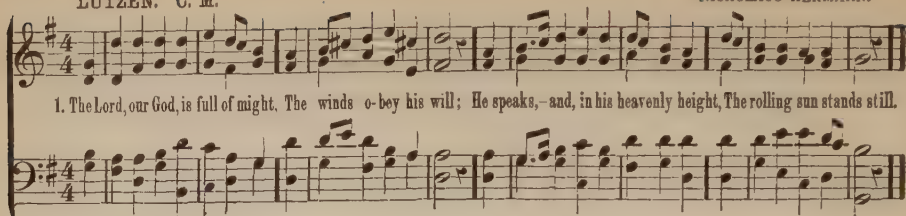
3 When my dim reason would demand
 Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,
 By some vast deep I seem to stand,
 Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
 And all is dark as night to me,
 Here, as on solid rock, I rest;
 That so it seemeth good to thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
 Thou rulest all things at thy will:
 Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
 And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.

LUTZEN. C. M.

NICHOLAUS HERMANN.



194

Power.

H. K. WHITE.

THE Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks,—and, in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

195

Providence.

I. WATTS.

KEEP silence, all created things!
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

4 My God! I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh, may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

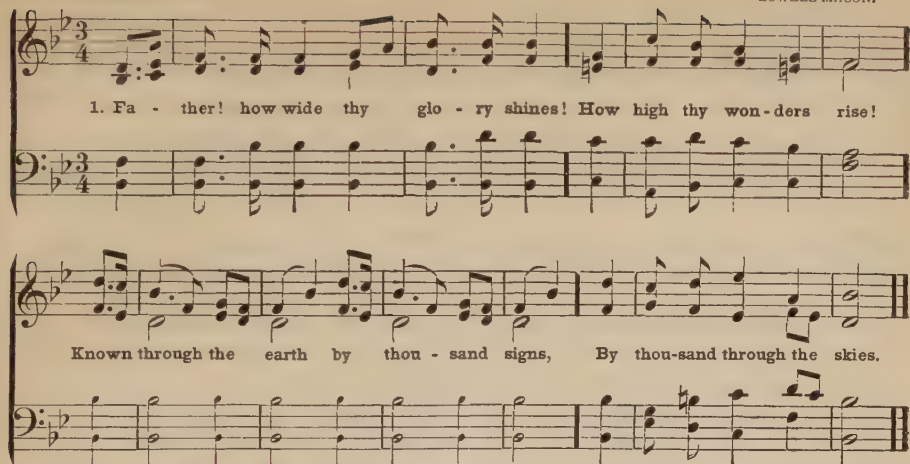
ST. ANN'S. C. M.

WM. CROFT.



NOEL. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



196

Nature and Grace.

I. WATTS.

FATHER! how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

3 But, when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—

4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 Oh, may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

2 God reigns on high; but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies:
Through the whole earth his bounty shines
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

198

In Nature.

A. STEELE.

LORD, when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays;
Oh, let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart!
Oh, teach me to improve
Thy gifts with humble, grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

197

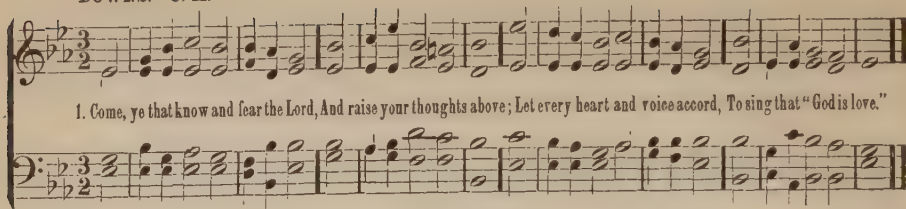
Goodness.—Ps. 145.

I. WATTS.

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

DOWNS. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



199

Love.

G. BURDER.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above:
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that "God is love."

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,
To teach them—"God is love."

4 Oh, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is love."

200

Omnipresence.—Ps. 139. I. WATTS.

IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord! or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high, 3
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

201

In Nature.

J. KEEBLE.

THERE is a book that all may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

5 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

202

Omniscience.—Ps. 139. I. WATTS.

LORD! where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire—
In heaven thy glorious throne.

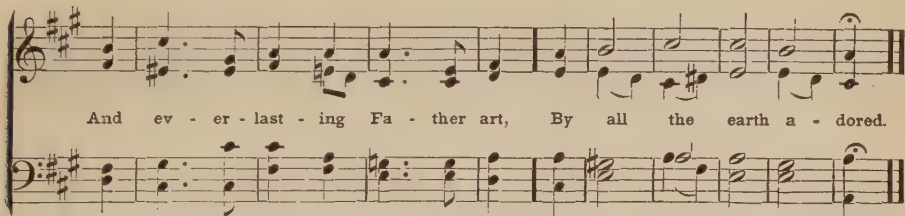
2 If, winged with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

3 If, o'er my sins, I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes, that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

4 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
Oh, may I ne'er provoke that power,
From which I cannot flee.

LAUD. C. M.

JOHN B. DVKES.



203

"Te Deum."

TATE—BRADY.

- O God! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway!
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou the eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

204

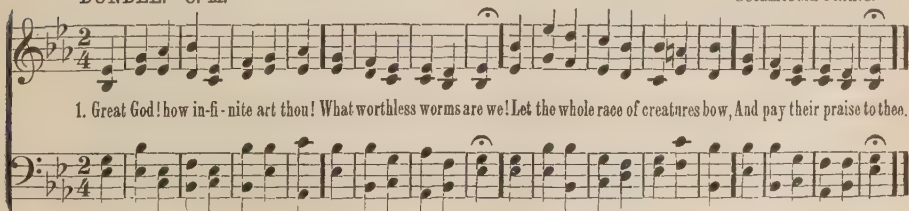
Eternity.

I. WATTS.

- GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

DUNDEE. C. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC.



VARINA. C. M. D.

G. F. ROOT, arr.

1. { I sing th'almighty power of God, That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the lofty skies. } I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars o - bey.

205

Perfections.

I. WATTS.

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

2 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

3 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.
Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

As, through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

2 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?
With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

207

Omniscience.—Ps. 139. J. THOMPSON.

JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.
Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

2 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless proceed from thee.
In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

206

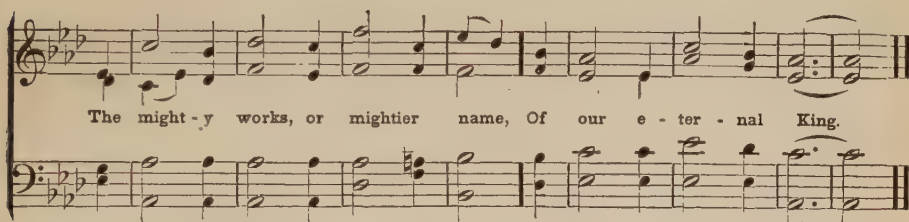
Mystery.

J. FAWCETT.

THY way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

MANOAH. C. M.

FROM G. ROSSINI.



208

Faithfulness.

I. WATTS.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

210

Holiness.

J. NEEDHAM.

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King,
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

209

Providence.

W. COWPER.

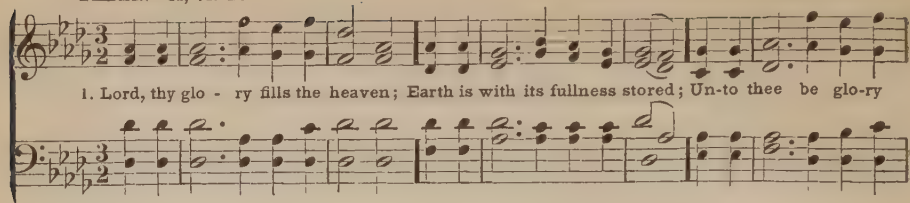
God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

FABEN, 8s, 7s. D.

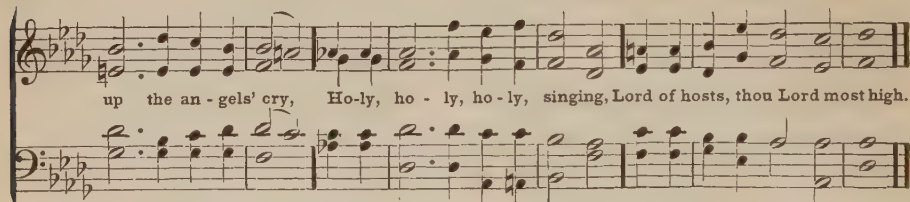
J. H. WILCOX.



1. Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heaven; Earth is with its fullness stored; Un-to thee be glo-ry



giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Heaven is still with anthems ring-ing; Earth takes



up the an - gels' cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, singing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

211

Holiness.

R. MANT.

LORD, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite:
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high!

212

Grace.

F. S. KEY.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my soul be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

VESPER HYMN, 8s, 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. { God, my King, thy might confessing, Ev - er will I bless thy name; }
 { Day by day thy throne addressing, Still will I thy praise proclaim. } 2. Nor shall fail from memory's

treasure, Works by love and mercy wrought— Works of love surpassing measure, Works of mercy passing tho't.

213

Perfections.

R. MANT.

- God, my King, thy might confessing,
 Ever will I bless thy name;
 Day by day thy throne addressing,
 Still will I thy praise proclaim.
- 2 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
 Works by love and mercy wrought—
 Works of love surpassing measure,
 Works of mercy passing thought.
- 3 Full of kindness and compassion,
 Slow of anger, vast in love,
 God is good to all creation;
 All his works his goodness prove.
- 4 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
 Thee shall all thy saints adore;
 King supreme shall thy confess thee,
 And proclaim thy sovereign power

214

Mercy.

F. W. FABER

- THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea;
 There's a kindness in his justice,
 Which is more than liberty.
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good;
 There is mercy with the Saviour;
 There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take him at his word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

ST. CHAD. 8s, 7s. D.

R. REDHEAD.

1. { Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee For the bliss thy love bestows, }
 { For the pardoning grace that saves me, (Omit) } And the peace that from it flows:
 D. C.—Thou must light the flame, or nev - er (Omit) Can my love be warm'd to praise.

Voices in Unison.

Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:

Organ.

EIN' FESTE BURG. P. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never fail - ing; Our Helper he, a - mid the flood

Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his woe;

His craft and power are great, And armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.

215

"A Mighty Fortress." F. H. HEDGE, tr.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing;
 Our Helper he, amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing.
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work his woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing.
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is he;
 Lord Sabaoth is his name,
 From age to age the same,
 And he must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us.
 The prince of darkness grim,—
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo! his doom is sure,—
 One little word shall fell him!

4 That world above all earthly powers—
 No thanks to them—abideth;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through him who with us sideth.
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill:
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is for ever.

216

"God alone."

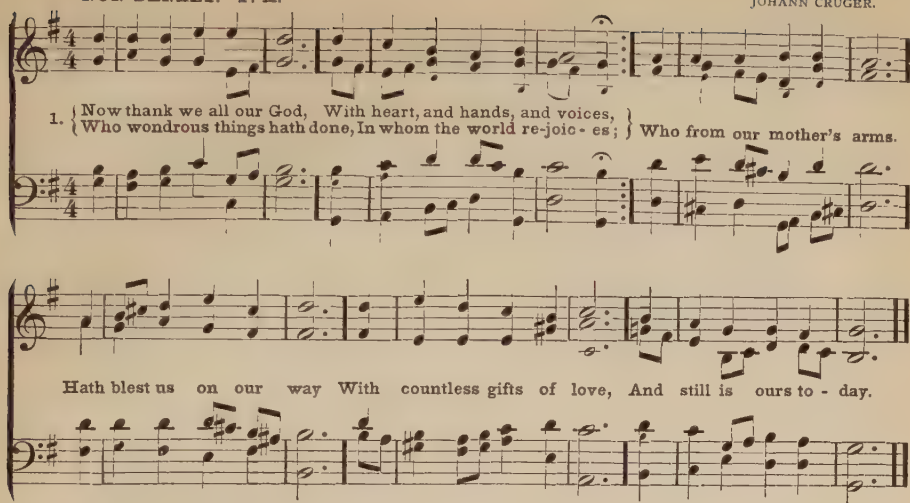
H. W. BAKER.

REJOICE to-day with one accord,
 Sing out with exultation;
 Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
 Whose arm hath brought salvation;
 His works of love proclaim
 The greatness of his name;
 For he is God alone,
 Who hath his mercy shown;
 Let all his saints adore him.

2 When in distress to him we cried,
 He heard our sad complaining;
 Oh, trust in him, whate'er betide,
 His love is all sustaining;
 Triumphant songs of praise
 To him our hearts shall raise;
 Now every voice shall say,
 "Oh, praise our God alway;"
 Let all his saints adore him.

NUN DANKET. P. M.

JOHANN CRUGER.



1. { Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voices, }
 { Who wondrous things hath done, In whom the world re-joic-es; } Who from our mother's arms.
 Hath blest us on our way With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.

217

Bounteous Care. C. WINKWORTH, *tr.*

NOW THANK we all our God,
 With heart, and hands, and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom the world rejoices;
 Who from our mother's arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;
 To keep us in his grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

218

Eternity. C. WINKWORTH, *tr.*

O THOU essential Word,
 Who wast from everlasting
 With God, for thou wast God;
 On thee our burden casting,
 O Saviour of our race,
 Welcome indeed thou art,
 Redeemer, Fount of Grace,
 To this my longing heart.

2 Come, self-existent Word,
 And speak thou in my spirit;
 The soul where thou art heard,
 Doth endless peace inherit.

Thou Light that lightenest all,
 Abide through faith in me,
 Nor let me from thee fall,
 Nor seek a guide but thee.

219

Beneficence.

A. T. PIERSON.

TO THEE, O God, we raise
 Our voice in choral singing;
 We come with prayer and praise,
 Our hearts' oblations bringing;
 Thou art our fathers' God,
 And ever shalt be ours;
 Our lips and lives shall laud
 Thy name, with all our powers.

2 Thy goodness, like the dew
 On Hermon's hill descending,
 Is every morning new,
 And tells of love unending.
 We bless thy tender care
 That led our wayward feet,
 Past every fatal snare,
 To streams and pastures sweet.

3 We bless thy Son, who bore
 The cross, for sinners dying;
 Thy Spirit we adore,
 The precious blood applying.
 Let work and worship send
 Their incense unto thee;
 Till song and service blend,
 Beside the crystal sea.

BLUMENTHAL. 7s. D.

J. BLUMENTHAL.

1. Holy Father, hear my cry; Holy Saviour, bend thine ear; Holy Spirit, come thou nigh: Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!

Father, save me from my sin; Saviour, I thy mer-cy crave; Gracious Spirit, make me clean: Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

220

The Trinity.

H. BONAR.

HOLY Father, hear my cry;
 Holy Saviour, bend thine ear;
 Holy Spirit, come thou nigh:
 Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!
 Father, save me from my sin;
 Saviour, I thy mercy crave;
 Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

2 Father, let me taste thy love;
 Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
 Spirit, come my heart to move:
 Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!
 Father, Son, and Spirit—thou
 One Jehovah, shed abroad
 All thy grace within me now;
 Be my Father and my God!

221

"Holy, holy, holy." J. MONTGOMERY.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord
 God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,
 Out of darkness, at thy word
 Issued into glorious birth,
 All thy works before thee stood,
 And thine eye beheld them good,
 While they sung with sweet accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore:

Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by thee redeemed,
 Sing we here with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 While the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King:
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
 Blending in sublime accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

222

Divine Presence.

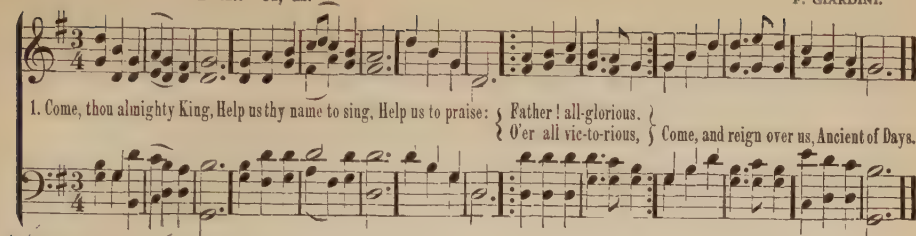
R. GRANT.

LORD of earth! thy forming hand
 Well this beauteous frame hath planned;
 Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
 Ocean rolling in his power:
 Yet, amid this scene so fair,
 Should I cease thy smile to share,
 What were all its joys to me?
 Whom have I on earth but thee?

2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
 Shines a world of purer light;
 There in love's unclouded reign
 Parted hands shall meet again:
 Oh, that world is passing fair!
 Yet, if thou wert absent there,
 What were all its joys to me?
 Whom have I in heaven but thee?

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

F. GIARDINI.



1. Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise: { Father! all-glorious. }
 { O'er all vic-tor-ious, } Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

223

"One in Three."

C. WESLEY.

COME, thou almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise:
 Father! all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days!

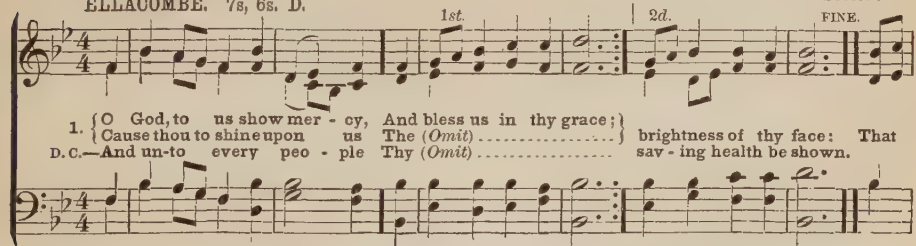
2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword;
 Our prayer attend;
 Come, and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success—
 Spirit of holiness!
 On us descend

3 Come, holy Comforter!
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour:
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!

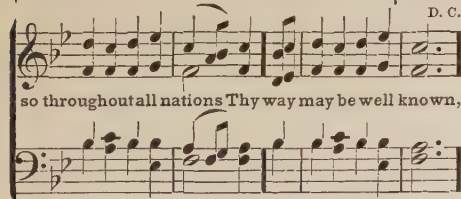
4 To the great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore!
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

ELLACOMBE. 7s, 6s. D.

ST. GALL'S COLLECTION.



1. { O God, to us show mer - cy, And bless us in thy grace; }
 { Cause thou to shine upon us The (Omit) } brightness of thy face: That
 D. C.—And un-to every peo - ple Thy (Omit) sav - ing health be shown.



224

"Show mercy."—Ps. 67.

ANON.

O God, to us show mercy,
 And bless us in thy grace;
 Cause thou to shine upon us
 The brightness of thy face:
 That so throughout all nations
 Thy way may be well known,
 And unto every people
 Thy saving health be shown.

2 O God, let people praise thee,
 Let all the people praise;
 Oh, let the nations joyful
 Their songs of gladness raise:
 For thou shalt judge the people
 In truth and righteousness;
 And on the earth all nations
 Shall thy just rule confess.

3 O God, let people praise thee;
 Thy praises let them sing;
 And then in rich abundance
 The earth her fruit shall bring:
 The Lord our God shall bless us,
 God shall his blessing send;
 And people all shall fear him
 To earth's remotest end.

225 8s, 7s. *Wisdom and Love.* J. BOWRING.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But his mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will his changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom his brightness streameth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere his glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

226 L. M. *The Trinity.* H. W. BAKER.

BLEST Trinity! from mortal sight
 Veiled in thine own eternal light!
 We thee confess, in thee believe;
 To thee with loving hearts we cleave.

2 O Father! thou Most Holy One!
 O God of God! Eternal Son!
 O Holy Ghost! thou Love Divine!
 To join them both is ever thine.

3 The Father is in God the Son,
 And with the Father he is one;
 In both the Spirit doth abide,
 And with them both is glorified.

4 Eternal Father! thee we praise;
 To thee, O Son! our hymns we raise;
 O Holy Ghost! we thee adore!
 One mighty God for evermore.

227 C. M. 6L. *Omnipresence.* J. CONDER.

BEYOND, beyond the boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Further than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high:
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That thou, my God! art nigh:—

2 Art nigh, and yet my laboring mind
 Feels after thee in vain—
 Thee in these works of power to find,
 Or to thy seat attain;
 Thy messenger—the stormy wind;
 Thy path—the trackless main.

3 These speak of thee with loud acclaim;
 They thunder forth thy praise—
 The glorious honor of thy name,
 The wonders of thy ways;
 But thou art not in tempest-flame,
 Nor in the noon-day blaze.

4 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air:
 The waves obey thy dread control;
 Yet still thou art not there:
 Where shall I find him, O my soul!
 Who yet is everywhere?

5 Oh, not in circling depth or height,
 But in the conscious breast,
 Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
 There doth his Spirit rest:
 Oh, come, thou Presence infinite!
 And make thy creature blest.

228 L. M. *Goodness.* P. DODDRIDGE.

TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns
 Through all the wide celestial plains;
 And its full streams unceasing flow
 Down to the abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's work its glories shine;
 The cares of providence are thine;
 And grace erects our ruined frame
 A fairer temple to thy name.

3 Oh, give to every human heart
 To taste, and feel how good thou art;
 With grateful love and reverent fear,
 To know how blest thy children are.

229 L. M. *Glory.* T. BLACKLOCK.

COME, O my soul! in sacred lays
 Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
 But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame?
 What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
 He glory like a garment wears;
 To form a robe of light divine,
 Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
 Almighty power with wisdom shines;
 His works thro' all this wondrous frame,
 Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
 Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
 And let his praise employ thy tongue,
 Till listening worlds shall join the song!

230

H. M.

The Trinity

I. WATTS.

WE give immortal praise
 For God the Father's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above :
 He sent his own eternal Son
 To die for sins that we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with his blood
 From everlasting woe :
 And now he lives, and now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live :
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God ! to thee
 Be endless honors done,
 The undivided Three,
 The great and glorious One :
 Where reason fails, with all her powers,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

231

C. M.

Majesty.—Ps. 18.

T. STERNHOLD.

THE Lord descended from above,
 And bowed the heavens most high :
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim,
 Full royally he rode ;
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain ;
 And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
 For evermore shall reign.

4 The Lord will give his people strength,
 Whereby they shall increase ;
 And he will bless his chosen flock
 With everlasting peace.

5 Give glory to his awful name,
 And honor him alone ;
 Give worship to his majesty,
 Upon his holy throne.

232

H. M.

Love.

J. YOUNG.

OH, for a shout of joy,
 Worthy the theme we sing ;
 To this divine employ
 Our hearts and voices bring ;
 Sound, sound, thro' all the earth abroad,
 The love, the eternal love of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
 Of seraphs bright and fair,
 Or bow at thy right hand,
 And pay their homage there ;
 But strive in vain with loudest chord,
 To sound thy wondrous love, O Lord.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
 In songs of lower key,
 In every age and place,
 Have sung the mystery,—
 Have told in strains of sweet accord,
 Thy love, thy sovereign love, O Lord.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
 And doubts and fears arise,
 The weakest shall prevail,
 And grasp the heavenly prize,
 And through an endless age record
 Thy love, thy changeless love, O Lord.

233

L. M.

Grace.—Ps. 138.

I. WATTS.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
 I'll praise my Maker in my song :
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord ;
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
 Not all the works and names below,
 So much thy power and glory show.

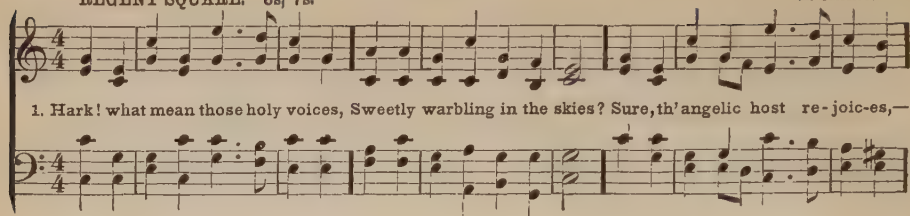
3 To God I cried when troubles rose ;
 He heard me, and subdued my foes ;
 He did my rising fears control,
 And strength diffused thro' all my soul.

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows and from sins ;
 The work that wisdom undertakes,
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s.

H. SMART.



234

"Those holy Voices." J. CAWOOD.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,

Sweetly warbling in the skies?

Sure, the angelic host rejoices—

Loudest hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,

Which they chant in hymns of joy;—

"Glory in the highest, glory;

Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,

Reaching far as man is found;

Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;—

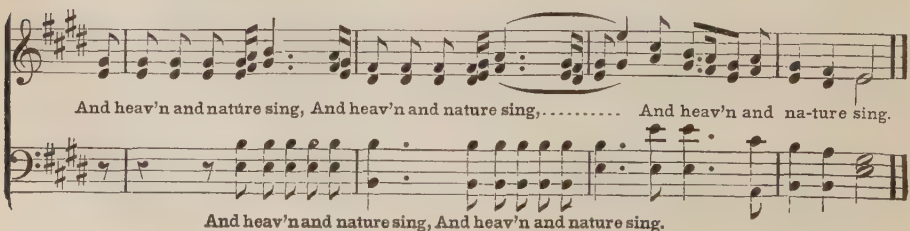
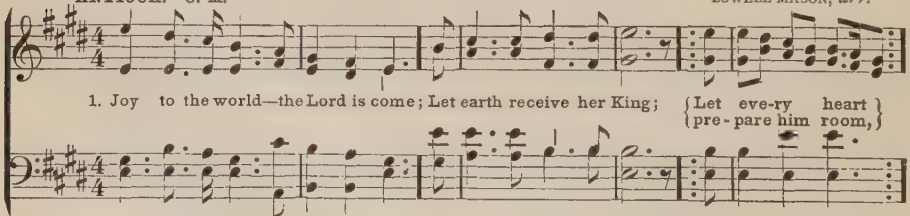
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his glory sing:
Glad, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals! to adore him,
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven you sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!"

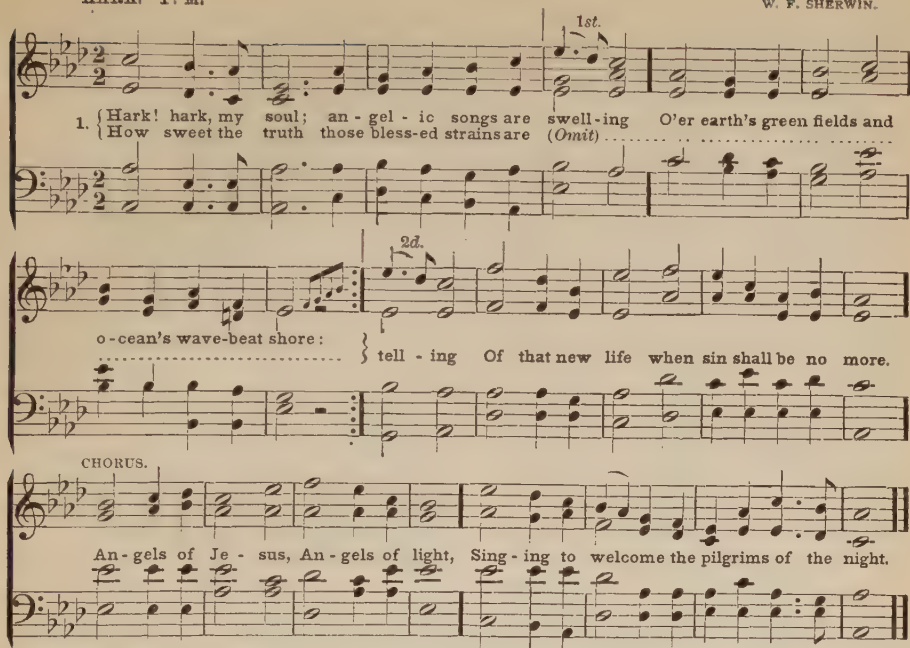
6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

HARK. P. M.

W. F. SHERWIN.



1. { Hark! hark, my soul; an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are (Omit) o - cean's wave - beat shore: } tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

CHORUS.
An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

235

The heavenly Host.

F. W. FABER.

HARK! hark, my soul; angelic songs are swelling

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.—CHO.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,

“Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:”

And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,

The music of the gospel leads us home.—CHO.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly steal-
ing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.—CHO.

4 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

And life's long shadows break in cloud-
less love.—CHO.

236

C. M.

Psalm 98.

I. WATTS.

Joy to the world,—the Lord is come;

Let earth receive her King;

Let every heart prepare him room,

And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth,—the Saviour reigns;

Let men their songs employ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and

Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ZERAH, C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To us a Child of hope is born; To us a Son is given; Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven; Him shall the tribes of earth o-bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.

237

Isaiah 9:6.

J. MORRISON.

To us a Child of hope is born;

The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord!

To us a Son is given;

Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.3 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know:2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

CHRISTMAS, C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground; The an - gel
of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.

238

Bethlehem Song.

TATE—BRADY.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
All seated on the ground; [night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.3 "To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

JAZER, C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. An - gels re - joiced and sweet - ly sung At our Re - deem - er's birth;
Mor - tals! a - wake; let ev - ery tongue Pro - claim his matchless worth.

239

"Glory to God."

W. HURN.

ANGELS rejoiced and sweetly sung
At our Redeemer's birth;
Mortals! awake; let every tongue
Proclaim his matchless worth.

2 Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And sent his only Son
To take a servant's form, and die,
For evils we had done!

3 Good-will to men; ye fallen race!
Arise, and shout for joy;
He comes, with rich abounding grace
To save and not destroy.

4 Lord! send the gracious tidings forth,
And fill the world with light,
That Jew and Gentile, through the earth,
May know thy saving might.

NEWBOLD, C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Calm on the listening ear of night, Come heav'n's me - lo - dious strains, Where wild Ju -
de - a stretches far Her sil - ver man - tled plains, Her sil-ver - mantled plains.

240

Angels' music.

E. H. SEARS.

CALM on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;

And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

SOLID ROCK. L. M. D.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { When, marshaled on the nightly plain, The glittering host bestud the sky, } Hark! hark! to God the
 One star a-lone of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wandering eye. { But one a-lone the

chorus breaks, From every host, from ev-ery gem; }
 Saviour speaks, It is the Star of Beth-le-hem; } It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.

241

"They saw the Star." H. K. WHITE.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
 From every host, from every gem;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease,
 And through the storm and danger's thrall
 It led me to the port of peace.
 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

ST. ALBAN. L. M.

1. When Jordan hushed his waters still,
 And silence slept on Zion's hill;
 When Salem's shepherds thro' the night
 Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;—

242

"Prince of Salem." T. CAMPBELL

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
 And silence slept on Zion's hill;
 When Salem's shepherds thro' the night
 Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;
 2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
 A voice of more than mortal sound
 In distant hallelujahs stole,
 Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
 The glorious hosts to Zion came;
 High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
 While thus they struck their harps and sung:

4 "O Zion! lift thy raptured eye;
 The long expected hour is nigh:
 The joys of nature rise again,
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

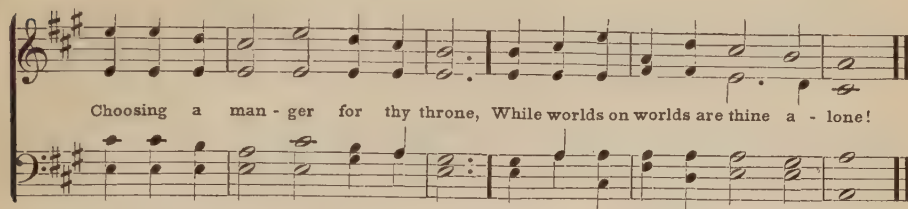
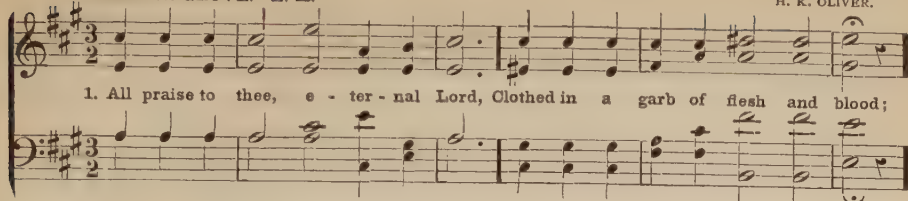
5 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
 Bids Satan and his host depart;
 Again the Daystar gilds the gloom,
 Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

6 O Zion! lift thy raptured eye;
 The long-expected hour is nigh;
 The joys of nature rise again:
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.

HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



243

The child Christ.

M. LUTHER.

ALL praise to thee, eternal Lord,
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a manger for thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone!

2 Once did the skies before thee bow;
A virgin's arms contain thee now;
Angels, who did in thee rejoice,
Now listen for thine infant voice.

3 A little child, thou art our guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light;
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like thine own angels round thee shine.

5 All this for us thy love hath done;
By this to thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

244

Incarnation.

I. WATTS.

BEFORE the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God!
And must divinely be adored.

2 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of his years?

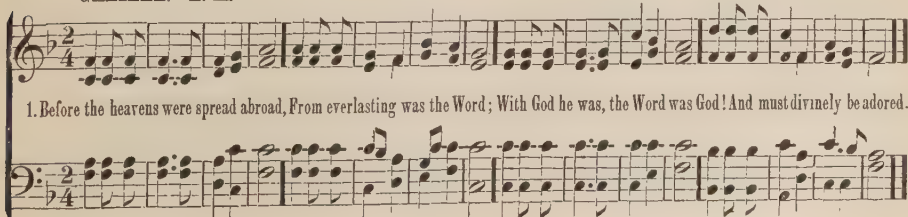
3 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms:
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Mortals with joy behold his face,
The eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth, how full of grace,
When in his eyes the Godhead shone!

5 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

GALILEE. L. M.

RICHARD LANGDON.



HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. Hark! the her-ald angels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners re-conciled!" { Joy-ful, all ye nations, rise, } { Join the triumph of the skies; } With th'angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethle-hem! With th'angel-ic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethle-hem.

245

The Nativity.

C. WESLEY.

HARK! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Vailed in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Immanuel!

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

246

"The Christ of God."

H. BONAR.

HE has come! the Christ of God
Left for us his glad abode;
Stooping from his throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness.
He has come! the Prince of Peace;
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter with his light
All the shadows of our night.

2 He the mighty King has come!
Making this poor earth his home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load;
Son of David, Son of God!
He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race;
Left for us his glad abode;
Son of Mary, Son of God!

3 Unto us a child is born!
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,
Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.
Unto us a Son is given!
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

AVISON. 11s, 10s.
CHORUS.

C. AVISON.

Shout the glad tidings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing;... Je-ru-salem triumphs, Messiah is King. 1. Zi-on, the

marvelous story be telling. The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth; The brightest archangel in

glo-ry ex-celling, He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns up-on earth. Shout the glad tidings, ex-

ult-ing-ly sing.... Je-ru-salem triumphs, Messi-ah is King, Messiah is King, Messiah is King.

247

The Glad Tidings. W. A. MUHLENBERG.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

ZION, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth;

The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;

How free to the faithful he offers salvation!
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned!

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;

Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

248

C. M. D. "The Age of Gold."

E. H. SEARS.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to man,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they
With peaceful wings unfurled; [come,
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

249

7S, D. "All hail the morn!"

GERMAN.

HAIL the night, all hail the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born!
When, amid the wakeful fold,
Tidings good the angels told
Now our solemn chant we raise
Duly to the Saviour's praise
Now with carol hymns we bless
Christ the Lord, our righteousness.

2 While resounds the joyful cry,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Gladly we respond, "Amen!"
Thus we greet this holy day,
Pouring forth our festive lay;
Thus we tell, with saintly mirth,
Of Immanuel's wondrous birth.

250

11S, 10S. "Star of the East."

R. HEBER.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning!

Dawn on our darkness and lend us
thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning.
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are
shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of
the stall:

Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of
all!

3 Say shall we yield him, in costly de-
votion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from
the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the
poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the
morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us
thine aid;
Star of the East the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid.

251

7S. Immanuel.

S. SLINN.

GOD with us! oh, glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite;
Oh, mysterious depth and height!
2 God with us! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! oh, wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King!

252

C. M. *Incarnation.* A. STEELE.
 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
 To our incarnate Lord !
 Let every heart and every tongue
 Adore the eternal Word.
 2 That awful Word, that sovereign
 Power,
 By whom the worlds were made—
 Oh, happy morn ! illustrious hour !—
 Was once in flesh arrayed !
 3 Then shone almighty power and love,
 In all their glorious forms,
 When Jesus left his throne above,
 To dwell with sinful worms.
 4 Adoring angels tuned their songs
 To hail the joyful day ;
 With rapture then let mortal tongues
 Their grateful worship pay.

253

C. M. *The Promised Lord.* F. DODDRIDGE.
 HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour
 The Saviour promised long ; [comes,
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
 2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
 In Satan's bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And, on the eyes long closed in night,
 To pour celestial day.
 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure,
 And, with the treasures of his grace,
 Enrich the humble poor.
 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

254

C. M. *The Gospel Song.* S. MEDLEY.
 MORTALS, awake, with angels join
 And chant the solemn lay ;
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine
 To hail the auspicious day.
 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo rolled ;
 The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
 'T was more than heaven could hold.
 4 Down through the portals of the sky
 The impetuous torrent ran ;
 And angels flew, with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.
 5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song ;
 "Good-will and peace" are heard thro'-
 Th' harmonious angel-throng. [out
 6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,—
 "Glory to God on high !
 Good-will and peace are now complete ;
 Jesus was born to die !"

255

L. M. *Jesus' Birth.* ANON.
 WAKE, O my soul, and hail the morn,
 For unto us a Saviour's born ;
 See ! how the angels wing their way,
 To usher in the glorious day !

2 Hark ! what sweet music, what a song,
 Sounds from the bright, celestial throng !
 Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart
 Joy to each raptured, listening heart.
 3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
 Glory to God, who reigns on high ;
 Let peace and love on earth abound,
 While time revolves and years roll round.

256

H. M. *"The notes of joy."* A. REED.

HARK ! hark !—the notes of joy
 Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
 And seraphs find employ
 For their sublimest strains ;
 Some new delight in heaven is known ;
 Loud sound the harps around the throne.
 2 Hark ! hark !—the sounds draw nigh,
 The joyful hosts descend ;
 Jesus forsakes the sky,
 To earth his footsteps bend ;
 He comes to bless our fallen race ;
 He comes with messages of grace.
 3 Bear—bear the tidings round ;
 Let every mortal know
 What love in God is found,
 What pity he can show ;
 Ye winds that blow ! ye waves that roll !
 Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

CRAWFORD, L. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK, *arr.*

1. How sweetly flowed the gospel sound From lips of gen-tle-ness and grace, When listening thousands gath-ered round, And joy and gladness filled the place! And joy and gladness filled the place!

257

The Great Teacher.

J. BOWRING.

HOW SWEETLY flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

258

"Holy, harmless."

A. C. COXE.

HOW BEAUTEous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 Even death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God.

259

"He healed them."

J. MONTGOMERY.

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,
Beheld his face—for God is light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

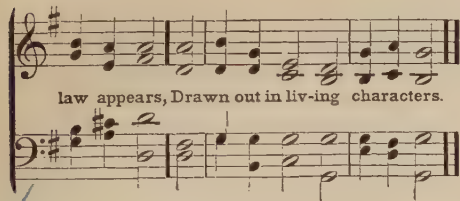
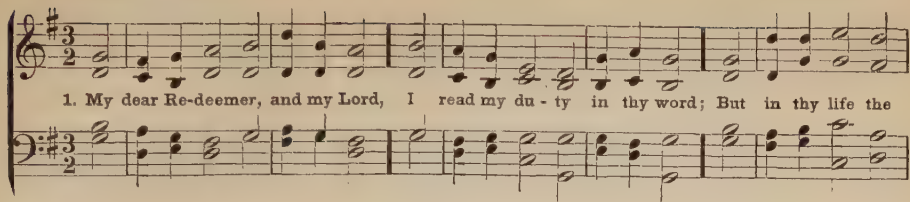
3 With bounding steps the halt and lame
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Despairing madness, dark and wild,
In his inspiring presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;
To all, with willing hands dispense
The gifts of our benevolence.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



260

The Divine Pattern.

I. WATTS.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

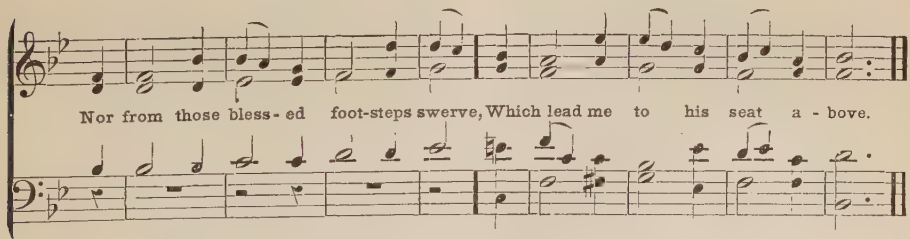
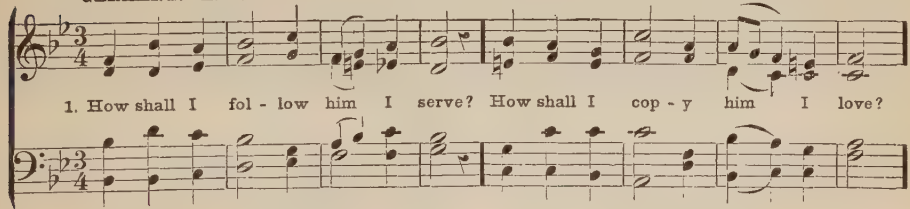
2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

GERMANY. L. M.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.



261

"How shall I copy?"

J. CONDER.

How SHALL I follow him I serve?
How shall I copy him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to his seat above?

2 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering thine.

3 Oh, let me think how thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not thyself to please:
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love thee more than these?

TRENT. C. M.

GREATOREX COLL.

1. Be - hold, where, in a mor - tal form, Ap - pears each grace di - vine!

The vir - tues, all in Je - sus met, With mild - est ra - diance shine.

262

"All in Jesus."

WM. ENFIELD.

- BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
He meek and patient stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
Who labored for their good.
- 4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed and said,—
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
- 5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,
His image may we bear;
Oh, may we tread his holy steps,—
His joy and glory share.

263

A lonely life.

E. DENNY.

- A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.
- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

- 3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreathed his brow with thorn?
- 4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

264

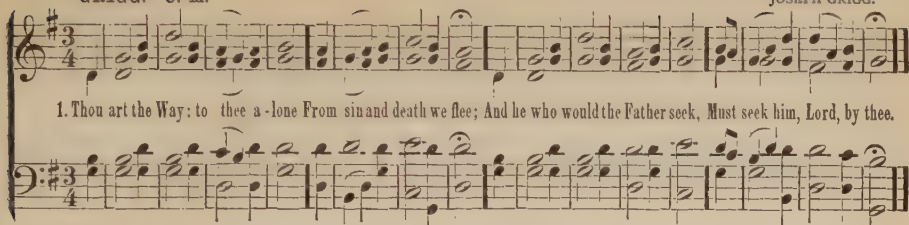
For our example.

E. DENNY.

- WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.
- 2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord! with thee.

GRIGG. C. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG.



265

"Way, Truth, and Life." G. W. DOANE.

THOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

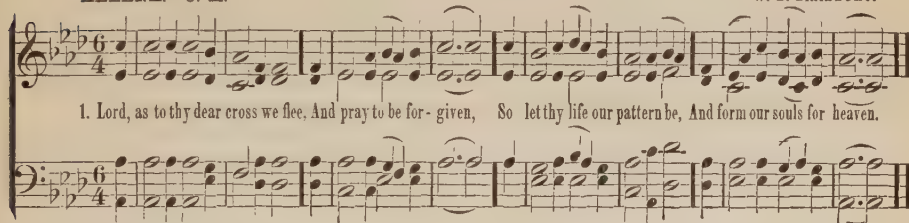
2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HELENA. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



266

Pattern of Forgiveness. J. H. GURNEY.

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

267

"Shall we forget." W. MITCHELL.

JESUS! thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

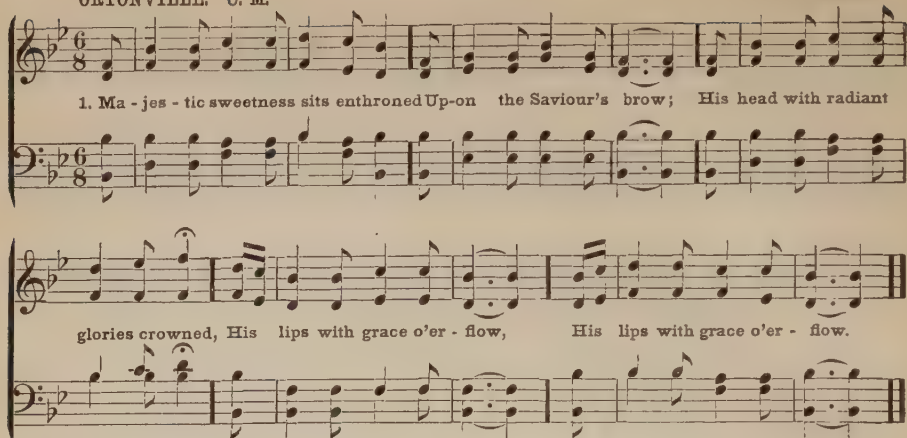
3 Gethsemane can we forget—
Thy struggling agony
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

4 Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee, alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be!

5 Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



268

"Altogether Lovely."

S. STENNETT.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

2 His sacred name a common word
On earth he loves to hear;
There is no majesty in him
Which love may not come near.

3 The light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim;
And he comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to him.

4 Let us be simple with him then,
Not backward, stiff, nor cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

270

The name "Jesus."

A. STEELR.

THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes
And hailed the incarnate God.

3 Oh, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

269

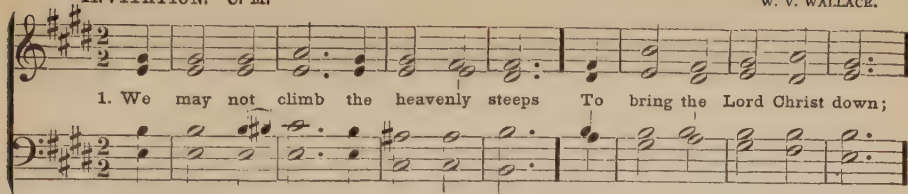
"His free ways."

F. W. FABER.

OH, see how Jesus trusts himself
Unto our childish love!
As though by his free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.

INVITATION. C. M.

W. V. WALLACE.



1. We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;



In vain we search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown.

271

The true Test. J. G. WHITTIER.

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;

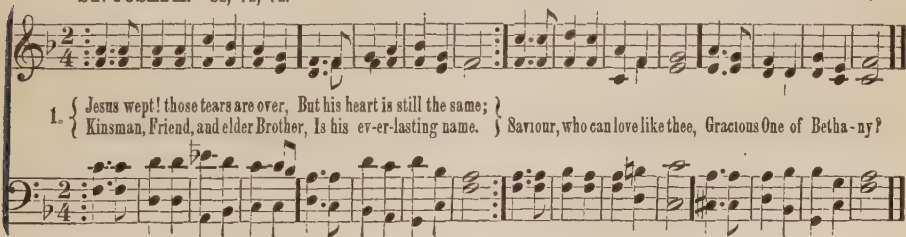
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

ST. JOSEPH. 8s, 7s, 7s.

H. H. STATHAM.



1. { Jesus wept! those tears are over, But his heart is still the same; }
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother, Is his ev-er-lasting name. } Saviour, who can love like thee, Gracious One of Betha-ny?

272

"Jesus wept."

E. DENNY.

JESUS wept! those tears are over,
But his heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother,
Is his everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like thee,
Gracious One of Bethany?

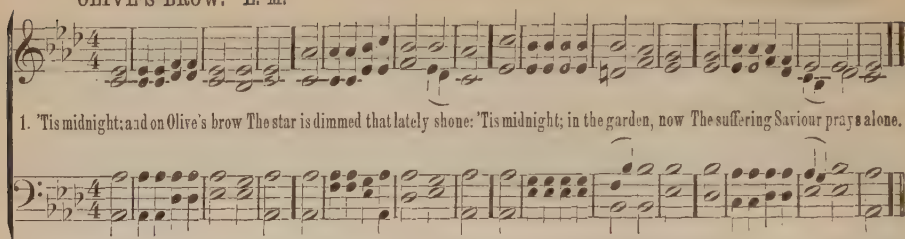
2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone: 'Tis midnight; in the garden, now The suffering Saviour prays alone.

273

Gethsemane.

W. B. TAPPAN.

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

274

"'Tis finished!"

S. STENNETT.

"'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

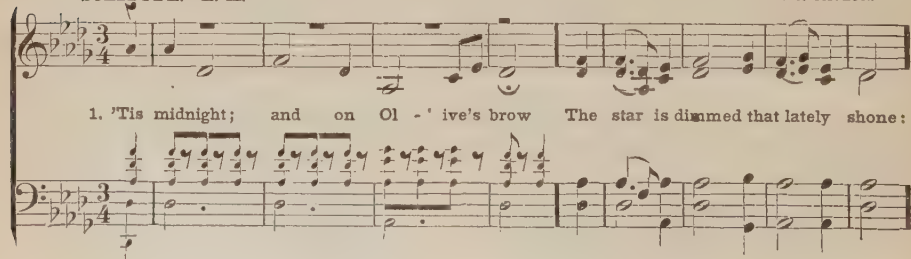
2 'Tis finished!—all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'Tis finished!—Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

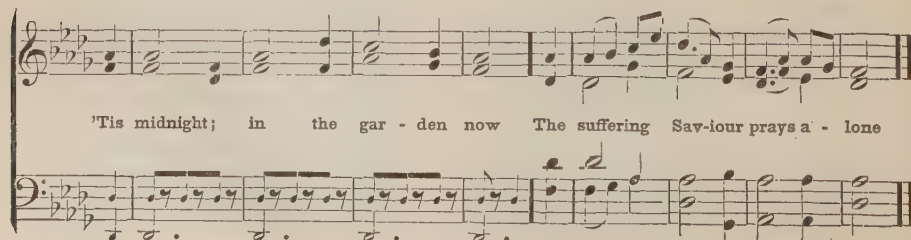
4 'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished!—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

SOLITUDE. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.

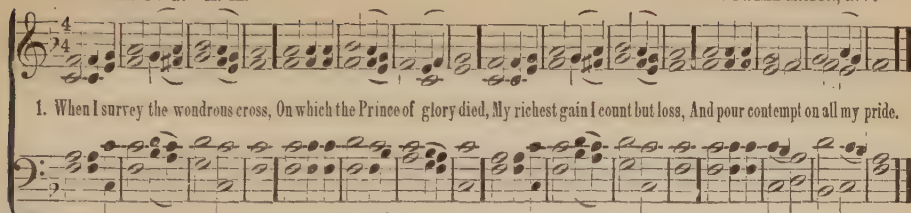


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ' ive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone:



'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suffering Sav-iour prays a - lone

HAMBURG, L. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

275

"The wondrous Cross."

I. WATTS.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

276

"For me."

H. BONAR.

JESUS, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might be.

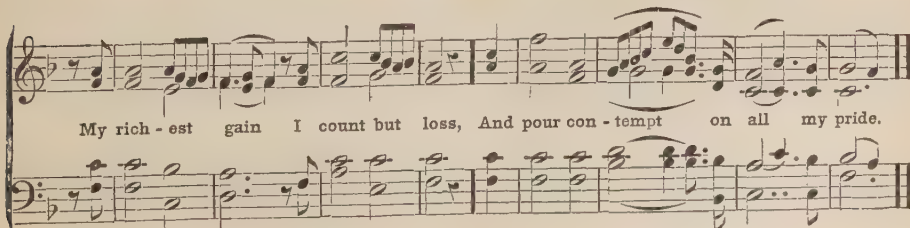
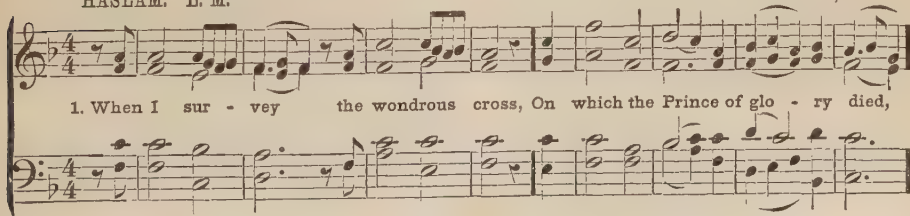
2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me:
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3 The ever-blesséd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree.

4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

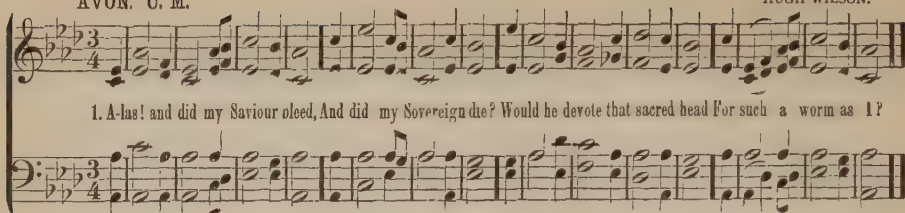
5 'Tis finished all: the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free:—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee!

HASLAM, L. M.

HASLAM, *arr.*

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



1. A-las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

277

"Grace unknown."

I. WATTS

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the great Creator, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

278

Suffered for sin.

I. WATTS

OH, if my soul were formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the curséd tree,
And groaned away a dying life
For thee, my soul! for thee.

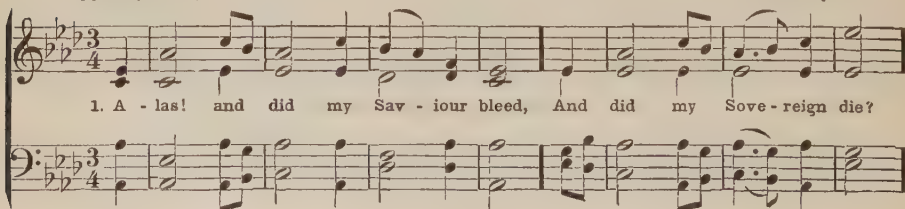
3 Oh, how I hate these lusts of mine
That crucified my Lord;
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer—they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

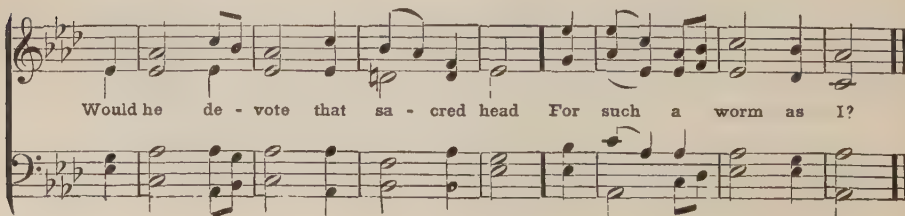
5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

COMMUNION. C. M.

STEPHEN JENKS.



1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sove - reign die?



Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

MANOAH. C. M.

FROM G. ROSSINI.

1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
Who fixed his lan - guid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.

279

The two Looks.

J. NEWTON.

I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 Alas! I knew not what I did,—
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain!

4 A second look he gave, that said,
“I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may’st live.”

5 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too!

3 This was compassion, like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne’er withdrew.

4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

281

“O Christ of God!”

RAY PALMER.

O JESUS, sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o’erflows the more.

3 I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me:
For me, for all,—oh, grace divine!—
Who look by faith on thee.

4 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb,
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, for ever, thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

5 In patient hope, the cross I’ll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
On thy great judgment-day.

280

“He remembers Calvary.”

L. WATTS.

HOW CONDESCENDING and how kind
Was God’s eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There’s ne’er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

HYMN OF JOY. 8s, 7s. D.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

1. { Hail, thou once despised Je-sus! Crowned in mockery a king! }
 { Thou didst suffer to release us; Thou didst free sal- (Omit).... } va-tion bring. Hail, thou ago-

niz-ing Saviour, Bearer of our sin and shame! By thy merits we find favor; Life is given thro' thy name.

282

Mocked.

J. BAKEWELL.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
 Crowned in mockery a king!
 Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By thy merits we find favor;
 Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid;
 By Almighty Love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 All thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

283

On the cross.

E. LEE.

WHEN I view my Saviour bleeding,
 For my sins, upon the tree;
 Oh, how wondrous!—how exceeding
 Great his love appears to me!
 Floods of deep distress and anguish,
 To impede his labors, came;
 Yet they all could not extinguish
 Love's eternal, burning flame.

2 Now redemption is completed,
 Full salvation is procured;
 Death and Satan are defeated,
 By the sufferings he endured.

Now the gracious Mediator
 Risen to the courts of bliss,
 Claims from me, a sinful creature,
 Pardon, righteousness, and peace!

3 Sure such infinite affection
 Lays the highest claims to mine;
 All my powers, without exception,
 Should in fervent praises join.
 Jesus, fit me for thy service;
 Form me for thyself alone;
 I am thy most costly purchase,—
 Take possession of thine own.

284

Reproached.

MORAVIAN.

Cross, reproach, and tribulation!
 Ye to me are welcome guests,
 When I have this consolation,
 That my soul in Jesus rests.
 The reproach of Christ is glorious!
 Those who here his burden bear,
 In the end shall prove victorious,
 And eternal gladness share.

2 Bonds and stripes, and evil story,
 Are our honorable crowns;
 Pain is peace, and shame is glory,
 Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.
 Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus,
 Ye who live a life of faith!
 Lift triumphant songs and praises
 Ev'n in martyrdom and death.

STABAT MATER. P. M.

ANON.

1. {Near the cross was Ma-ry weep-ing,}
 {There her mournful station keep-ing,} Gaz-ing on her dy-ing Son: {There in speechless
 {Yearning, trembling,

angu-ish groan-ing, }
 sigh-ing, moan-ing, } Through her soul the sword had [gone.]

285

"Near the Cross." J. W. ALEXANDER, tr.

NEAR the cross was Mary weeping,
 There her mournful station keeping,
 Gazing on her dying Son:
 There in speechless anguish groaning,
 Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,
 Through her soul the sword had gone!

2 But we have no need to borrow
 Motives from the mother's sorrow,
 At our Saviour's cross to mourn:
 'Twas our sins brought him from heaven,
 These the cruel nails had driven:
 All his griefs for us were borne.

3 When no eye its pity gave us,
 When there was no arm to save us,
 He his love and power displayed:
 By his stripes he wrought our healing,
 By his death, our life revealing,
 He for us the ransom paid.

4 Jesus, may thy love constrain us,
 That from sin we may refrain us,
 In thy griefs may deeply grieve:
 Thee our best affections giving,
 To thy glory ever living,
 May we in thy glory live.

286

"It is finished."

H. BONAR.

FROM the cross the blood is falling,
 And to us a voice is calling

Like a trumpet silver-clear:
 'Tis the voice announcing pardon—
It is finished, is its burden,
 Pardon to the far and near.

2 Peace that glorious blood is sealing,
 All our wounds for ever healing,
 And removing every load;
 Words of peace that voice has spoken,
 Peace that shall no more be broken,
 Peace between the soul and God.

287

"Day of darkness." F. H. HEDGE, tr.

'T WAS the day when God's Anointed
 Died for us the death appointed,
 Bleeding on the dreadful cross;
 Day of darkness, day of terror,
 Deadly fruit of ancient error,
 Nature's fall, and Eden's loss!

2 Haste, prepare the bitter chalice!
 Gentle hate and Jewish malice
 Lift the royal Victim high;
 Like the serpent, wonder-gifted,
 Which the prophet once uplifted,
 For a sinful world to die.

3 Conscious of the deed unholy,
 Nature's pulses beat more slowly,
 And the sun his light denied;
 Darkness wrapped the sacred city,
 And the earth with fear and pity
 Trembled, when the Just One died

4 Not in vain for us uplifted,
 Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
 May that sacred symbol be;
 Eminent amid the ages,
 Guide of heroes and of sages,
 May it guide us still to thee.

PASSION CHORALE. 7s, 6s. D.

J. S. BACH, *arr.*

1. { O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns thine on - ly crown; }

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was thine!

Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

288

"Upon the cross."

J. WESLEY.

O JESUS, we adore thee,
Upon the cross, our King:
We bow our hearts before thee;
Thy gracious Name we sing:
That Name hath brought salvation,
That Name, in life our stay;
Our peace, our consolation
When life shall fade away.

2 Yet doth the world disdain thee,
Still pressing by thy cross:
Lord, may our hearts retain thee;
All else we count but loss.
The grief thy soul endured,
Who can that grief declare?
Thy pains have thus assur'd
That thou thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned thee,
And nailed thee to the tree:
Our pride, O Lord, disdained thee;—
Yet deign our hope to be.
O glorious King, we bless thee,
No longer pass thee by;
O Jesus, we confess thee
Our Lord enthroned on high.

289

The Lamb of God.

J. G. DECK.

O LAMB of God! still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide!
What foes and snares surround me,
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in thee hiding
I know my life secure—
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all the saints above.

GERHARDT. 7s, 6s. D.

J. F. HOLBROOK.

1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully surrounded With thorns, thine on-ly crown;

O sacred Head, what glo-ry, What bliss, till now was thine! Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.

290

At the Cross.

J. W. ALEXANDER, Jr.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down,
 Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, thine only crown;
 O sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss, till now was thine!
 Yet, though despised and gory,
 I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain:
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But thine the deadly pain;
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
 'Tis I deserved thy place;
 Look on me with thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow,
 To thank thee, dearest Friend,
 For this, thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 Lord, make me thine for ever,
 Nor let me faithless prove:
 Oh, let me never, never,
 Abuse such dying love.

4 Be near when I am dying,
 Oh, show thy cross to me!
 And for my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free!
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move;
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely—through thy love.

PATNAH. 7s, 6s. D.

HASLAM, arr.

1. { O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, }
 { Now scornfully surrounded With thorns, thine on-ly crown; } O sacred Head, what glo-ry,

What bliss, till now was thine! Yet, though despised and go-ry, I joy to call thee mine.

291

C. L. M.

Gethsemane.

P. D. HEMANS.

HE knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
 When but his Father's eye
 Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
 On that dread agony ;
 The Lord of all above, beneath,
 Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun set in a fearful hour,
 The skies might well grow dim,
 When this mortality had power
 So to o'ershadow him !

That he who gave man's breath, might
 The very depths of human woe. [know

3 He knew them all ; the doubt, the
 The faint, perplexing dread ; [strife,
 The mists that hang o'er parting life,
 All darkened round his head ;
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray ;
 Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath his tread ;
 It passed not, though to him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead.

But there was sent him from on high,
 A gift of strength for man to die.

5 And was his mortal hour beset
 With anguish and dismay ?
 How may we meet our conflict yet,
 In the dark, narrow way ?
 How but through him, that path who
 Save or we perish, Son of God ! [trod ?

292

L. M.

Christ in the Desert.

J. F. THRUPE.

AWHILE in spirit, Lord, to thee
 Into the desert would we flee ;
 Awhile upon the barren steep
 Thy fast with thee in spirit keep ;—

2 Awhile from thy temptation learn
 The daily snares of sin to spurn,
 And in our hearts to feel and own
 Man liveth not by bread alone.

3 And while at thy command we pray,
 Give us our bread from day to day,
 May we with thee, O Christ, be fed,
 Thou Word of God, thou Living Bread.

4 Incarnate Lord, we come to thee,
 Thou knowest our infirmity ;
 Be thou our Helper in the strife,
 Be thou our true, our inward Life.

293

7S.

"Jesus, Saviour."

J. D. BURNS.

THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
 Thou who dost for sinners plead,
 Help me in my time of need,
 Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry !

2 In my darkness and my grief,
 With my heart of unbelief,
 I, who am of sinners chief,
 Jesus, lift to thee mine eye !

3 Foes without and fears within,
 With no plea thy grace to win,
 But that thou canst save from sin,
 Jesus, to thy cross I fly !

4 There on thee I cast my care,
 There to thee I raise my prayer,
 Jesus, save me from despair,
 Save me, save me, or I die !

5 When the storms of trial lower,
 When I feel temptation's power,
 In the last and darkest hour,
 Jesus, Saviour, be thou nigh !

294

7S. 6L.

"Lamb of God."

RAY PALMER.

JESUS, Lamb of God, for me
 Thou, the Lord of life, didst die ;
 Whither—whither, but to thee,
 Can a trembling sinner fly !
 Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
 Save, oh, save my sinking soul !

2 Never bowed a martyr's head
 Weighed with equal sorrow down ;
 Never blood so rich was shed,
 Never king wore such a crown ;
 To thy cross and sacrifice
 Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

3 All my soul, by love subdued,
 Melts in deep contrition there ;
 By thy mighty grace renewed,
 New-born hope forbids despair :
 Lord ! thou canst my guilt forgive,
 Thou hast bid me look and live.

4 While with broken heart I kneel,
 Sinks the inward storm to rest ;
 Life—immortal life—I feel
 Kindled in my throbbing breast ;
 Thine—for ever thine—I am !
 Glory to thee, bleeding Lamb !

295

L. M.

"He lives again."

I. WATTS.

HE dies!—the friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

5 Say—live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Where now, O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?

296

C. M.

"Died for me."

A. STEELE.

To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
Oh, may his love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue!

2 His love, what mortal thought can
What mortal tongue display? [reach?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.

3 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,—
"The Saviour died for me!"

4 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

297

7S.

The Resurrection.

T. SCOTT.

ANGELS! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,—
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide!
Mighty Conqueror! through them ride;
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

298

6S., 4S.

"Worthy the Lamb!"

J. ALLEN.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name,—
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

299

H. M.

"Rejoice!"

C. WESLEY.

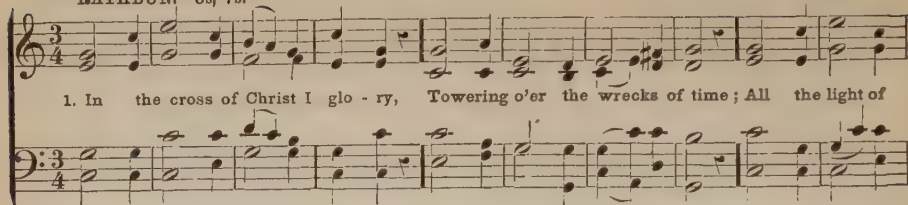
REJOICE! the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore:
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice!—again I say, rejoice!

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice!—again I say, rejoice!

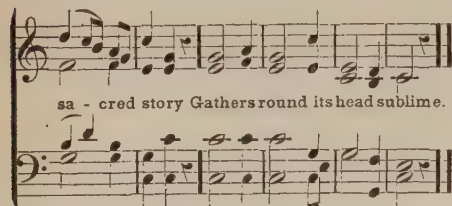
3 Rejoice in glorious hope:
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

RATHBUN, 8s, 7s.

I. CONKEY.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of



sa - cred story Gathers round its head sublime.

300

Glorying in the Cross.

J. BOWRING.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,

Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

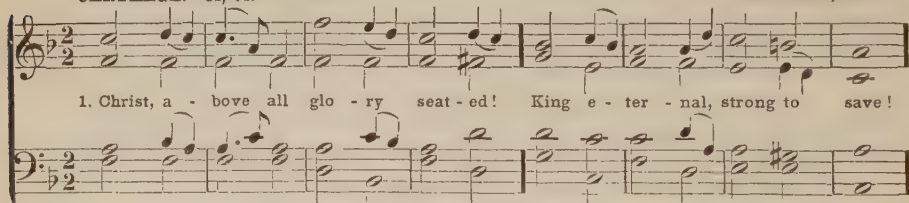
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance, streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

CARTHAGE, 8s, 7s.

G. F. ROOT, arr.



1. Christ, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed! King e - ter - nal, strong to save!



To thee, Death, by death de - feat - ed, Tri - umph high and glo - ry gave.

301

"Many crowns."

ANON.

CHRIST, above all glory seated!
King eternal, strong to save!
To thee, Death, by death defeated,
Triumph high and glory gave.

2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven,
In thy Father's power to reign.

3 We, O Lord! with hearts adoring,
Follow thee above the sky:
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to thee on high.

4 So when thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shall shine,
We thy flock shall stand before thee,
Owned for evermore as thine.

PROMISE. 8s, 7s. D.

HENRY SMART.

1. Jesus, hail, enthroned in glo - ry, There for ev - er to a - bide; All the heavenly
hosts adore thee, Seat - ed at thy Father's side. There for sinners thou art pleading; There thou
dost our place prepare; Ever for us in - ter - ceding Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.

302

"Enthroned in glory." J. BAKWELL.

JESUS, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

303

"The blood that speaketh." C. WESLEY.

FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,
Speaking in thine ears above:
From impending wrath release us;
Manifest thy pardoning love.
Oh, receive us to thy favor,—
For his only sake receive;
Give us to the bleeding Saviour,
Let us by his dying live.

2 "To thy pardoning grace receive them,"
Once he prayed upon the tree;
Still his blood cries out "Forgive them;
All their sins were laid on me."
Still our Advocate in heaven
Prays the prayer on earth begun,—
"Father, show their sins forgiven;
Father, glorify thy Son!"

304

"Shall see his face."

ANON.

"WE shall see Him," in our nature,
Seated on his lofty throne,
Loved, adored, by every creature,
Owned as God, and God alone!
There the hosts of shining spirits
Strike their harps, and loudly sing
To the praise of Jesus' merits,
To the glory of their King.

2 When we pass o'er death's dark river,
"We shall see him as he is,"
Resting in his love and favor,
Owning all the glory his.
There to cast our crowns before him,
Oh, what bliss the thought affords!
There for ever to adore him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

EASTER HYMN. 7s.

J. WORGAN.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day, Al - - - le - lu - ia. Sons of men, and an-gels,
say; Al - - le - lu - ia. Raise your joys and triumphs high! Al - - - le - lu -
ia. Sing, ye heavens! and earth, re - ply! Al - - - le - lu - ia.

305

He lives again.

C. WESLEY.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

306

Joy in the Lord.

T. KELLY.

JOYFUL be the hours to-day;
Joyful let the seasons be;
Let us sing, for well we may:
Jesus! we will sing of thee.

2 Should thy people silent be,
Then the very stones would sing:
What a debt we owe to thee,
Thee our Saviour, thee our King!

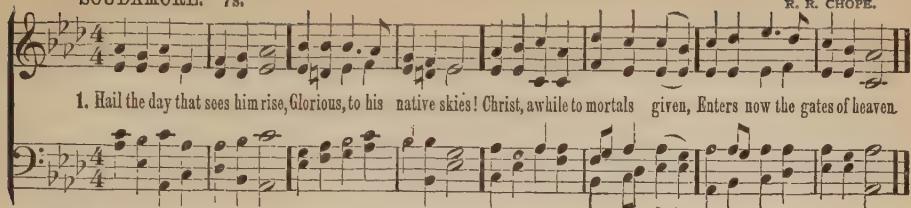
3 Joyful are we now to own,
Rapture thrills us as we trace
All the deeds thy love hath done,
All the riches of thy grace.

4 'Tis thy grace alone can save;
Every blessing comes from thee—
All we have, and hope to have,
All we are, and hope to be.

5 Thine the Name to sinners dear!
Thine the Name all names before!
Blesséd here and everywhere;
Blesséd now and evermore!

SCUDAMORE. 7s.

R. R. CHOPE.



307

The Lord's Day.

C. WESLEY.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Glorious, to his native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;
Take the King of glory in.

3 See, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves:

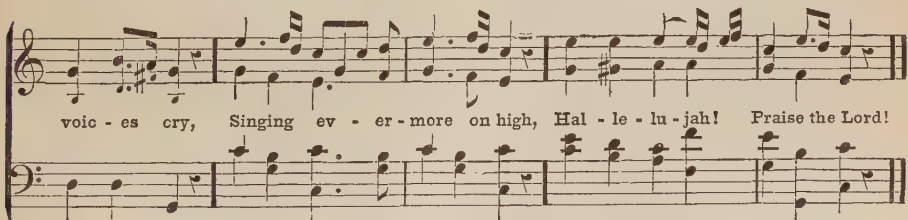
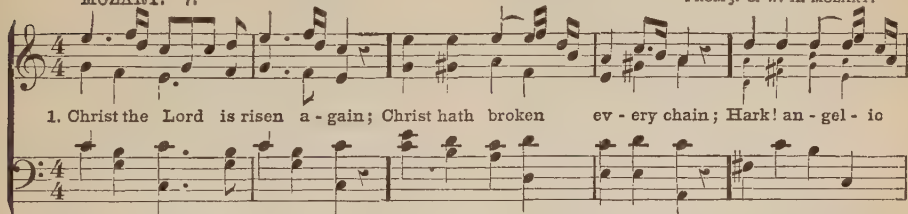
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing death he pleads;
Near himself prepares a place,
Great Forerunner of our race.

5 What, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height;
Thither our affections rise,
Following him beyond the skies.

MOZART. 7.

FROM J. C. W. A. MOZART.



308

"Hallelujah." C. WINKWORTH, *tr.*

CHRIST the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

2 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

3 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

4 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

MILLINGTON. 8s, 7s, 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Jesus comes, his conflict over,— Comes to claim his great reward; }
 { Angels round the Victor hover, Crowding to behold their Lord; } Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,

Crown him, ev-er- lasting King, Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring, Crown him, everlast- ing King.

309

The Return to Heaven.

T. KELLY.

JESUS comes, his conflict over,—

Comes to claim his great reward;

Angels round the Victor hover,

Crowding to behold their Lord;

Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne for him erected,

Now becomes the Victor's seat;

Lo, the Man on earth rejected!

Angels worship at his feet:

Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.3 Day and night they cry before him,—
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

All the powers of heaven adore him,

All obey his sovereign word;

Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

310

Isaiah 63: 1.

T. KELLY.

Who is this that comes from Edom,

All his raiment stained with blood;

To the slave proclaiming freedom;

Bringing and bestowing good:

Glorious in the garb he wears,

Glorious in the spoils he bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,

Travelling onward in his might;

'Tis the Saviour, oh, how glorious

To his people is the sight!

Jesus now is strong to save;

Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining?

'Tis the blood of many slain;

Of his foes there's none remaining,

None the contest to maintain:

Fallen they, no more to rise,

All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever;

Wear the crown so dearly won;

Never shall thy people, never

Cease to sing what thou hast done;

Thou hast fought thy people's foes;

Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

311

All glory to Christ.

T. KELLY.

GLORY, glory to our King!

Crowns unfading wreath his head;

Jesus is the name we sing,—

Jesus, risen from the dead;

Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave;

Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high:

Angels come to meet their King;

Shouts triumphant rend the sky,

While the Victor's praise they sing:

"Open now, ye heavenly gates!

'Tis the King of glory waits."

3 Now behold him high enthroned,

Glory beaming from his face,

By adoring angels owned,

God of holiness and grace!

Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing—

"Glory, glory to our King!"

HARWELL, 8s, 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; } See, he sits on yonder throne;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Jesus reigns, the God of love: } See, he sits
 Jesus rules the world alone. Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah! A - men.

312

"Jesus reigns."

T. KELLY.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love:
 See, he sits on yonder throne;
 Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign for ever—
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own;—
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—
 "Glory, glory to our King!"

313

We live in Him. C. WORDSWORTH.

SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph!
 See the King in royal state,
 Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
 To his heavenly palace gate!
 Hark! the choirs of angel voices
 Joyful hallelujahs sing,
 And the portals high are lifted
 To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the trump of jubilee?

Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He has gained the victory;
 He, who on the cross did suffer,
 He, who from the grave arose,
 He has vanquished sin and Satan,
 He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature,
 On the clouds to God's right hand;
 There we sit in heavenly places,
 There with thee in glory stand;
 Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
 Man with God is on the throne;
 Mighty Lord! in thine ascension,
 We by faith behold our own.

4 Lift us up from earth to heaven,
 Give us wings of faith and love,
 Gales of holy aspirations,
 Wafting us to realms above;
 That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
 We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
 Where he sits enthroned in glory,
 In the heavenly citadel.

5 So at last, when he appeareth,
 We from out our graves may spring,
 With our youth renewed like eagles',
 Flocking round our heavenly King,
 Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
 And may meet him in the air—
 Rise to realms where he is reigning,
 And may reign for ever there.

FARLAND. 8s, 7s, 4s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. { Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious; See the Man of sorrows now } [him!]
 { From the fight returned victorious! Every knee (Omit) } to him shall bow: Crown him! crown

Crown him! crown him! Crowns become the Victor's [brow.]

314

"Crown him!"

T. KELLY.

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious;
 See the Man of sorrows now
 From the fight returned victorious!
 Every knee to him shall bow:
 Crown him! crown him!
 Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone him,
 While the vault of heaven rings:
 Crown him! crown him!
 Crown the Saviour King of kings!

3 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!

Jesus takes the highest station;
 Oh, what joy the sight affords!
 Crown him! crown him!
 King of kings and Lord of lords!

315

"It is finished!"

J. EVANS.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and vails the sky:

"It is finished!"

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" oh, what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:

"It is finished!"

Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
 Join to sing the pleasing theme:
 All on earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:

Hallelujah!

Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

CALVARY. 8s, 7s, 4s.

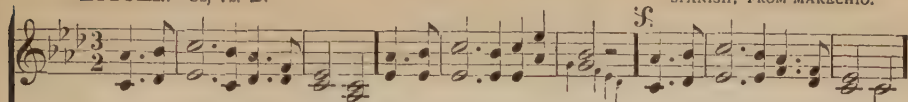
SAMUEL STANLEY.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a - loud from Cal-va - ry; See! it rends the rocks a -

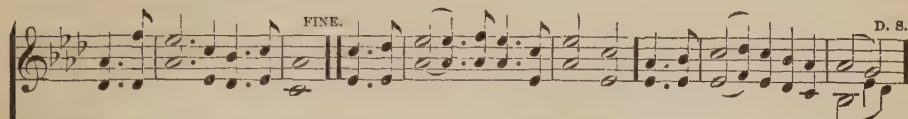
sunder, Shakes the earth, and vails the sky; "It is finished:" "It is finished:" Hear the dying Saviour cry.

AUTUMN. 8s, 7s, D.

SPANISH; FROM MARECHIO.



1. Mighty God! while angels bless thee, May a mortal lip thy name? Lord of men, as well as angels!
D. S.—Sounded thro' the wide creation,



Thou art every creature's theme: Lord of ev - 'ry land and nation! Ancient of e-ternal days!
Be thy just and awful praise.



316

Christ is God.

R. ROBINSON.

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lip thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation—
Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;—
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:—

4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives!—
Flow, my praise! for ever flow:

Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign for ever;—
Be the kingdom all thine own!

317

"Lo, Jehovah!"

W. GOODE.

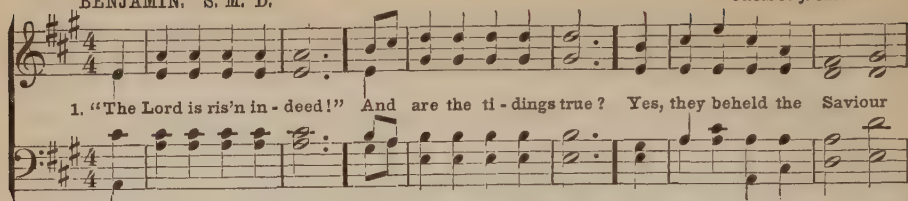
CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee our Saviour! thee our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In his word his light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, oh, bind your sacrifices,
In his courts your offerings place.

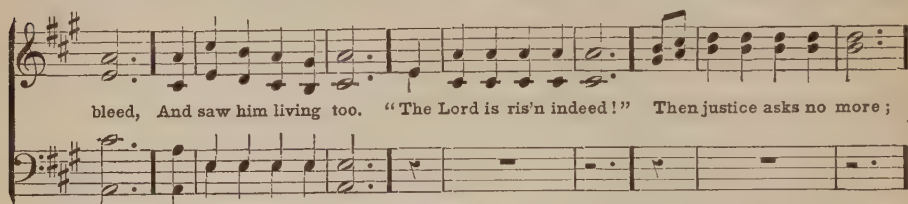
3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

BENJAMIN. S. M. D.

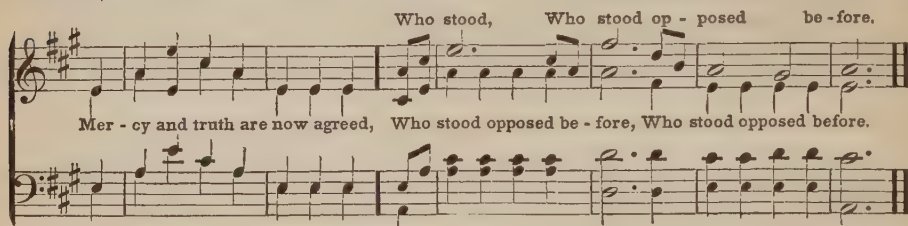
FROM F. J. HAYDN.



1. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed!" And are the ti - dings true? Yes, they beheld the Saviour



bleed, And saw him living too. "The Lord is ris'n indeed!" Then justice asks no more;



Who stood, Who stood op - posed be - fore.

Mer - cy and truth are now agreed, Who stood opposed be - fore, Who stood opposed before.

318

"Risen indeed."

T. KELLY.

"The Lord is risen indeed!"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.
"The Lord is risen indeed!"
Then justice asks no more;
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Then is his work performed;
The mighty Captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.
"The Lord is risen indeed!"
He lives to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Attending angels! hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed
The joyful tidings bear.
Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs!
To sing our risen Lord.

319

"Lead us to thee!"

E. TOKE.

Thou art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed:
Lord! send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest!

2 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy crown.
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee!

3 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
Oh, by thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high!

DIADEMATA. S. M.

SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY.

1. Crown him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb upon his throne ; Hark ! how the heavenly
 an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own ! A - wake, my soul, and sing
 Of him who died for thee ; And hail him as thy matchless King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

320

"Many Crowns."

M. BRIDGES.

CROWN him with many crowns,
 The Lamb upon his throne;
 Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns
 All music but its own !
 Awake, my soul, and sing
 Of him who died for thee;
 And hail him as thy matchless King
 Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Lord of love !
 Behold his hands and side,—
 Those wounds, yet visible above,
 In beauty glorified:
 No angel in the sky
 Can fully bear that sight,
 But downward bends his wondering eye
 At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown him the Lord of heaven !
 One with the Father known,—
 And the blest Spirit through him given
 From yonder Triune throne !
 All hail, Redeemer, hail !
 For thou hast died for me:
 Thy praise and glory shall not fail
 Throughout eternity.

321

"The work is done."

J. FANCH, alt.

BEYOND the starry skies,
 Far as the eternal hills,
 There in the boundless world of light
 Our great Redeemer dwells.
 Around him angels fair
 In countless armies shine;
 And ever, in exalted lays,
 They offer songs divine.

2 "Hail, Prince of life !" they cry,
 "Whose unexampled love,
 Moved thee to quit these glorious realms
 And royalties above."
 And when he stooped to earth,
 And suffered rude disdain,
 They cast their honors at his feet,
 And waited in his train.

3 They saw him on the cross,
 While darkness veiled the skies,
 And when he burst the gates of death,
 They saw the conqueror rise.
 They thronged his chariot wheels,
 And bore him to his throne;
 Then swept their golden harps and sung,—
 "The glorious work is done,"

DORT. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise In - to thy na - tive skies,—Assume thy right; And where in

many a fold The clouds are backward rolled—Pass through those gates of gold, And reign in light!

322

"Lion of Judah."

M. BRIDGES.

Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise
 Into thy native skies,—
 Assume thy right;
 And where in many a fold
 The clouds are backward rolled—
 Pass through those gates of gold,
 And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
 Cherubic legions swell
 Thy radiant train:
 Praises all heaven inspire;
 Each angel sweeps his lyre,
 And waves his wings of fire,—
 Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!—
 No feet but thine, have trod
 The serpent down;

Blow the full trumpets, blow!
 Wider yon portals throw!
 Saviour triumphant—go,
 And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah—Hail!
 And let thy name prevail
 From age to age;
 Lord of the rolling years!
 Claim for thine own the spheres,
 For thou has bought with tears
 Thy heritage.

5 And then was heard afar
 Star answering to star—
 "Lo! these have come,
 Followers of him who gave
 His life their lives to save;
 And now their palms they wave,
 Brought safely home."

RIGHINI. 6s, 4s.

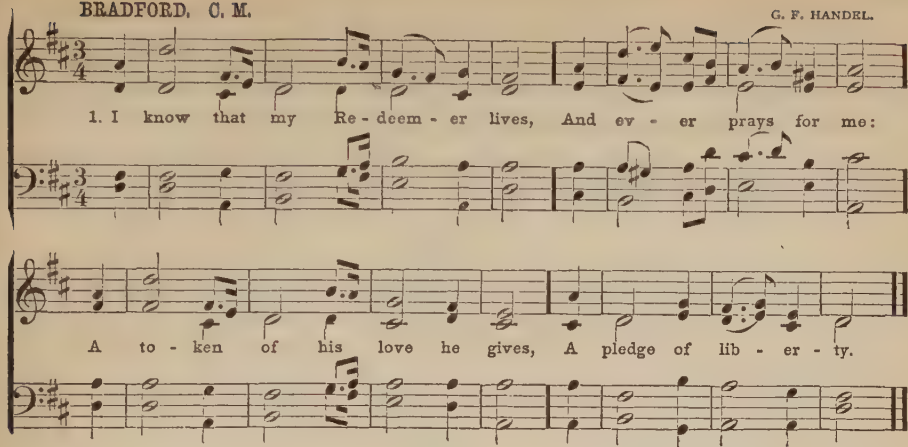
V. RIGHINI.

1. Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise In - to thy na - tive skies,—Assume thy right; And where in

many a fold The clouds are backward rolled—Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light!

BRADFORD, C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev-er prays for me:
A to-ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib-er-ty.

323

Job 19 : 25.

C. WESLEY.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

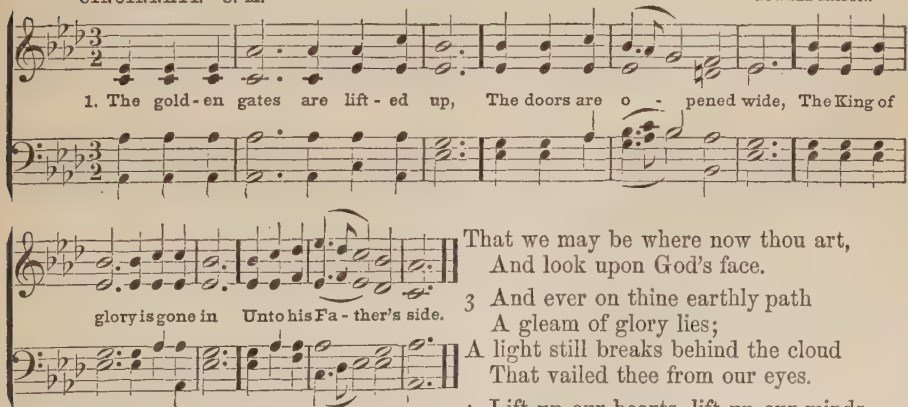
2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me,
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

CINCINNATI, C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. The gold-en gates are lift-ed up, The doors are o-pened wide, The King of
glory is gone in Unto his Fa-ther's side.

That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let thy dear grace be given,
That while we tarry here below,
Our treasure be in heaven!

5 That where thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in thee!

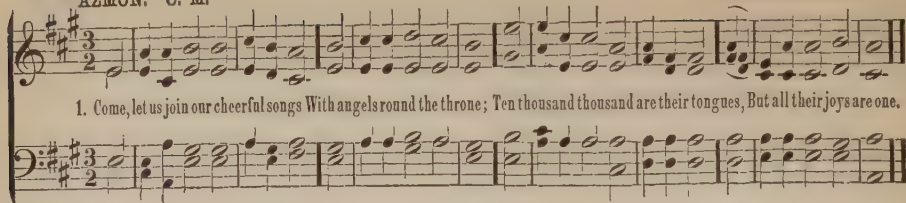
324

Christ's return. C. F. ALEXANDER, alt.

THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of glory is gone in
Unto his Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,

AZMON, C. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

325

"Worthy the Lamb!"

I. WATTS.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs

With angels round the throne;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,

But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"

"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

326

Reconciliation.

I. WATTS.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes,

Up to the courts above,

And smile to see our Father there,

Upon a throne of love.

2 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to the eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

327

Christ, our Priest.

A. FIRRIE.

COME, let us join our songs of praise

To our ascended Priest;

He entered heaven with all our names

Engraven on his breast.

2 Below he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which he himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervor of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
For us he lives above.

5 Oh! may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to bear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith—
Our lips his praise proclaim.

328

"Crowned with honor."

T. KELLY.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns,

Is crowned with glory now;

A royal diadem adorns

The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is his by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall! Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And

crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

329

"Lord of all."

E. PERRONET.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall;
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

MILES LANE. C. M.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal

di-a-dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. L. M.

J. READING.

1. O Christ, the Lord of heaven! to thee, Clothed with all ma-jes-ty di-vine, E-ter-nal power and glo-ry be! E-ter-nal praise, of right, is thine, E-ter-nal praise, of right, is thine.

330

"Lord of heaven."

RAY PALMER.

O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven! to thee,
Clothed with all majesty divine,
Eternal power and glory be!
Eternal praise, of right, is thine.

2 Reign, Prince of life! that once thy brow
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn;
Reign, throned beside the Father now,
Adored the Son of God first-born.

3 From angel hosts that round thee stand,
With forms more pure than spotless snow,
From the bright burning seraph band,
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.

4 To thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise;
All honor to thy name belongs,
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

5 "Jesus!"—all earth shall speak the word;
"Jesus!"—all heaven resound it still;
Immanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord!
Thy praise the universe shall fill.

331

Psalms 45.

I. WATTS.

NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,—
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace:
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are thy delight.

4 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his Sacred Spirit blessed
His first-born Son above the rest.

332

"King, Creator, Lord." RAY PALMER, tr.

O CHRIST! our King, Creator, Lord!
Saviour of all who trust thy word!
To them who seek thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

2 In thy dear cross a grace is found,—
It flows from every streaming wound,—
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

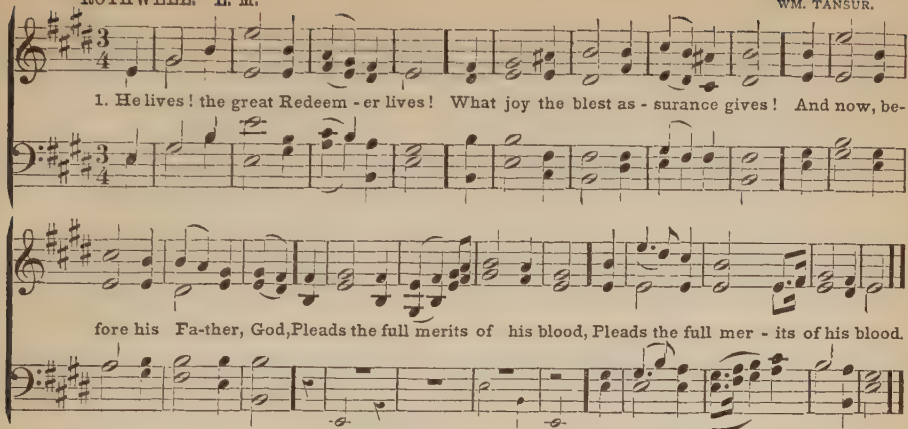
3 Thou didst create the stars of night;
Yet thou hast veiled in flesh thy light,
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror! never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

WM. TANSUR.



333

Christ, our Advocate. A. STEELE.

HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

334

"Behold the Way!" J. CENNICK.

JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long had been
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way!"

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am,
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell, to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

335

Atonement made.

I. WATTS.

Now to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell,—we bless his name,—
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.

2 'Twas his own purpose that began
To rescue rebels doomed to die:
He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

3 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

4 He dies; and in that dreadful night
Doth all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brings our heaven to light,
And takes possession of the joy.

SAMSON. L. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Come, let us sing the song of songs, The saints in heaven began the strain, The homage which to Christ be-
longs:

"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God—
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3 To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

336 "The Song of Songs." J. MONTGOMERY.

COME, let us sing the song of songs,—
The saints in heaven began the strain—
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with him we reign:
This song, our song of songs shall be:
Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP.

1. Now to the Lord, who makes us know The won-ders of his dy-ing love,

Be hum-ble hon-ors paid be-low, And strains of no-bler praise a-bove.

337

The atoning Priest.

I. WATTS.

Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
'Twas he who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his precious blood;
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,

Be everlasting power confessed!
Let every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold! on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
He now displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord! nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

338

Christ is God.

1. WATTS.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustained amazing loss;

To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

4 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

BENNINGTON, L. M. D.

FROM PERCIVAL.

1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high; The powers of hell are

captive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky. There his triumphal cha-riot waits, And angels

chant the solemn lay:—“Lift up your heads,.... ye heav'nly gates! Ye ever-last-ing doors! give way!’

339

Psalms 24.

C. WESLEY.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way.”

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.

Who is this King of glory—who?
The Lord who all our foes o’ercame;
Who sin, and death, and hell o’erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror’s name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way.”

Who is this King of glory—who?
The Lord of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels, too,
God over all, for ever blessed.

340

75, 68, D. *The Lord's Day.* J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

THE day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad :
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light ;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own " All hail ! " and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

341

C. M. *Psalm 45.* I. WATTS.

I 'LL speak the honors of my King,—
His form divinely fair ;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly
Upon thy lips is shed ; [grace
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crowned thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince !
Ride with majestic sway ;
Thy terrors shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God ! for ever stands ;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice ;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

342

L. M. *" Full Equality."* I. WATTS.

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God !
Our spirits bow before thy feet :
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful seat.

2 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity ;
But who, among those sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee ?

3 Yet there is One of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honors be adored ;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

343

75. *The Risen Redeemer.* ANON.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day :
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo ! he rises, mighty King !
Where, O Death ! is now thy sting ?
Lo ! he claims his native sky !
Grave ! where is thy victory ?

3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God for ever made :
With your risen Saviour rise ;
Claim with him the purchased skies.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day ;
Loud the song of victory raise ;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

344

H. M. *" The Debt of Love."* S. STENNETT.

COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame ;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died ;
What he endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell ?

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led ;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

345

L. M.

Psalm 45.

I. WATTS.

THE King of saints,—how fair his face !
Adorned with majesty and grace,
He comes, with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand, our eyes behold
The queen, arrayed in purest gold ;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 Oh, happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies ;
And all thy sons, a numerous train,
Each, like a prince, in glory reign.

4 Let endless honors crown his head ;
Let every age his praises spread ;
While we, with cheerful songs, approve
The condescension of his love.

346

C. M. D. "The Fairest Face."

P. STRYKER.

I HEARD a voice, the sweetest voice
That mortal ever heard ;

Oh ! how it made my heart rejoice,
And every feeling stirred !

'T was Jesus spoke to me so mild ;
He called me to his side,
And said, although with heart defiled,
I might in him confide.

2 I saw his face, the fairest face
That mortal ever saw ;

I longed the Saviour to embrace,
From him new life to draw.

"Come unto me," he kindly said,
"And I will give thee rest ;

The ransom-price I fully paid—
Repent ! believe ! be blest !"

3 I felt his love, the strongest love
That mortal ever felt ;

Oh ! how it drew my soul above,
And made my hard heart melt !

My burden at his feet I laid,
And knew the joy of heaven,
As in my willing ear he said
The blessed word, "Forgiven !"

347

C. M.

Psalm 47.

I. WATTS.

OH, for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King ;
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high,
His heavenly guards around

Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their
Let mortals learn their strains ; [King,
Let all the earth his honor sing ;—
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe pro-
Let knowledge lead the song ; [found ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne :—
He loved that chosen race ;
But now he calls the world his own ;
The heathen taste his grace.

348

C. M.

Psalm 71.

I. WATTS.

MY Saviour ! my almighty Friend :

When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace ?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust ;
Thy goodness I adore ;

And, since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And march, with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King !

My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

349

C. M.

Our High-Priest.

P. DODDRIDGE.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned ;—

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Engraven on his heart ;
Nor shall a name once treasured there
E'er from his care depart.

4 So, gracious Saviour ! on my breast
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

WIMBORNE. L. M.

J. WHITAKER.

1. E - ter - nal Spir - it, we con - fess And sing the won - ders of thy grace:

Thy pow'r con - veys our bless - ings down From God the Fa - ther and the Son.

350

"Inward Teachings."

I. WATTS.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
All our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

351

*"Veni, Creator!"*E. CASWALL, *tr.*

COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace, and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter! to thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
Send sweet anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

352

"The book unfold."

B. BEDDOME.

COME, blessed Spirit! source of light!
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes, display
The glorious truths thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Thy book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

353

Spirit of grace.

F. DODDRIDGE.

COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Oh, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 Oh, let a holy flock await
In crowds around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

PRINCE, L. M.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. Come, gracious Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With light and comfort from a - bove:
D. s.—O'er every thought and step pre - side.

Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!

354

Invocation.

S. BROWNE, alt.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy for ever there!

ZEPHYR, L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sure the blest Comforter is nigh, 'Tis he sustains my fainting heart; Else would my hopes forever die, And every cheering ray depart.

355

The Spirit near.

A. STEELE.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 When'er, to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,—
Can it be less than power divine,
That animates these strong desires?

3 And, when my cheerful hope can say,—
I love my God and taste his grace,—
Lord! is it not thy blissful ray,
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!

And light and heavenly peace impart,—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

356

Giver of Rest.

STEWART.

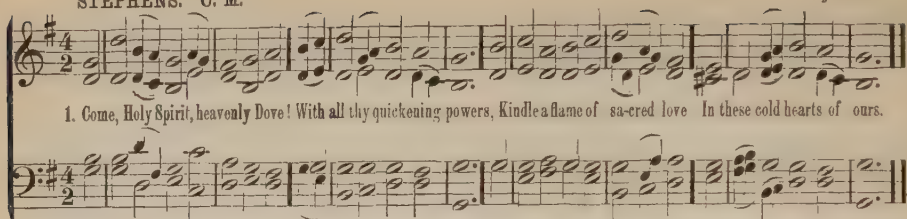
COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh, kindle now the sacred flame;
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

STEPHENS. C. M.

WM. JONES.



357

Invocation.

I. WATTS.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!

With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!

Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;

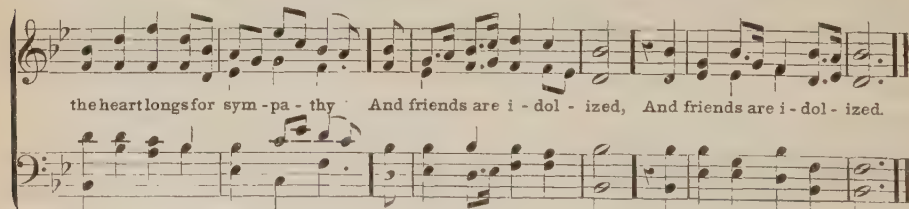
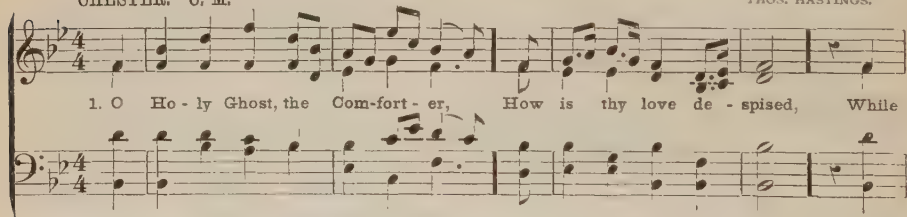
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

CHESTER. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



358

The Comforter's Love. J. E. BROWNE.

O HOLY Ghost, the Comforter,
How is thy love despised,
While the heart longs for sympathy
And friends are idolized.

2 O Spirit of the living God,
Brooding with dove-like wings
Over the helpless and the weak
Among created things!

3 Where should our feebleness find strength, Where
Our helplessness a stay,

Didst thou not bring us hope and help,
And comfort, day by day?

4 Great are thy consolations, Lord.
And mighty is thy power,
In sickness and in solitude,
In sorrow's darkest hour.

5 Oh, if the souls that now despise
And grieve thee, heavenly Dove,
Would seek thee, and would welcome thee,
How would they prize thy love!

ELVET, C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourning all their days?

Great Com - fort - er, de - scend, and bring Some to - kens of thy grace.

359

Assurance.

I. WATTS.

- WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

360

Sanctification.

T. COTTERILL.

- ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire
- 2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.
- 3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.
- 4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

BOARDMAN, C. M.

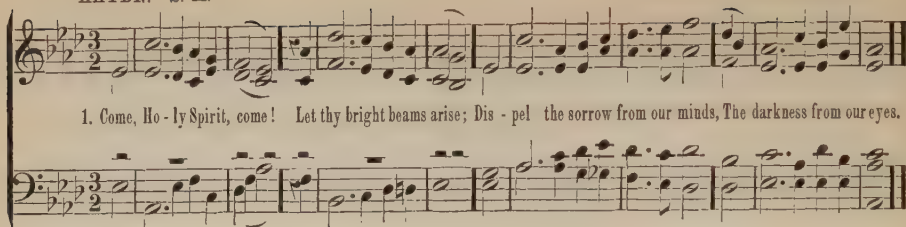
GEORGE KINGSLEY, arr.

1. Why should the children of a King Go mourning all their days?

Great Com - fort - er, de - scend and bring Some to - kens of thy grace.

HAYDN. S. M.

F. J. HAYDN.



361

Given of Grace.

J. HART.

COME, Holy Spirit, come!

Let thy bright beams arise;

Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;

Then lead to Jesus' blood,

And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,

Our doubts and fears remove,

And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,

To sanctify the soul,

To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

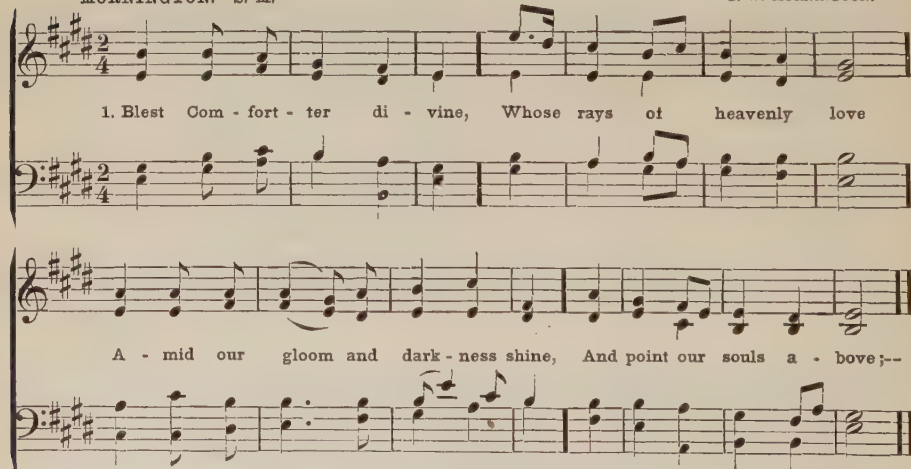
5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;

Our minds from bondage free;

Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

G. W. MORNINGTON.



362

"Still small voice."

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

BLEST Comforter divine,

Whose rays of heavenly love

Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;—

2 Thou, who with "still small voice,"

Dost stop the sinner's way,

And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;—

3 Thou, whose inspiring breath

Can make the cloud of care,

And ev'n the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;—

4 Thou, who dost fill the heart

With love to all our race;—

Blest Comforter, to us impart
The blessings of thy grace.

WHITEFIELD. S. M.

EDWARD MILLER.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy di - vine;

And on this poor be - night - ed soul, With beams of mer - cy shine.

363

The heart melted.

B. BEDDOME.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Oh, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

3 Thy teachings make us know
The mysteries of thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.

4 While through this maze we stray,
Oh, spread thy beams abroad;
Disclose the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

364

Teaching Truth.

B. BEDDOME.

COME, Spirit, source of light,
Thy grace is unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The darkness of the mind.

2 Now to our eyes display
The truth thy words reveal;
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
Delighting in thy will.

365

He works in us.

J. MONTGOMERY.

'Tis God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

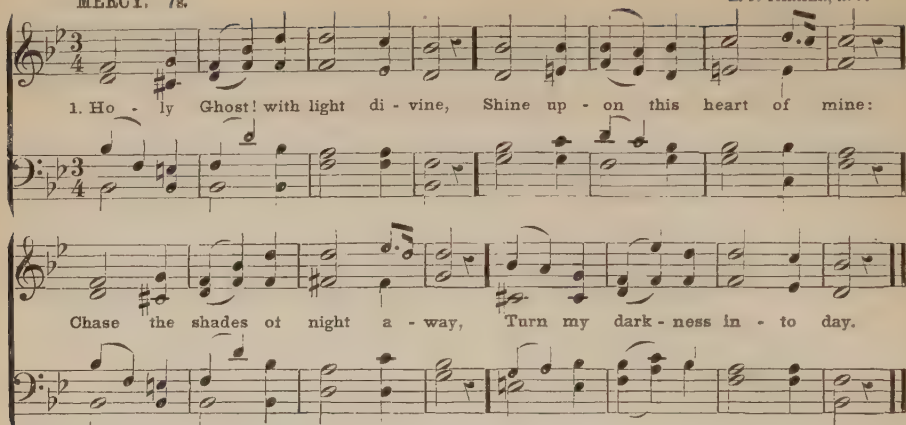
3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

OLNEY. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. 'Tis God the Spirit leads In paths before unknown; The work to be performed is ours, The strength is all his own.

MERCY. 7s.

E. F. PARKER, *arr.*


1. Ho - ly Ghost! with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine:
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

366

All-divine.

A. REED.

HOLY Ghost! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

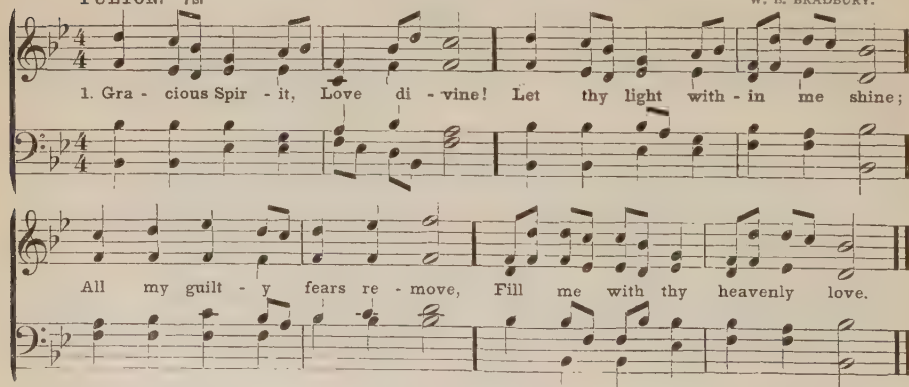
2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

FULTON. 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Gra - cious Spir - it, Love di - vine! Let thy light with - in me shine;
All my guilt - y fears re - move, Fill me with thy heavenly love.

367

"Keep me, Lord!"

J. STOCKER.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord! for ever thine.

NEW HAVEN. 6s, 4s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost! in love, Shed on us, from above, Thine own bright ray: Di - vine-ly
good thou art; Thy sacred gifts im-part. To gladden each sad heart; Oh, come to - day!

368

"Oh, come to-day." RAY PALMER, *tr.*

COME, Holy Ghost! in love,
Shed on us, from above,

Thine own bright ray;
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart;
Oh, come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest!

With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene! and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;

Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless,
Let all, who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;

Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

369

"Let there be light." J. MARRIOTT.

THOU! whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou! who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,—
Oh, now to all mankind,
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove!
Speed forth thy flight:
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light!"

4 Blesséd and holy Three,
All-glorious Trinity,—
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,—
"Let there be light!"

370 C. M.*Pentecost.*

J. KEBLE.

373

C. M.

The Promise.

H. AUBER.

WHEN God, of old, came down from
heaven,

In power and wrath he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gales at morning prime,
Hovered his holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light a glorious crown
On every sainted head.

4 Like arrows went those lightnings
forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom;
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come.

371

7S. "The things of Christ." W. HAMMOND.

HOLY Spirit! gently come,
Raise us from our fallen state;
Fix thy everlasting home
In the hearts thou didst create.

2 Now thy quickening influence bring,
On our spirits sweetly move;
Open every mouth to sing
Jesus' everlasting love.

3 Take the things of Christ, and show
What our Lord for us hath done;
May we God the Father know
Through his well-belovèd Son.

3727S, 6S, 8S. *The Witness.* A. M. TOPLADY.

BLESSED Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thy own,
In all things led by thee;
Bid my every lust depart,
And now with me, vouchsafe to dwell;
Faithful Witness, in my heart
Thy perfect love reveal.

2 Let me in thy love rejoice,
Thy shrine, thy pure abode;
Tell me, by thine inward voice,
I am a child of God:
Lord, I choose the better part;
Jesus, I wait thy peace to feel;
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us on earth to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came,
And all as viewless, too.

3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix his rest.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Is his and his alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
Purer and worthier thee!

374

7S, 5S. "Comforter Divine!" G. RAWSON.

HOLY Ghost, the Infinite!
Shine upon our nature's night
With thy blessed inward light,
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint: thy strength afford;
Lost,—until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

3 Like the dew, thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

4 In us, for us, intercede,
And, with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,—
Comforter Divine!

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

375 S. M. *The Light.* W. H. BATHURST.

LORD, bid thy light arise
On all thy people here,
And when we raise our longing eyes,
Oh, may we find thee near!

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
To quicken every soul;
And hearts, the most rebellious, bend
To thy divine control.

3 Let all that own thy name
Thy sacred image bear;
And light in every heart the flame
Of watchfulness and prayer.

4 Since in thy love we see
Our only sure relief,
Oh, raise our earthly minds to thee,
And help our unbelief.

376 L. M. *Quiet Influence.* J. RIPPON

As when in silence vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

2 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

3 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind.
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

377 L. M. *Veni, Creator.* J. DRYDEN, tr.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human-kind.

2 Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

3 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,—
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee!

4 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by thee.

378 C. M. *Invocation.* C. WESLEY.

COME, Holy Ghost! our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire!
Fountain of life and love!

2 Water with heavenly dew thy word,
In this appointed hour;
Attend it with thy presence, Lord,
And bid it come with power.

3 Open the hearts of them that hear,
To make the Saviour room;
Now let us find redemption near;
Let faith by hearing come.

379 H. M. *Luke II: 13.* J. BURTON.

O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou,—
We—children of thy grace,—
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame
And all unite to praise thy name.

380 L. M. *"Baptize the Nations!"* J. MONTGOMERY.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

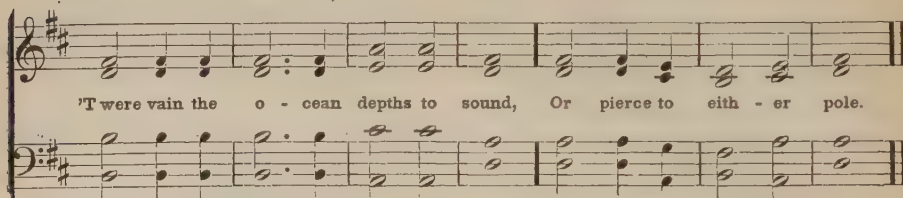
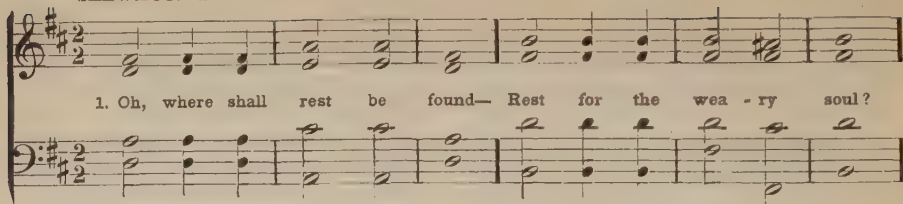
3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with
might;

Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations! far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call him Lord.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.



381

Deut. 30: 19. J. MONTGOMERY.

OH, where shall rest be found—

Rest for the weary soul?

'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:

'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,

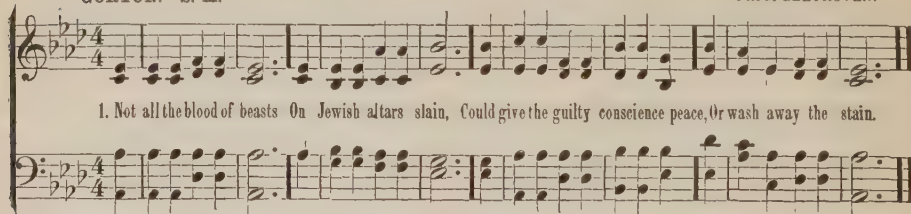
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

GORTON. S. M.

FROM BEETHOVEN.



382

"None other name."

I. WATTS.

Nor all the blood of beasts

On Jewish altars slain,

Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away,

A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,

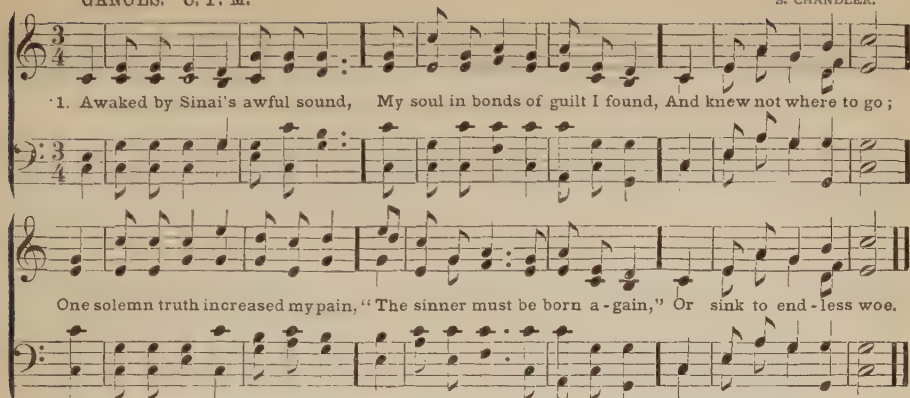
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his dying love.

GANGES. C. P. M.

S. CHANDLER.



1. Awaked by Sinai's awful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go;
One solemn truth increased my pain, "The sinner must be born a-gain," Or sink to end-less woe.

383

Regeneration needed.

S. OCCOM.

384

"In jeopardy."

C. WESLEY.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
One solemn truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.

2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul—
A vast oppressive load;
All creature-aid I saw was vain;
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
My bondage to remove.
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

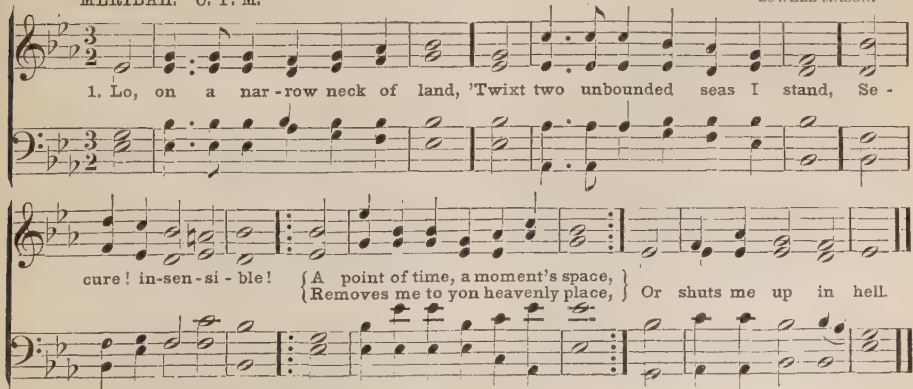
Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure! insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord! shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom!

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.



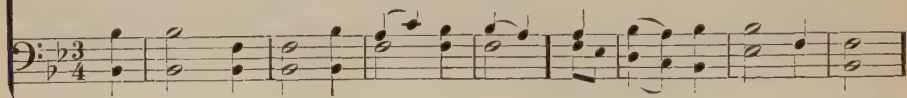
1. Lo, on a nar-row neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand, Se-cure! in-sen-si-ble! { A point of time, a moment's space, } Or shuts me up in hell.

MONSON. C. M.

S. R. BROWN.



1. How help - less guilt - y na - ture lies, Un - con - scious of its load !



The heart, un - changed, can nev - er rise To hap - pi - ness and God.



385

The load of Sin.

A. STEELE.

HOW HELPLESS guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load !

The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue ?

'Tis thine, almighty Spirit ! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise ;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes ;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live ;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 Oh change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine ;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord ! be thine.

386

No escape.

I. WATTS.

In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own :
Nothing, O Saviour ! but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of the broken law
Impress the soul with dread :

If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands ;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are offered by thy hands.

4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord !
'Tis on thy cross we rest :
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blessed.

387

"Sin revived: I died."

I. WATTS.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread !
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright ;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

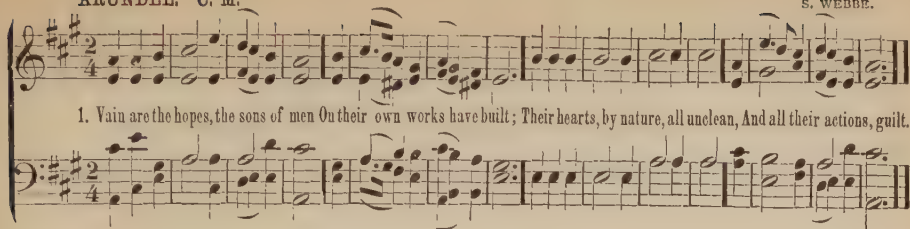
3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load ;
My sins revived again :
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

ARUNDEL. C. M.

S. WEDDE.



1. Vain are the hopes, the sons of men On their own works have built; Their hearts, by nature, all unclean, And all their actions, guilt.

388

"All Guilty."

I. WATTS.

VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
And all their actions, guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 Jesus! how glorious is thy grace;—
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

389

The Strait Way.

I. WATTS.

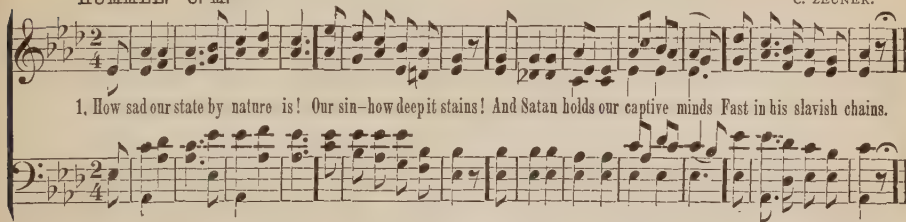
STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Belovéd self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfill a task so hard!
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HUMMEL. C. M.

C. ZEUNER.



1. How sad our state by nature is! Our sin—how deep it stains! And Satan holds our captive minds Fast in his slavish chains.

390

The Soul ruined.

I. WATTS.

HOW SAD our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a pardoning Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord:
Oh, help my unbelief!

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.

391

Utter helplessness.

I. WATTS.

NOR all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

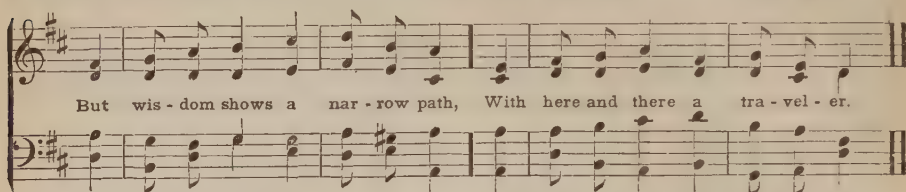
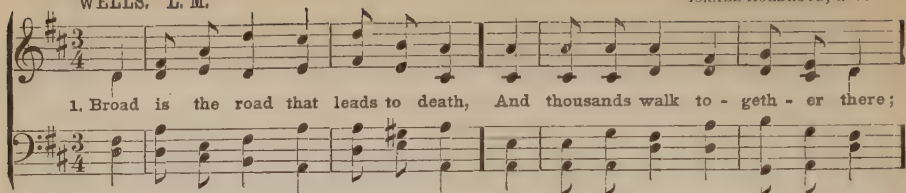
2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

WELLS, L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD, arr.



392

The narrow path.

1. WATTS.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

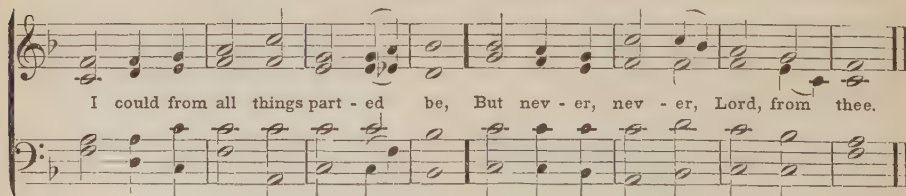
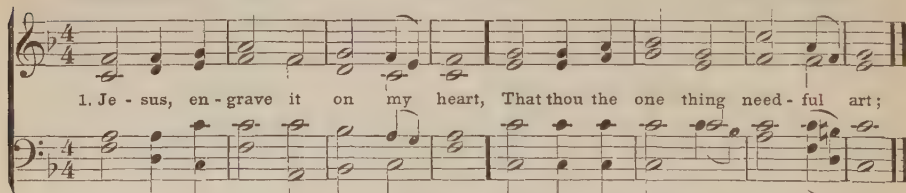
2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"—
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord! let not all my hopes be vain:
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

REPENTANCE, L. M.

THEO. E. PERKINS.



393

"One thing needful."

S. MEDLEY.

JESUS, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee.

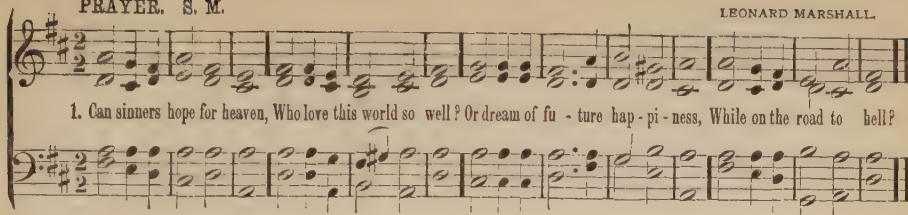
2 Needful is thy most precious blood,
To reconcile my soul to God;
Needful is thy indulgent care;
Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.

3 Needful art thou, my guide, my stay,
Through all life's dark and weary way;
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
To bring my spirit home to thee.

4 Then needful still, my God, my King,
Thy name eternally I'll sing!
Glory and praise be ever his,—
The one thing needful Jesus is!

PRAYER. S. M.

LEONARD MARSHALL.



1. Can sinners hope for heaven, Who love this world so well? Or dream of fu - ture hap - pi - ness, While on the road to hell?

394

Pardon and Purity.

B. BEDDOME.

CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?

2 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong?

3 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hope can e'er afford!
The pardoned and the pure shall see
The glory of the Lord.

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head,
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

395

"All downward."

I. WATTS.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God—
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

396

"Jesus only."

H. BONAR.

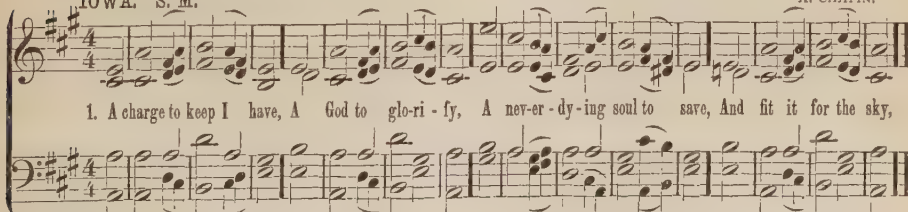
NOR what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul:
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

IOWA. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky,

397

Probation.

C. WESLEY.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

COWPER, C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins; And
sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

398

Zech. 13: 1.

W. COWPER.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

399

The Gospel.

S. MEDLEY.

OH, what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found,
Suited to every sinner's case
Who hears the joyful sound!

2 Come, then, with all your wants and
Your every burden bring; [wounds;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts:
Come, thirsty souls! your wants disclose
And drink, with thankful hearts.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

WESTERN AIR.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged be -
neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

T. A. ARNE.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found,— Was blind, but now I see.

400

"Amazing grace." J. NEWTON.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yea—when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

401

"Salvation."

I. WATTS.

SALVATION!—oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;—
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

SIMPSON. C. M.

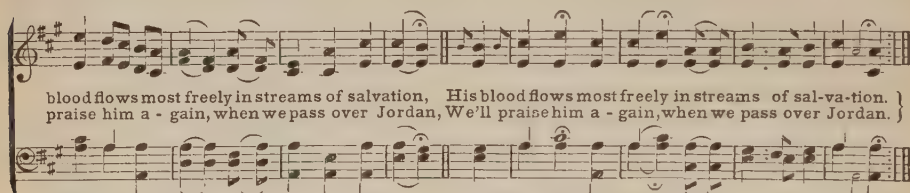
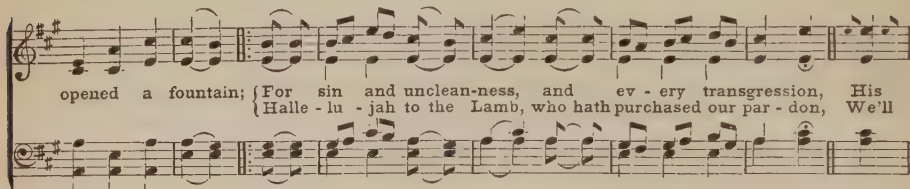
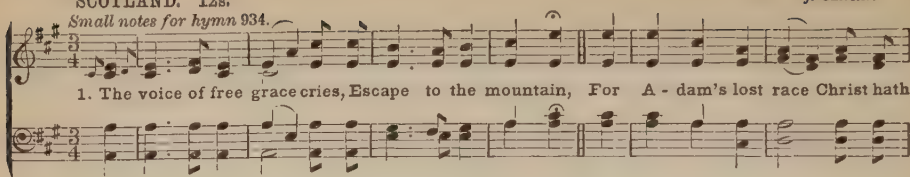
FROM LOUIS SPOHR.

1. Sal - va - tion!—oh, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears;

A sove - reign balm for ev - ery wound. A cor - dial for our fears.

SCOTLAND. 12s.

J. CLARK.

Small notes for hymn 934.

402

"Flee for life!"

R. BURDSALL.

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to
the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened
a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every trans-
gression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of
salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

2 Ye souls that are wounded! oh, flee to
the Saviour!

He calls you in mercy, 'tis infinite favor;

Your sins are increasing, escape to the
mountain—

His blood can remove them, it flows from
the fountain.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

3 With joy shall we stand when escaped
to the shore;

With harps in our hands we will praise him
the more!

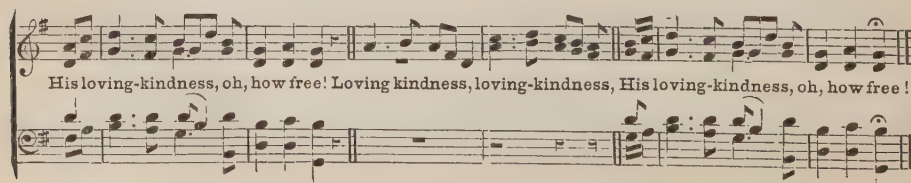
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks
of the river,

And sing of salvation for ever and ever!

Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

WESTERN MELODY.



THE NINETY AND NINE. P. M.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold— A-way on the moun-tains wild and bare, A-way from the ten-der Shepherd's care, A-way from the tender Shepherd's care.

403

"To save the lost."

E. C. CLEPHANE.

- THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost;
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
'T was helpless and sick, and ready to die.
- 2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of
Has wandered away from me: [mine
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep."
- 4 But all through the mountains, thunder-
And up from the rocky steep, [riven,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

404

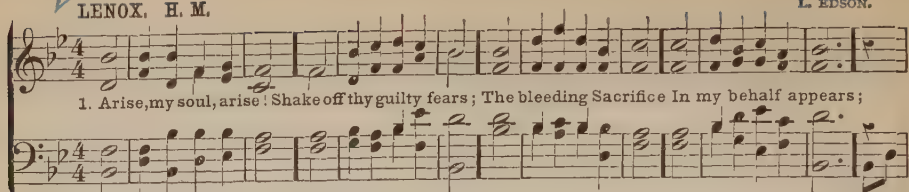
L. M. *Loving-kindness.*

S. MEDLEY.

- AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

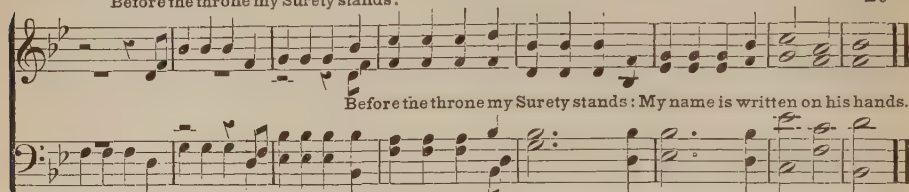
LENOX, H. M.

L. EDSON.



Before the throne my Surety stands:

Be -



fore the throne my Surety stands: Before the throne my Surety stands: My name is written on his hands.

405

Our Surety.

C. WESLEY.

ARISE, my soul, arise!
 Shake off thy guilty fears;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears;
 Before the throne my Surety stands:
 My name is written on his hands.
 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede,
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 3 My God is reconciled;
 His pardoning voice I hear;
 He owns me for his child;
 I can no longer fear;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

406

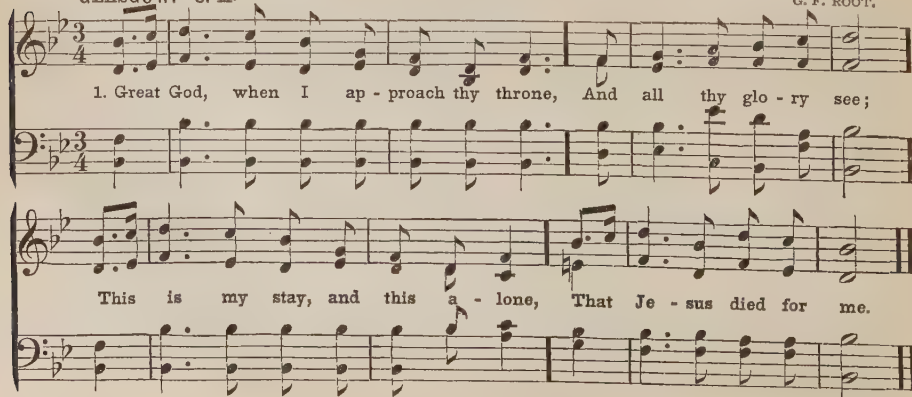
Year of Jubilee.

C. WESLEY.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;—
 The gladly solemn sound;—
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come:
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
 2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
 Hath full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

GLASGOW, C. M.

G. F. ROOT.



ATHENS. C. M. D.

F. GIARDINI.

1. Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice; In God, the life of all my joys,
D. S.—Up-on a poor, pollut-ed worm,

FINE.

A-loud will I re-joice. 'Tis he adorned my nak-ed soul, And made sal-va-tion mine;
He makes his graces shine.

D. S.

407

"The Seamless Robe."

I. WATTS.

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

'Tis he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor, polluted worm,
He makes his graces shine.

2 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

3 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed,
By the great sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

408

"Jesus died for me."

W. H. BATHURST.

GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemned to die,
Escape the just decree?
Helpless, and full of sin am I,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
Oh, how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

4 And Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

409

Divine compassion.

A. STEELE.

JESUS,—and didst thou leave the sky,
To bear our griefs and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
For thy rebellious foes?

2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

4 Oh! may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

ALL TO CHRIST. P. M.

J. T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray,

CHORUS.

Find in me thine all in all. Je - sus paid it all, All to him I owe;

Sin had left a crim - son stain; He washed it white as snow.

410

The debt paid.

E. M. HALL.

I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.—CHO.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—CHO.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

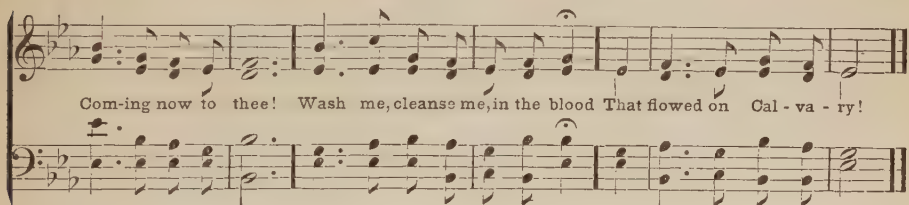
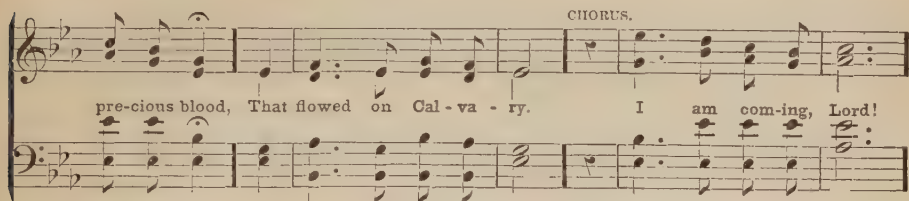
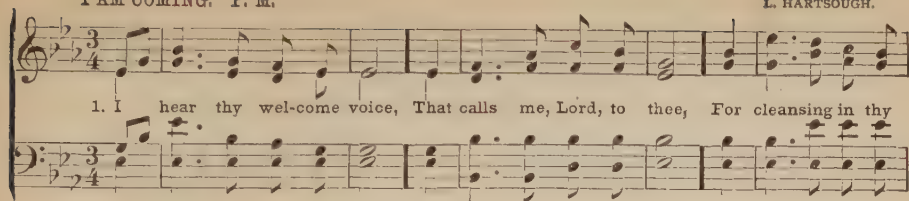
SPANISH HYMN, 7s, 6l.

SPANISH MELODY.

1. From the cross uplifted high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, { What melodious sounds we hear, }
D.C. "Love's redeeming work is done—Come and welcome, sinner, come!" { Bursting on the ravished ear!— }

I AM COMING. P. M.

L. HARTSOUGH.



411

"Atoning blood." L. HARTSOUGH.

I HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

CHO.—I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee;

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary!

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;

Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.—CHO.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.—CHO.

4 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.—CHO.

412

75, 61. "Come and welcome." T. HAWES.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 "Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

✓ OLD, OLD STORY. 7s, 6s, D.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry,

Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,

CHORUS.
For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry,

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

413

The story of the Cross.

K. HANKEY.

TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.—CHO.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful Redemption,
God's remedy for sin!
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon!—CHO.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.—CHO.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—CHO.

✓ TELL THE STORY. 7s, 6s. D.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto-ry Of unseen things above, Of Je-sus and his glory, Of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the story, Because I know 'tis true; It satisfies my longings As nothing else can do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old story Of Jesus and his love.

414

The old, old story.

K. HANKEY.

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.—CHO.

2 I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation,
From God's own holy word.—CHO.

3 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.—CHO.

415

Jesus' Cross.

ANON.

I SAW the cross of Jesus,
When burdened with my sin;
I sought the cross of Jesus,
To give me peace within;
I brought my soul to Jesus,
He cleansed it in his blood;
And in the cross of Jesus
I found my peace with God.

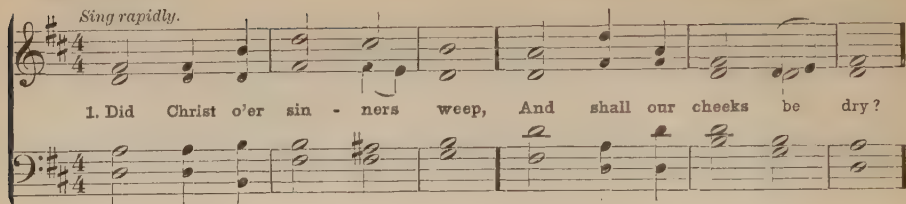
CHO.—No righteousness, no merit,
No beauty can I plead;
Yet in the cross I glory,
My title there I read.

2 Sweet is the cross of Jesus!
There let my weary heart
Still rest in peace unshaken,
Till with him, ne'er to part;
And then in strains of glory
I'll sing his wondrous power,
Where sin can never enter,
And death is known no more.

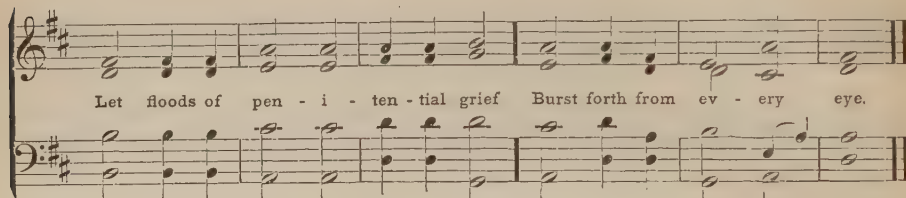
CHO.—I love the cross of Jesus,
It tells me what I am;
A vile and guilty creature,
Saved only through the Lamb.

OWEN, S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.

Sing rapidly.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?



Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - ery eye.

416

Weeping for sinners.

B. BEDDOME.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye

2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

417

The call of love.

A. B. HYDE.

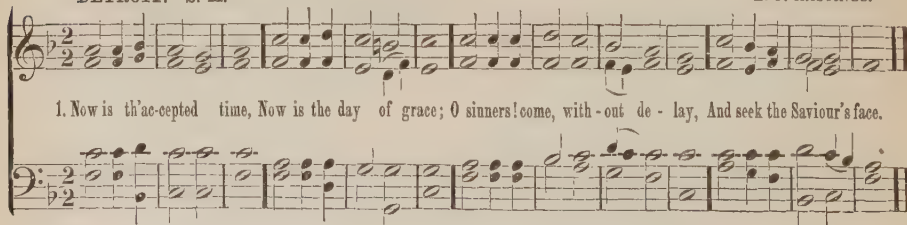
And canst thou, sinner! slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God, with tenderness, invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

DETROIT, S. M.

E. P. HASTINGS.



1. Now is th'ac-cepted time, Now is the day of grace; O sinners! come, with-out de-lay, And seek the Saviour's face.

418

The accepted time.

J. DOBELL.

Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

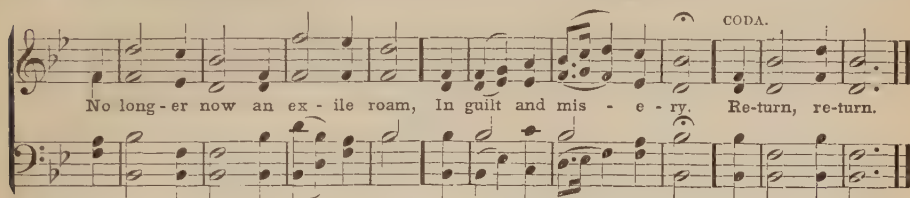
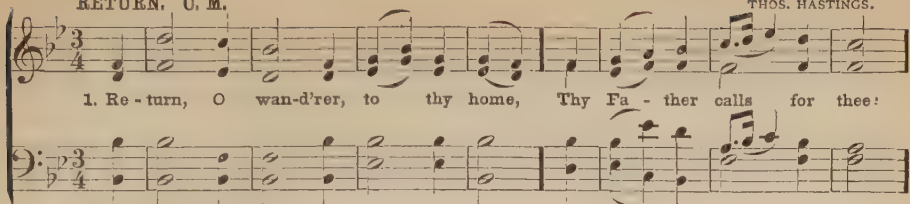
2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels spread their wings
And bear the news above.

RETURN. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



419

The Prodigal Son.

T. HASTINGS.

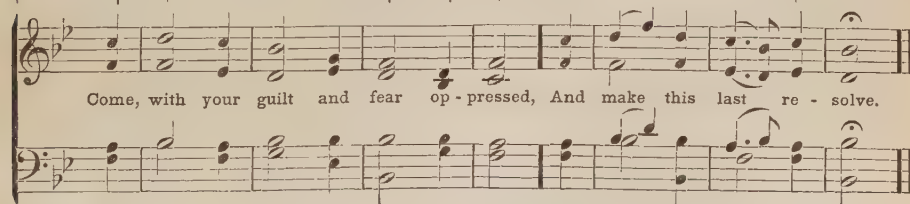
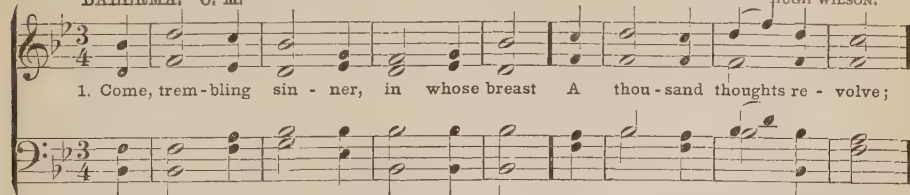
RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,

Thy Father calls for thee:

No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Saviour calls for thee:"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
Oh, now for refuge flee!3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb;
And brief is mercy's day!

BALEMA. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



420

Esther 4: 16.

E. JONES.

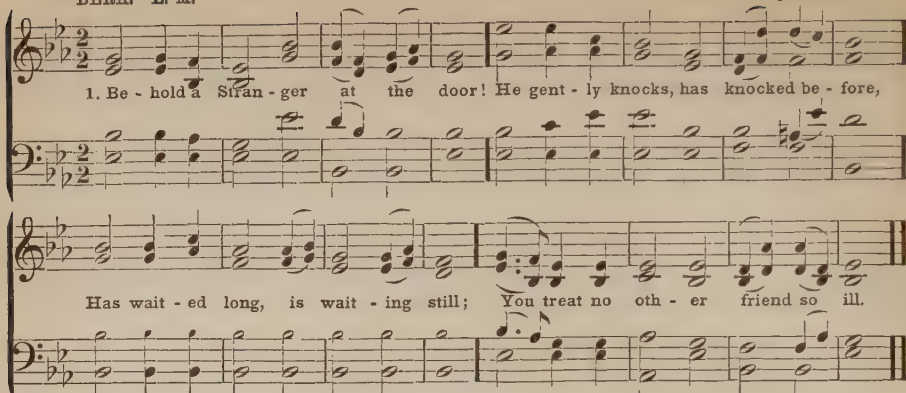
COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast

A thousand thoughts revolve;

Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve;—2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Like mountains round me close;I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.5 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

BERA. L. M.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Be - hold a Stran - ger at the door! He gent - ly knocks, has knocked be - fore,
Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

421

"At the door."

J. GRIGG.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need—
The Friend of sinners; yes, 't is he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

INGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift pass - ing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?

422

"God calling yet."

J. BORTHWICK.

God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

SEASONS. L. M.

I. FLEVEL.

1. Why will ye waste on tri - fling cares That life which God's com - pas - sion spares?
While, in the va - rious range of thought, The one thing need - ful is for - got?

423

One Thing needful. P. DODDRIDGE.

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

ASHWELL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a - gainst the light;
Poor sin - ner, hard - en not thy heart: Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night?

424

"Why not to-night?"

H. BONAR.

OH, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time; oh, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.

6 4

1. { Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you— Why? } { He the fa-tal cause de-mands, }
 { God, who did your be-ing give, Made you with him-self to live; } { Asks the work of his own hands,— }
 D. C.—Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love, and die?

FINE. D. C.

425

Ezekiel 33 : 11.

C. WESLEY.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands,—
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
 He who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live.

Will ye let him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Urged you to embrace his love:
 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners! why,
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?

HORTON. 7s.

XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.

3 8

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;

I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come!

426

"Whosoever will." A. L. BARBAULD.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come, and make my paths your choice;
 I will guide you to your home,
 Weary pilgrim, hither come!

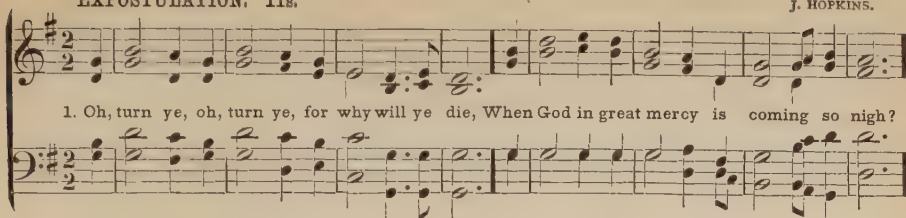
2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
 In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

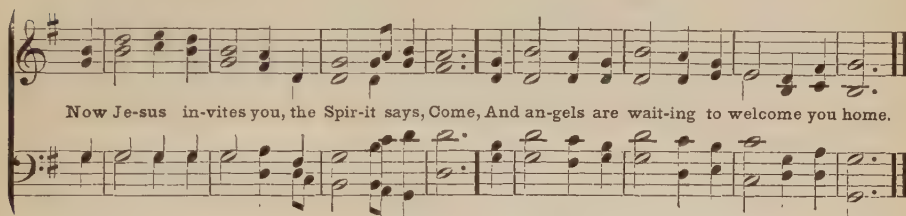
4 Hither come! for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound,
 Peace that ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

J. HOPKINS.



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?



Now Je-sus in-vites you, the Spir-it says, Come, And an-gels are wait-ing to welcome you home.

427

"Why will ye die?"

J. HOPKINS.

Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?

To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,

Oh, how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;

Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

3 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,

To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

4 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade,

The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;

What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid!

429

"Acquaint thyself."

KNOX.

ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road,

And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,

And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,

And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;

Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;

Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

428

"I made haste."

T. HASTINGS.

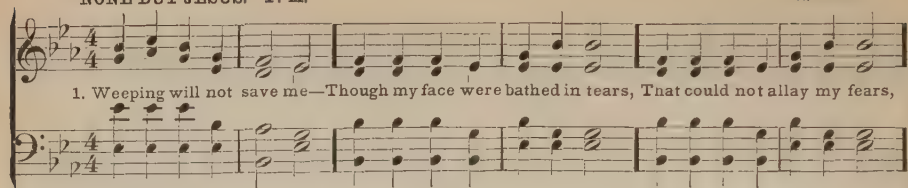
DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;

No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

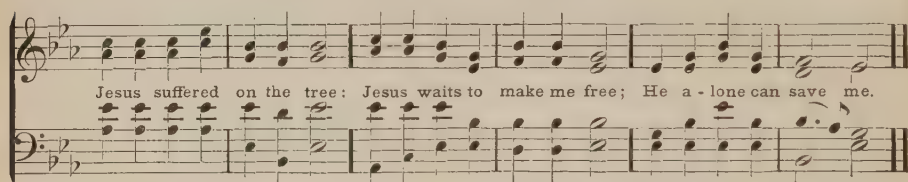
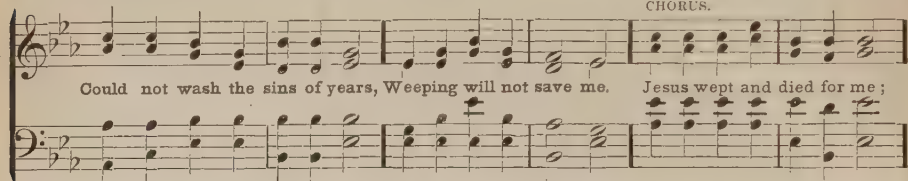
2 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:

NONE BUT JESUS. P. M.

R. LOWRY.



CHORUS.



430

"No other name."

R. LOWRY.

WEeping will not save me—
 Though my face were bathed in tears,
 That could not allay my fears,
 Could not wash the sins of years,—
 Weeping will not save me.—CHO.

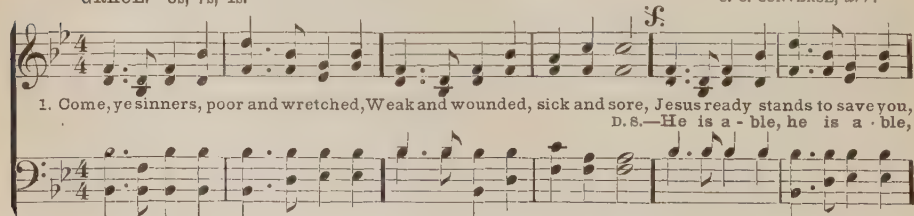
2 Working will not save me—
 Purest deeds that I can do,
 Honest thought and feelings too,
 Cannot form my soul anew,—
 Working will not save me.—CHO.

3 Waiting will not save me—
 Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
 In my ear is mercy's cry;
 If I wait I can but die—
 Waiting will not save me.—CHO.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
 Let me trust thy weeping Son;
 Trust the work that he has done;
 To his arms, Lord, help me run—
 Faith in Christ will save me.—CHO.

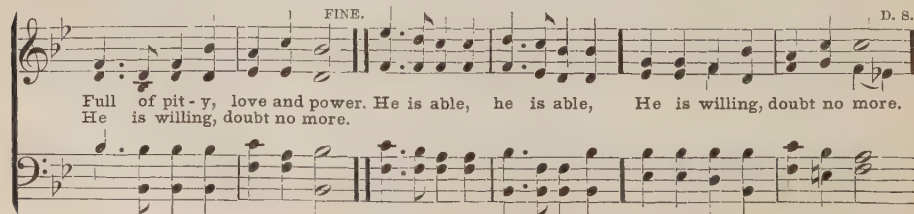
GRACE. 8s, 7s, 4s.

C. C. CONVERSE, arr.



FINE.

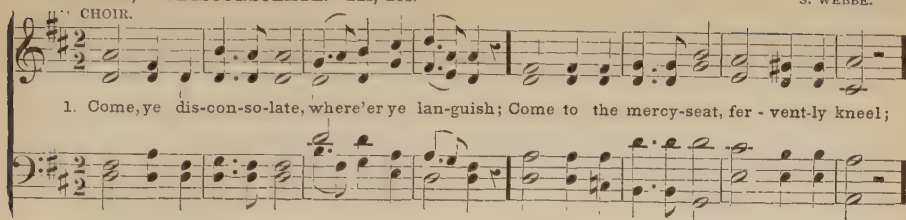
D. S.



COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s, 10s.

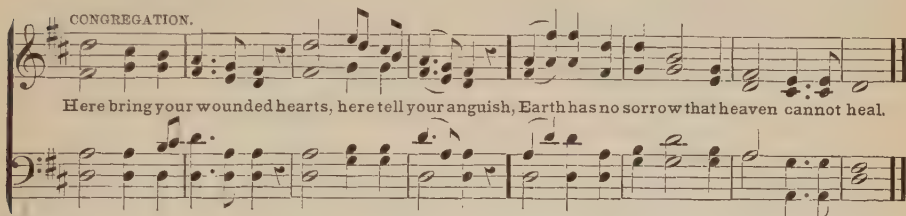
S. WEDBE.

CHOIR.



1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish; Come to the mercy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;

CONGREGATION.



Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

431

"Here speaks the Comforter." T. MOORE.Here speaks the Comforter tenderly say-
ing—

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish;

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
cure.

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
heal.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters
flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above;

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the stray-
ing,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;

Come to the feast of love: come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can re-
move.

432

"Ho, ye needy!"

J. HART.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho, ye needy; come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify!
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

433

"Mercy's Call."

J. ALLEN.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Coming from the courts above?
Mercy beams in every passage;
Every line is full of love;
Oh! believe it,
Every line is full of love.

2 Now the heralds of salvation
Joyful news from heaven proclaim!
Sinners freed from condemnation,
Through the all-atoning Lamb!
Life receiving
Through the all-atoning Lamb!

3 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

434 C. M. "Oh, amazing Love!" I. WATTS.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—oh, amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels! assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

435 L. M. Psalm 136. I. WATTS.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 He sent his Son, with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

3 Through this vain world he guides our
feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

436 C. M. "Ho Every One." I. WATTS.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill the immortal mind,—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

437 C. M. "Not to Condemn, but Save." I. WATTS.

COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not
armed
With an avenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was merciful and mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

438 L. M. "To Save Sinners." I. WATTS.

NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live:
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

439 S. M. The Bride says, Come. J. MONTGOMERY.

COME to the land of peace;
From shadows come away;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.

2 Fear hath no dwelling here;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.

3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest,
Amid the shining band.

440

P. M.

Jesus calls.

T. HASTINGS.

Drooping souls, no longer mourn,
 Jesus still is precious;
 If to him you now return,
 Heaven will be propitious;
 Jesus now is passing by,
 Calling wanderers near him;
 Drooping souls, you need not die,
 Go to him and hear him!

2 He has pardons, full and free,
 Drooping souls to gladden;
 Still he cries—"Come unto me,
 Weary, heavy-laden!"
 Though your sins, like mountains high,
 Rise, and reach to heaven,
 Soon as you on him rely,
 All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
 Dear to all that love him;
 He to save the dying came;—
 Go to him and prove him!
 Wandering sinners, now return;
 Contrite souls, believe him!
 Jesus calls you, cease to mourn:
 Worship him; receive him.

441

S. M.

Spirit and Bride.

H. U. ONDERDONK.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
 Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
 The bride, the Church of Christ, pro-
 To all his children, "Come!" [claims,

2 Let him that heareth, say
 To all about him, "Come!"
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
 To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
 Oh, let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life;
 'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
 Declares, "I quickly come;"
 Lord, even so; we wait thine hour;
 O blest Redeemer, come!

442

L. M.

Flee for Life.

W. B. COLLYER.

HASTE, traveler, haste! the night comes
 And many a shining hour is gone; [on,
 The storm is gathering in the west,
 And thou far off from home and rest.

2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
 The rains descend, the winds are high;
 The waters swell, and death and fear
 Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

3 Oh, yet a shelter you may gain,
 A covert from the wind and rain;
 A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
 A refuge from the wrath to come!

4 Then linger not in all the plain;
 Flee for thy life; the mountain gain;
 Look not behind; make no delay;
 Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way!

443

7S.

Winning Souls.

W. HAMMOND.

WOULD you win a soul to God?
 Tell him of a Saviour's blood,
 Once for dying sinners spilt,
 To atone for all their guilt.

2 Tell him—it was sovereign grace
 Led thee first to seek his face;
 Made thee choose the better part,
 Wrought salvation in thy heart.

3 Tell him of that liberty,
 Wherewith Jesus makes thee free!
 Sweetly speak of sins forgiven,
 Earnest of the joys of heaven.

444

L. M.

"Only Knock."

J. B. WATERBURY.

INFINITE Love! what precious stores
 Thy mercy has prepared for us!
 The costliest gems, the richest ores
 Could never have endowed us thus.

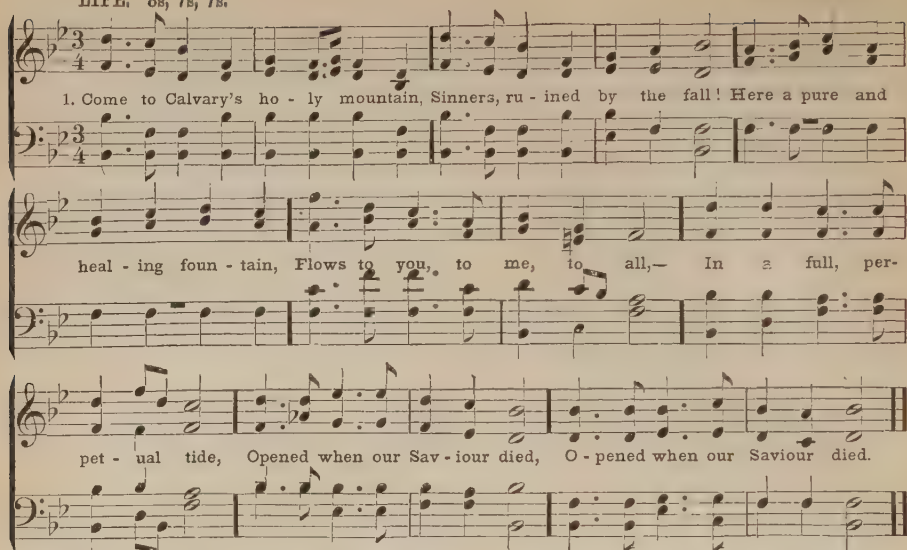
2 But thy soft hand, O gracious Lord!
 Can draw from suffering souls the sting;
 And thy rich bounty to our board
 Can bread for hungering sinners bring.

3 How rich the grace! the gift how free!
 'T is only ask—it shall be given;
 'T is only knock, and thou shalt see
 The opening door that leads to heaven.

4 Oh! then arise and take the good,
 So full and freely proffered thee,
 Remembering that it cost the blood
 Of him who died on Calvary.

LIFE, 8s, 7s, 7s.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Come to Calvary's ho - ly mountain, Sinners, ru - ined by the fall! Here a pure and
 heal - ing foun - tain, Flows to you, to me, to all,— In a full, per -
 pet - ual tide, Opened when our Sav - iour died, O - pened when our Saviour died.

445

A fountain opened. J. MONTGOMERY.

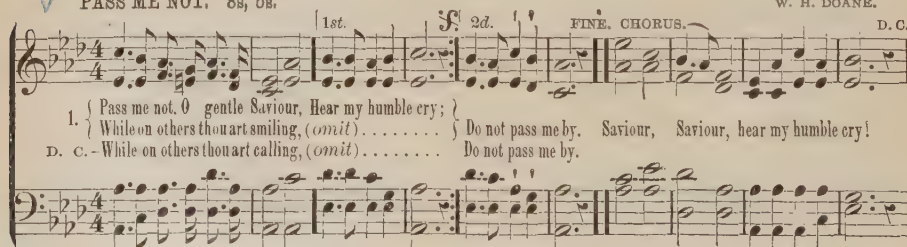
COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
 Sinners, ruined by the fall!
 Here a pure and healing fountain
 Flows to you, to me, to all,—
 In a full, perpetual tide,
 Opened when our Saviour died.
 2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
 Wounded, impotent, and blind!
 Here the guilty, free remission,

Here the troubled, peace may find;
 Health this fountain will restore,
 He that drinks shall thirst no more—

3 He that drinks shall live for ever;
 'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
 God is faithful; God will never
 Break his covenant in blood,
 Signed when our Redeemer died,
 Sealed when he was glorified.

✓ PASS ME NOT, 8s, 5s.

W. H. DOANE.



1. { Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; }
 { While on others thou art smiling, (omit) } Do not pass me by. Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry!
 D. C. - While on others thou art calling, (omit) Do not pass me by. FINE. CHORUS. D. C.

446

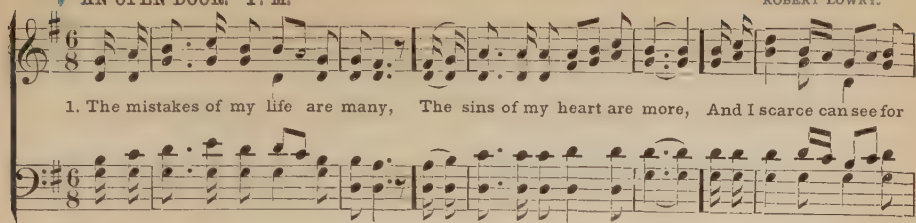
"Do not pass me." F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
 Hear my humble cry;
 While on others thou art smiling,
 Do not pass me by.—CHO.
 2 Let me at thy throne of mercy
 Find a sweet relief;
 Kneeling there in deep contrition,
 Help my unbelief.—CHO.

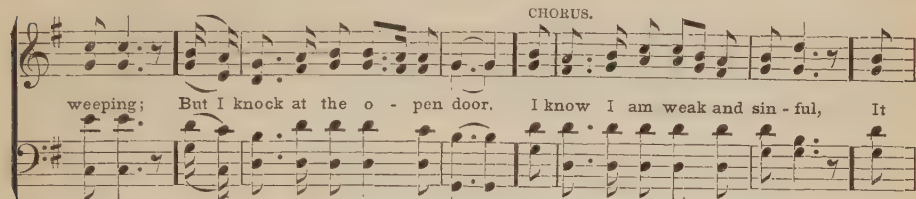
3 Trusting only in thy merit,
 Would I seek thy face;
 Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
 Save me by thy grace.—CHO.
 4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
 More than life to me,
 Whom on earth have I beside thee,
 Whom in heaven but thee!—CHO.

✓ AN OPEN DOOR. P. M.

ROBERT LOWRY.

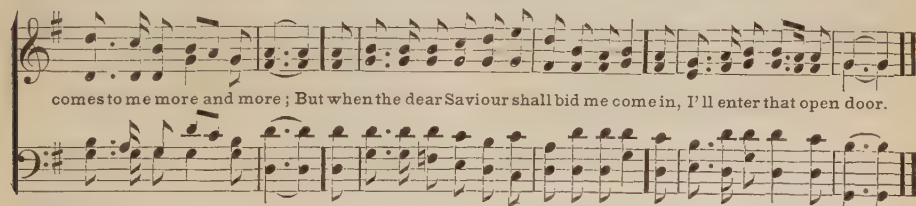


1. The mistakes of my life are many, The sins of my heart are more, And I scarce can see for



CHORUS.

weeping; But I knock at the o - pen door. I know I am weak and sin - ful, It



comes to me more and more; But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll enter that open door.

✓ 447

The door of mercy.

U. L. BAILEY.

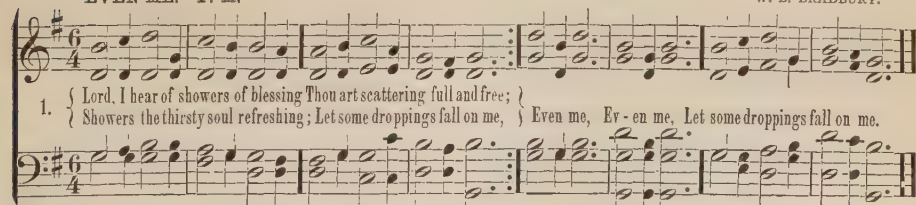
The mistakes of my life are many,
The sins of my heart are more,
And I scarce can see for weeping;
But I knock at the open door.—CHO.
2 I am lowest of those who love him,
I am weakest of those who pray:

But I come as he has bidden,
And he will not say me nay.—CHO.

3 My mistakes his free grace will cover,
My sins he will wash away,
And the feet that shrink and falter,
Shall walk through the gate of day.—CHO.

EVEN ME. P. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. { Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free; }
{ Showers the thirsty soul refreshing; Let some droppings fall on me, } Even me, Ev - en me, Let some droppings fall on me.

448

"Even me."

E. CODNER.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty soul refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me!—REF.
2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Lost and sinful though I be;
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.—REF.

3 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving thee!
Has the world my heart been keeping;
Oh! forgive and rescue me!—REF.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.—REF.

WILBERFORCE. 7s. 6l.

C. C. CONVERSE, *arr.*

1. { Je - sus, Sun of Righteousness, Brightest beam of love di - vine, } And dispel with
 { With the ear - ly morn-ing rays Do thou on our dark-ness shine, }

purest light All our night,—all our night.

449

The melted heart. J. BORTHWICK.

JESUS, Sun of Righteousness,
 Brightest beam of love divine,
 With the early morning rays
 Do thou on our darkness shine,

And dispel with purest light
 All our night,—all our night.

2 Like the sun's reviving ray,
 May thy love, with tender glow,
 All our coldness melt away,
 Warm and cheer us forth to go;
 Gladly serve thee and obey,
 All the day,—all the day.

3 Thou, our only Life and Guide,
 Never leave us nor forsake;
 In thy light may we abide
 Till the eternal morning break;
 Moving on to Zion's hill,
 Homeward still,—homeward still.

JESUS, MY ALL. 6s, 4s.

A. BOIELDIEU.

1. { Lord, at thy mer - cy-seat, Hum-bly I fall; } (in,
 { Pleading thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call; } Now let thy work begin, Oh, make me pure with-

Cleanse me from every sin, Je-sus, my all.

450

"Jesus, my all." F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

LORD, at thy mercy-seat,
 Humbly I fall;
 Pleading thy promise sweet,
 Lord, hear my call;
 Now let thy work begin,
 Oh, make me pure within,
 Cleanse me from every sin,
 Jesus, my all.

2 Hark! how the words of love
 Tenderly fall,
 Ere to the realms above,
 Heard is my call;
 Now every doubt has flown,
 Broken my heart of stone,
 Lord, I am thine alone,
 Jesus, my all.

3 Still at thy mercy-seat
 Humbly I fall;
 Pleading thy promise sweet,
 Heard is my call.
 Faith wings my soul to thee;
 This all my hope shall be,
 Jesus has died for me,
 Jesus, my all.

REDHEAD. 7s. 6l.

RICHARD REDHEAD.

1. O thou God who hear-est prayer Ev-ery hour and everywhere! For his sake, whose blood I plead,
Hear me in my hour of need: On-ly hide not now thy face, God of all-suf-fi-cient grace!

451

"Hearer of prayer."

J. CONDER.

O THOU God who hearest prayer
Every hour and everywhere!
For his sake, whose blood I plead,
Hear me in my hour of need:
Only hide not now thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace!

2 Leave me not, my strength, my trust;
Oh, remember I am dust:
Leave me not again to stray;
Leave me not the tempter's prey:
Fix my heart on things above;
Make me happy in thy love.

3 Hear and save me, gracious Lord!
For my trust is in thy word;
Wash me from the stain of sin,
That thy peace may rule within:
May I know myself thy child,
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

There the incarnate Deity
Numbered with transgressors see;
There his Father's absence mourns,
Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

453

"Chief of sinners."

MC COMB.

CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed his blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might never die;
As the branch is to the vine,
I am his and he is mine.

2 Oh, the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me,—wondrous thought!—
Found me when I sought him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to him are known,
All my sorrows are his own;
Safe with him from earthly strife,
He sustains my hidden life.

452

Look and live.

A. M. TOPLADY.

SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne,
Weeping soul, no longer mourn;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee:
There thy every sin he bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice:

AVON, C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. O thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh;

Whose hand in - dul - gent wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye;—

454

"Return."

A. STEELE.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh;
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet?
 Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine!
 And let thy healing voice impart
 The sense of joy divine.

CADD0, C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. O thou, from whom all good - ness flows, I lift my soul to thee;

In all my sor - rows, con - flicts, woes, O Lord, re - mem - ber me?

455

"Remember me."

T. HAWEIS.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my soul to thee;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 O Lord, remember me!

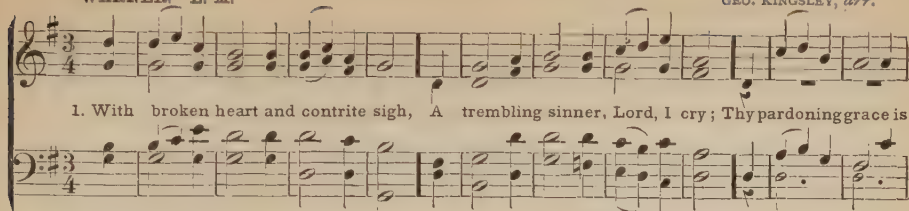
2 When on my aching, burdened heart
 My sins lie heavily,
 Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
 Thus, Lord, remember me!

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee,
 Oh, let my strength be as my day—
 Dear Lord, remember me!

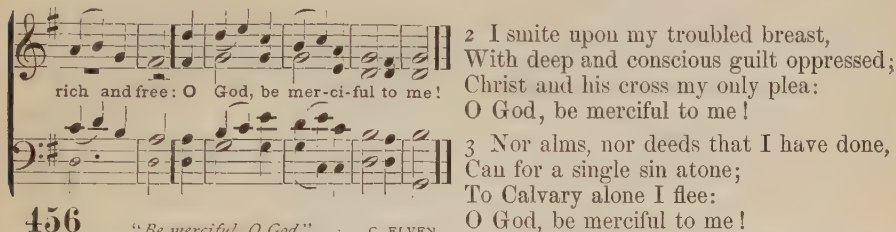
4 When in the solemn hour of death
 I wait thy just decree:
 Be this the prayer of my last breath:
 Now, Lord, remember me!

WARNER. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY, arr.



1. With broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry; Thy pardoning grace is



rich and free: O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

456

"Be merciful, O God."

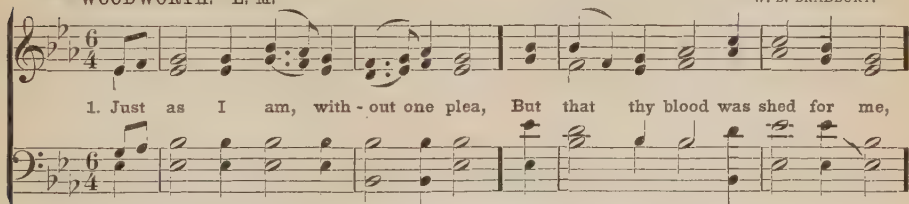
C. ELVEN.

With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

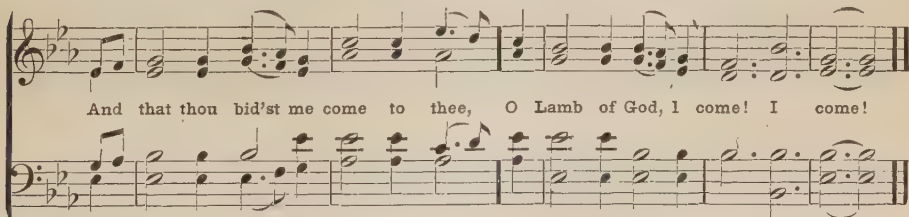
4 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God hath been merciful to me!

WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,



And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

457

"Lamb of God."

C. ELLIOTT.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,

Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s, 8s.

W. H. OAKLEY.

1. Je - sus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wanderingsheep; False to thee, like Pe - ter, I
D. S.—Turn, and look up-on me, Lord,
Would fain like Pe - ter weep! Let me be by grace restored, On me be all long-suffering shown,
And break my heart of stone.

458

"My heart of stone."

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep!
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

V NEAR THE CROSS. P. M.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross; There a precious fountain, Free to all, a healing stream, Flows from Calvary's
mountain.
CHORUS.
In the cross, In the cross, Be my glory ev - er, Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

459

"Near the Cross." F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

JESUS, keep me near the cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.—CHO.
2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;

There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.—CHO.

3 Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.—CHO.

GAYLORD. 8s, 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK, arr.



1. Take me, O my Father, take me! Take me, save me, thro' thy Son; That which thou wouldst have me, make me, D. S.—Weary come I now, and praying—
Let thy will in me be done. Long from thee my footsteps straying, Thorny proved the way I trod; Take me to thy love, my God.

460

"Take me."

RAY PALMER.

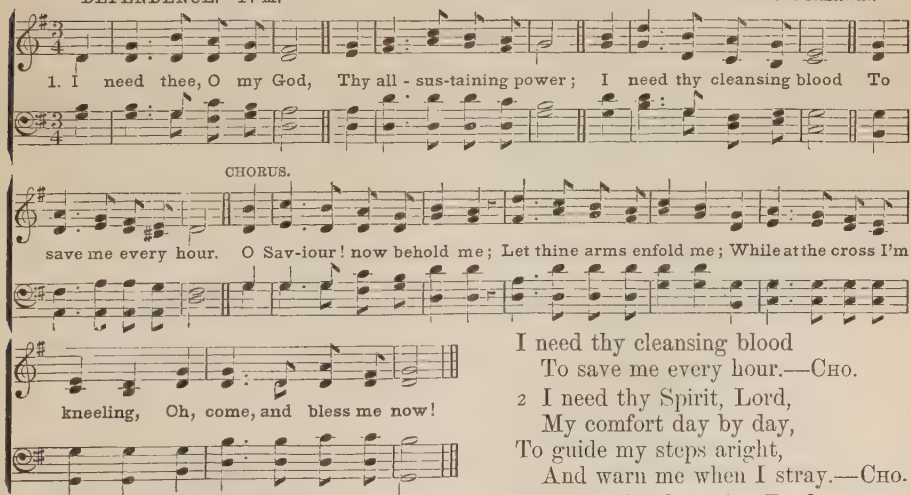
TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let thy will in me be done.
Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!
2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.

Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bare our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee;
Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest!

DEPENDENCE. P. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. I need thee, O my God, Thy all-sus-taining power; I need thy cleansing blood To
save me every hour. O Sav-iour! now behold me; Let thine arms enfold me; While at the cross I'm
kneeling, Oh, come, and bless me now!

461

"I need thee."

W. F. SHERWIN.

I NEED thee, O my God,
Thy all-sustaining power;

I need thy cleansing blood
To save me every hour.—CHO.
2 I need thy Spirit, Lord,
My comfort day by day,
To guide my steps aright,
And warn me when I stray.—CHO.
3 I need the sheltering Rock,
Where, from the noon-tide heat,
My soul may rest awhile
Beneath its calm retreat.—CHO.

LAODICEA. P. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. O Saviour, I am blind! Lead thou my way; Day to my filméd eye is dark—Ev'n night is only darker day, Oh! I am blind; Dear Saviour, I am blind!

462

The Soul's Cry.

S. S. CUTTING.

3 O Saviour, I am poor!

Give me to eat:

My hungered heart loathes earthly food,
And heavenly manna craves for meat;

Oh! I am poor,

Dear Saviour, I am poor!

O SAVIOUR, I am blind!

Lead thou my way;

Day to my filméd eye is dark—

Even night is only darker day;

Oh! I am blind,

Dear Saviour, I am blind!

2 O Saviour, I am deaf!

Unstop my ear:

My heart would turn to thy dear voice,

The voice thy sheep alone will hear;

Oh! I am deaf,

Dear Saviour, I am deaf!

4 O Saviour, I believe,

Blind, deaf and poor!

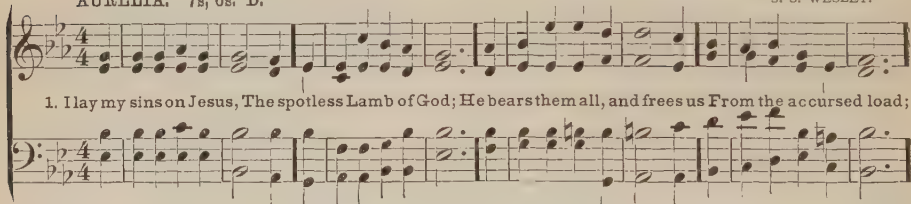
Sight give me; hearing; heavenly food;
Thou hast them in thy blessed store.

Now I believe,

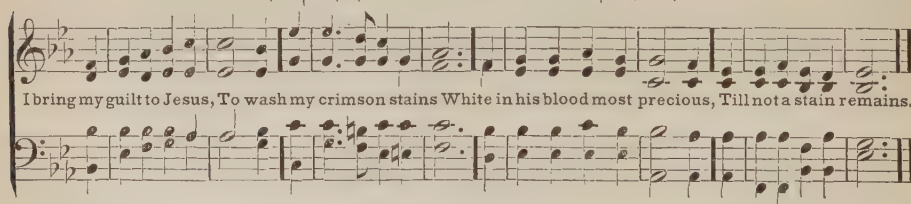
O Saviour, I believe!

AURELIA. 7s, 6s. D.

S. S. WESLEY.



1. I lay my sin on Jesus, The spotless Lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the accursed load;



I bring my guilt to Jesus, To wash my crimson stains White in his blood most precious, Till not a stain remains.

463

"None other name."

H. BONAR.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,

The spotless Lamb of God;

He bears them all, and frees us

From the accursed load;

I bring my guilt to Jesus,

To wash my crimson stains

White in his blood most precious,

Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;

All fullness dwells in him;

He healeth my diseases,

He doth my soul redeem:

I lay my griefs on Jesus,

My burdens and my cares;

He from them all releases,

He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,

Meek, loving, lowly, mild;

I long to be like Jesus,

The Father's holy child:

I long to be with Jesus

Amid the heavenly throng,

To sing with saints his praises,

And learn the angels' song.

ST. HILDA. 7s, 6s. D.

E. HUSBAND.

1. O Je-sus, thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low-ly patience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Chris-tians, His name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us! To keep him standing there.

464

At the door.

W. W. HOW.

O JESUS, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear:
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us!
To keep him standing there.

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh, sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,—
“I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?”
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

465

“Give us pardon.”

RAY PALMER.

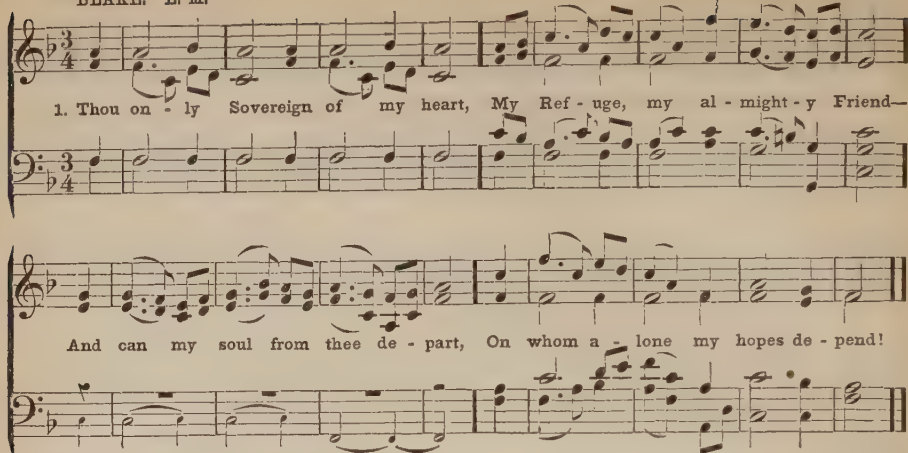
WE stand in deep repentance,
Before thy throne of love;
O God of grace, forgive us;
The stain of guilt remove;
Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free!

2 Oh, shouldst thou from us fallen
Withhold thy grace to guide,
For ever we should wander,
From thee, and peace, aside;
But thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on thee we cast them,
Our only refuge thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bearest the trusting spirit
Upon thy loving breast,
And givest all thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

BLAKE. L. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK.



466

"To whom shall we go?" A. STEELE.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend!

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee—'tis death, 'tis more;
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

467

"Thou hast died." C. WESLEY.

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and save my ruined soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What can I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost,—but thou hast died!

468

Psalm 51.

I. WATTS.

SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

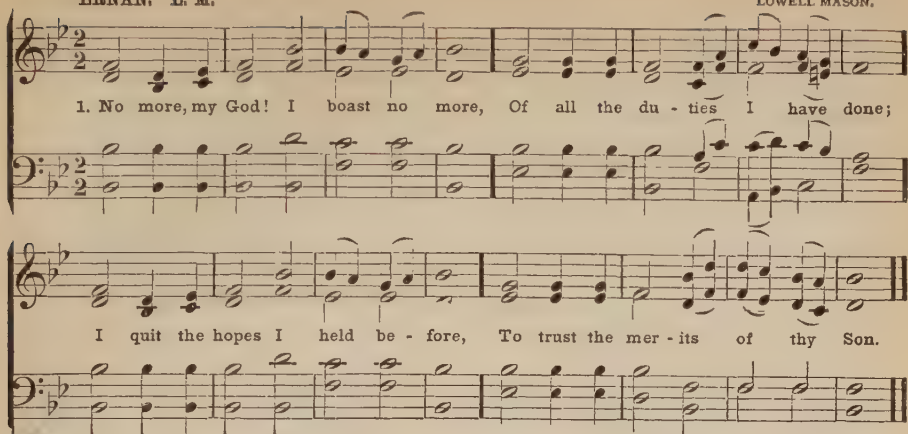
3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord! should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And, if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

ERNAN, L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. No more, my God! I boast no more, Of all the du - ties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held be - fore, To trust the mer - its of thy Son.

469

Philippians 3: 7-10.

I. WATTS.

470

"Look unto me!"

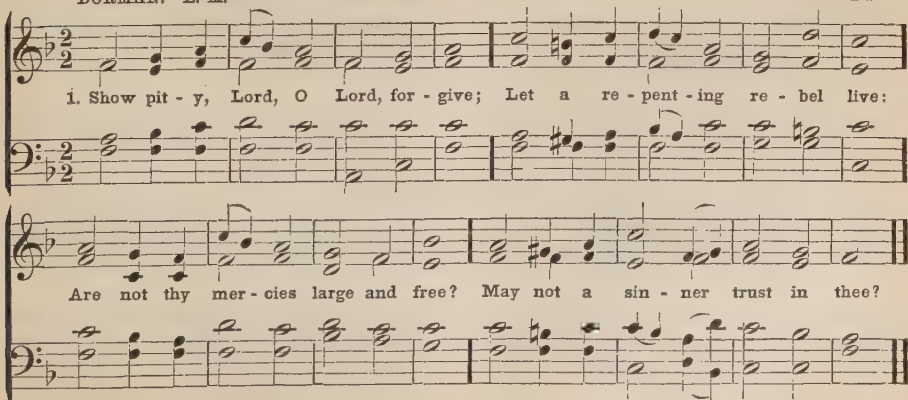
S. MEDLEY.

NO MORE, my God! I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count but loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
3 Yes,—and I must, and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.
4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

SEE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul, encouraged by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And then would look,—and look again.
2 Ah! bring a wretched wanderer home,
Now to thy footstool let me come,
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait and look,—and look again!
3 Take courage, then, my trembling soul;
One look from Christ will make thee whole:
Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,
But wait and look,—and look again!
4 Ere long that happy day will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home;
And when to glory I attain,
Oh, then I'll look and look again!

DORMAN, L. M.

E. P. PARKER.



1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for - give; Let a re - pent - ing re - bel live:
Are not thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?

471

C. M.

Deep Penitence.

S. STENNETT.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus ! at thy feet,

A guilty rebel lies,

And upwards, to thy mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Let not thy justice frown me hence ;

Oh, stay the vengeful storm ;

Forbid it, that Omnipotence

Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow could suffice

To pay the debt I owe,

Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,

In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead

To expiate my guilt ; [shed,—

No tears, but those which thou hast

No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord !

And all my sins forgive ;

Then justice will approve the word,

That bids the sinner live.

472

L. M.

Pardon Implored.

T. HASTINGS.

FORGIVE US, Lord ! to thee we cry,

Forgive us thro' thy matchless grace ;

On thee alone our souls rely,

Be thou our strength and righteousness.

2 Forgive thou us, as we forgive

The ills we suffer from our foes ;

Restore us, Lord ! and bid us live ;

Oh ! let us in thine arms repose.

3 Forgive us, for our guilt is great !

Our wretched souls no merit claim ;

For sovereign mercy still we wait,

And ask but in the Saviour's name.

4 Forgive us,—O thou bleeding Lamb !

Thou risen, thou exalted Lord !

Thou great High-Priest, our souls re-
deem,

And speak the pardon-sealing word.

473

C. M.

Psalm 42.

H. F. LYTE.

As pants the hart for cooling streams,

When heated in the chase,

So longs my soul, O God, for thee,

And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God—the living God,

My thirsty soul doth pine ;

Oh, when shall I behold thy face,

Thou Majesty divine !

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?

Trust God ; who will employ

His aid for thee, and change these sighs

To thankful hymns of joy.

4 I sigh to think of happier days,

When thou, O Lord ! wast nigh ;

When every heart was tuned to praise,

And none more blest than I.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?

Hope still ; and thou shalt sing

The praise of him who is thy God,

Thy health's eternal spring.

474

L. M.

Psalm 51.

I. WATTS.

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,

Is all the sacrifice I bring :

The God of grace will ne'er despise

A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,

And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;

Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,

And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;

Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;

I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,

And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue !

Salvation shall be all my song ;

And all my powers shall join to bless

The Lord, my Strength and Righteous-
ness.

475

C. M.

Submission.

ANON.

BE merciful to me, O God !

Be merciful to me ;

For though I sink beneath thy rod,

Yet do I trust in thee.

2 Thou art my refuge, and I know

My burden thou dost bear,

And I would seek, where'er I go,

To cast on thee my care.

3 Thou knowest, Lord, my flesh how

Strong though my spirit be ; [frail,

Oh, then assist, when foes assail,

The soul that clings to thee.

4 And, gracious Lord, whate'er befall,

A thankful heart be mine,—

A heart that answers to thy call,

One that is wholly thine.

476 8s, 7s, D. *Contrition.*

C. WESLEY.

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation!
I thy timely aid implore;
Suffering Son of Man! be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain,
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.
2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In thy days of flesh below;
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe;
When thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruiséd by the wrath of God.
3 By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, satanic hour;
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power!
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

477 L. M. *1 Peter 1: 12.* A. L. HILLHOUSE.

TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own:
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend! oh, smile and heal the strife!
2 The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll—
His voice proclaims my pardon found—
Seraphic transport wings the sound.
3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.
4 Ye saw of old, on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies:
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.
5 Bright heralds of the eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfill;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious, in his presence play.
6 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine:
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

478 8s, 7s. *Matt. 11: 28-30.*

J. E. RANKIN.

LABORING and heavy-laden
With my sins, O Lord, I roam,
While I know thou hast invited
All such wanderers to their home.
2 Make my stubborn spirit willing
To obey thy gracious voice,
At the cross to leave its burden,
And departing to rejoice.
3 Thy sweet yoke I'd take upon me,
And would learn, O Lord, of thee;
Thou art meek in heart, and lowly,
Teach me like thyself to be.
4 Laboring and heavy-laden,
Lord, no longer will I roam:
Here I fix my habitation,
In thy sheltering love at home.

479 7s, 6s. *"Jesus Only."*

C. WESLEY.

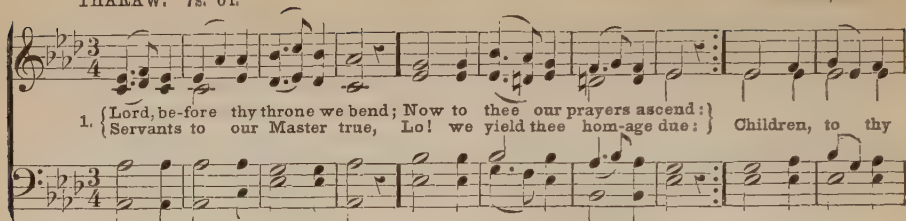
VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'T is all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

480 C. M. *Surrender.*

F. W. FABER.

THY home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.
2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a house for thee.
3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest!

THARAW. 7s. 6l.

H. LAMSON, *arr.*


1. { Lord, be-fore thy throne we bend; Now to thee our prayers ascend; }
 Servants to our Master true, Lo! we yield thee hom-age due: } Children, to thy
 throne we fly, Abba, Fa-ther, hear our cry!

481

Psalm 123.

J. BOWDLER.

LORD, before thy throne we bend;
 Now to thee our prayers ascend:
 Servants to our Master true,
 Lo! we yield thee homage due:
 Children, to thy throne we fly,
 Abba, Father, hear our cry!

2 Low before thee, Lord! we bow;
 We are weak—but mighty thou:
 Sore distressed, yet suppliant still,
 Here we wait thy holy will;
 Bound to earth, and rooted here,
 Till our Saviour God appear.

3 Leave us not beneath the power
 Of temptation's darkest hour:

Swift to seal their captives' doom,
 See our foes exulting come!
 Jesus, Saviour! yet be nigh,
 Lord of life and victory.

482

Backsliding confessed.

J. NEWTON.

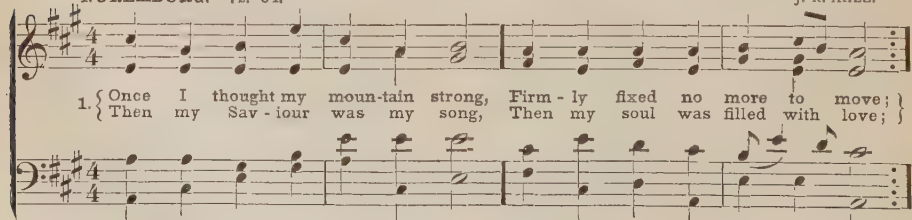
ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
 Firmly fixed no more to move;
 Then my Saviour was my song,
 Then my soul was filled with love;
 Those were happy, golden days,
 Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
 Little thought of Satan's power;
 Now I feel my sins anew;
 Now I feel the stormy hour!
 Sin has put my joys to flight;
 Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
 Bid my dying hopes revive;
 Make my wounded spirit whole,
 Far away the tempter drive;
 Speak the word and set me free,
 Let me live alone to thee.

NUREMBURG. 7s. 6l.

J. R. AHLE.



1. { Once I thought my moun-tain strong, Firm-ly fixed no more to move; }
 Then my Sav-iour was my song, Then my soul was filled with love; }
 Those were hap-py, gold-en days, Sweet-ly spent in prayer and praise.

483

"Weary, Lord." A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

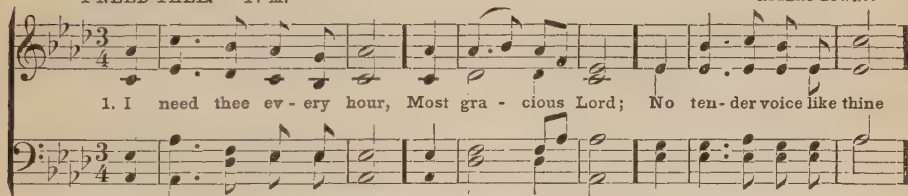
WEARY, Lord, of struggling here
With this constant doubt and fear,
Burdened by the pains I bear,
And the trials I must share—
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the rest that's found in thee.
Weakened by the wayward will
Which controls, yet cheats me still;
Seeking something undefined
With an earnest, darkened mind—
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the light that breaks from thee.

3 Fettered by this earthly scope
In the reach and aim of hope,
Fixing thought in narrow bound
Where no living truth is found—
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the hope that's fixed in thee.

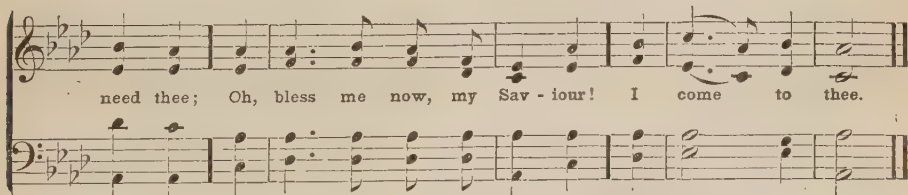
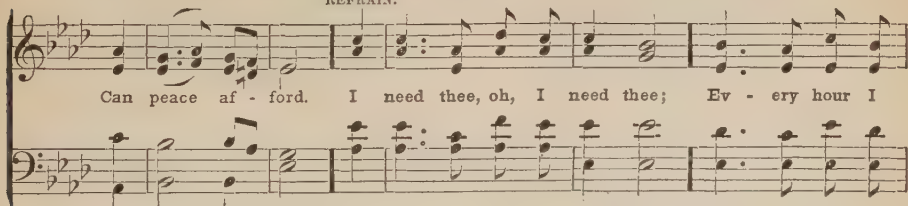
4 Fettered, burdened, wearied, weak,
Lord, once more thy grace I seek;
Turn, oh, turn me not away,
Help me, Lord, to watch and pray—
That I never more may flee
From the rest that's found in thee.

I NEED THEE. P. M.

ROBERT LOWRY.



REFRAIN.



484

"I need thee."

A. S. HAWKS.

I NEED thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.
REF.—I need thee, oh, I need thee;
Every hour I need thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to thee.
2 I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.—REF.

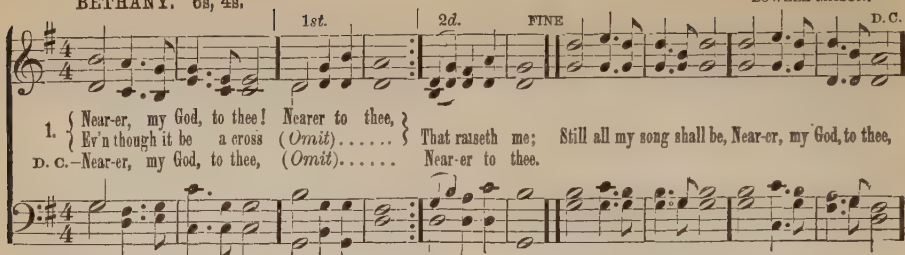
3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.—REF.

4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.—REF.

5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.—REF.

BETHANY. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



485

Genesis 28:10-22.

S. F. ADAMS.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

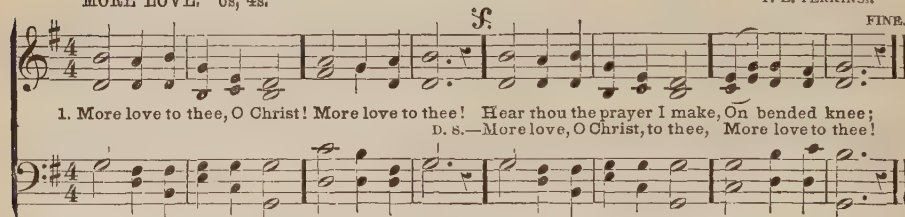
3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

MORE LOVE. 6s, 4s.

T. E. PERKINS.,

FINR.




486

"Lovest thou me?"

E. P. PRENTISS.

MORE love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

REDEN. 6s, 4s.

C. C. CONVERSE.

D.C.



1. { Saviour! I follow on, Guided by thee, }
 { Seeing not yet the hand (Omit.)..... } That leadeth me; Hushed be my heart and still, Fear I no further ill;
 D.C.—On-ly to meet thy will (Omit.)..... My will shall be.



487

"A way they knew not." C. S. ROBINSON.

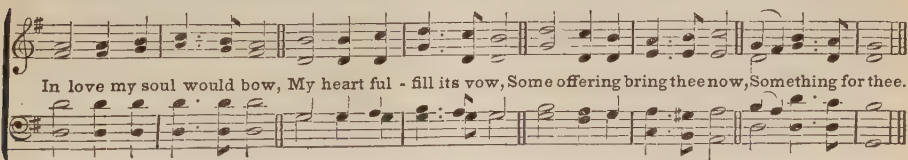
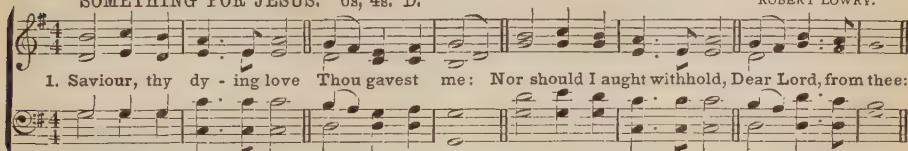
SAVIOUR! I follow on,
 Guided by thee,
 Seeing not yet the hand
 That leadeth me;
 Hushed be my heart and still,
 Fear I no further ill;
 Only to meet thy will
 My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me
 Thirst to relieve,
 Manna from heaven falls
 Fresh every eve;
 Never a want severe
 Causeth my eye a tear,
 But thou dost whisper near,
 "Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
 Have I been brought;
 Shrinking the cup to drink,
 Help I have sought;
 And with the prayer's ascent,
 Jesus the branch hath rent—
 Quickly relief hath sent,
 Sweetening the draught.
 4 Saviour! I long to walk
 Closer with thee;
 Led by thy guiding hand,
 Ever to be;
 Constantly near thy side,
 Quickened and purified,
 Living for him who died
 Freely for me!

SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s, 4s. D.

ROBERT LOWRY.



In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow, Some offering bring thee now, Something for thee.

488

"Something for thee." S. D. PHELPS.

SAVIOUR, thy dying love
 Thou gavest me:
 Nor should I aught withhold,
 Dear Lord, from thee:
 In love my soul would bow,
 My heart fulfill its vow,
 Some offering bring thee now,
 Something for thee.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
 Pleading for me,
 My feeble faith looks up,

Jesus, to thee:
 Help me the cross to bear,
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 Some song to raise, or prayer,
 Something for thee.
 3 Give me a faithful heart—
 Likeness to thee,
 That each departing day
 Henceforth may see
 Some work of love begun,
 Some deed of kindness done,
 Some wanderer sought and won,
 Something for thee.

EXHORTATION. C. M.

S. HIBBARD.

1. Oh, for... a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set
free; A heart that al-ways feels thy blood So free-ly shed for
A heart that al-ways feels thy blood So free-ly shed for me!.....
me! free-ly shed for me! A heart that al-ways feels thy blood So free-ly shed for me!
A heart that al-ways feels thy blood.

489

"A clean heart."

C. WESLEY.

- OH, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely shed for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!
- 3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
An image, Lord! of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

490

Thanks for victory.

C. WESLEY.

- OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'Tis music to my ravished ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven;
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

SERENITY. C. M.

FROM W. V. WALLACE.

1. Oh, not to fill the mouth of fame, My long-ing soul is stirred:
Oh, give me a di-vin-er name! Call me thy ser-vant, Lord!

491

Greatness in Service. T. H. GILL.

OH, not to fill the mouth of fame

My longing soul is stirred:

Oh, give me a diviner name!

Call me thy servant, Lord!

2 No longer would my soul be known
As uncontrolled and free;

Oh, not mine own, oh, not mine own!
Lord, I belong to thee!

3 Thy servant,—me thy servant choose;
Naught of thy claim abate!
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

4 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
This is the name for me!
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.

CHESTERFIELD C. M.

T. HAWEIS.

1. Oh, for that ten-der-ness of heart. That bows be-fore the Lord;
That owns how just and good thou art, And trem-bles at thy word.

492

"Trembleth at my word." C. WESLEY.

OH, for that tenderness of heart,

That bows before the Lord;

That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.

2 Oh, for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour! to me, in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 Oh, fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,—
Thyself to me reveal.

HERMON, C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heaven - - ly frame,--

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

493

The closer walk.

W. COWPER.

- OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee!
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

495

"Search me, O God."

G. P. MORRIS.

- SEARCHER of hearts! from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee!
- 2 Hearer of prayer! oh, guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory thine.
- 3 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let thy will be done.

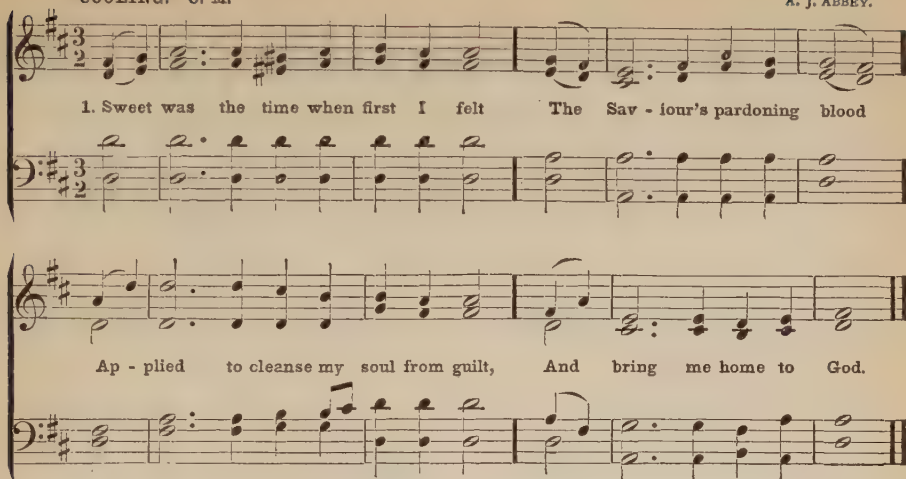
494

"What hourly dangers!" A. STEELE.

- ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

COOLING. C. M.

A. J. ABBEY.



1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Sav- iour's pardoning blood
Ap- plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

496

"Where is the blessedness?" J. NEWTON.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;

I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

497

"Nearer to thee." E. CLEVELAND.

OH, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

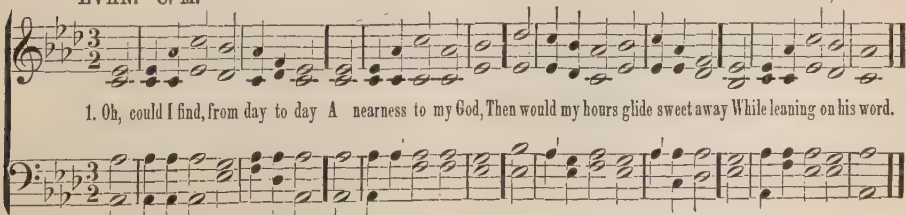
2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

EVAN. C. M.

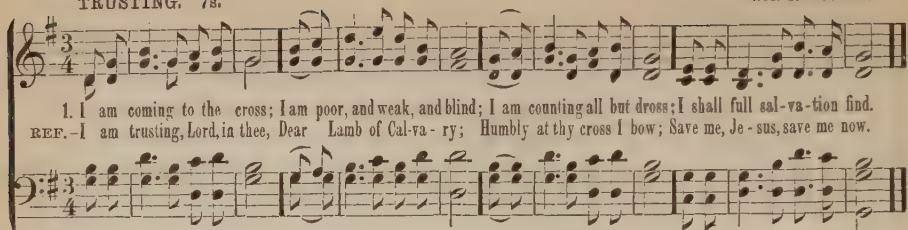
W. H. HAVERGAL, *arr.*



1. Oh, could I find, from day to day A nearness to my God, Then would my hours glide sweet away While leaning on his word.

TRUSTING. 7s.

WM. G. FISCHER.



1 I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
 REF.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry; Humbly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

498 "Cleanseth from all sin." W. MC DONALD.

I am coming to the cross;
 I am poor and weak and blind;
 I am counting all but dross;
 I shall full salvation find.

REF.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
 Dear Lamb of Calvary;
 Humbly at thy cross I bow;
 Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
 Long has evil dwelt within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
 I will cleanse you from all sin.—REF.

3 Here I give my all to thee,—
 Friends and time and earthly store;
 Soul and body thine to be—
 Wholly thine for evermore.—REF.

4 In the promises I trust;
 Now I feel the blood applied;
 I am prostrate in the dust;
 I with Christ am crucified.—REF.

499 "Lovest thou Me." J. NEWTON.

'Tis a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought;
 Do I love the Lord, or no?
 Am I his, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Prayer a task and burden prove,
 Every trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love?

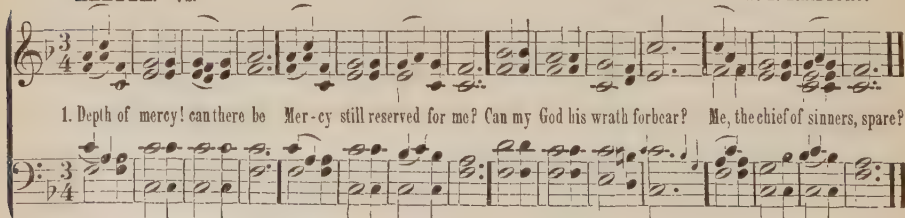
3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?

4 Could I joy with saints to meet,
 Choose the ways I once abhorred,
 Find at times the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord?

5 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
 Thou who art thy people's Sun;
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.

ALETTA. 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Depth of mercy! can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

500 "My repentings are kindled." C. WESLEY.

DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

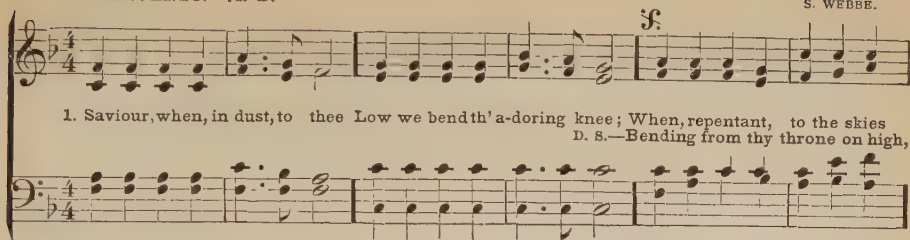
2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
 Me he now delights to spare;
 Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

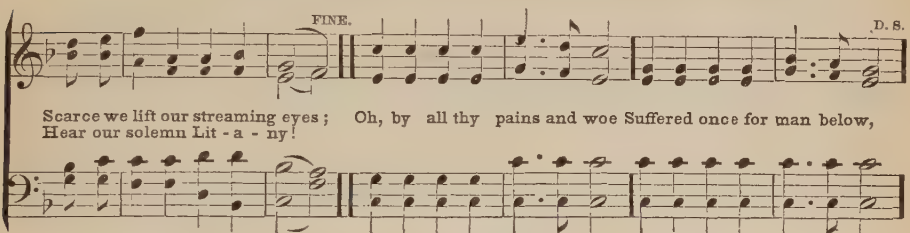
4 There for me the Saviour stands;
 Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
 God is love! I know, I feel:
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

S. WEBBE.



1. Saviour, when, in dust, to thee Low we bendth' a-doring knee; When, repentant, to the skies
D. S.—Bending from thy throne on high,



Scarce we lift our streaming eyes; Oh, by all thy pains and woe Suffered once for man below,
Hear our solemn Lit - a - ny!

501

The Ancient Litany.

R. GRANT.

SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh, by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

2 By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,—
Turn, oh, turn a favoring eye;
Hear our solemn Litany!

3 By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;—
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

4 By thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;—

Oh, from earth to heaven restored, -
Mighty re-ascended Lord!
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

502

A hard heart.

H. BONAR.

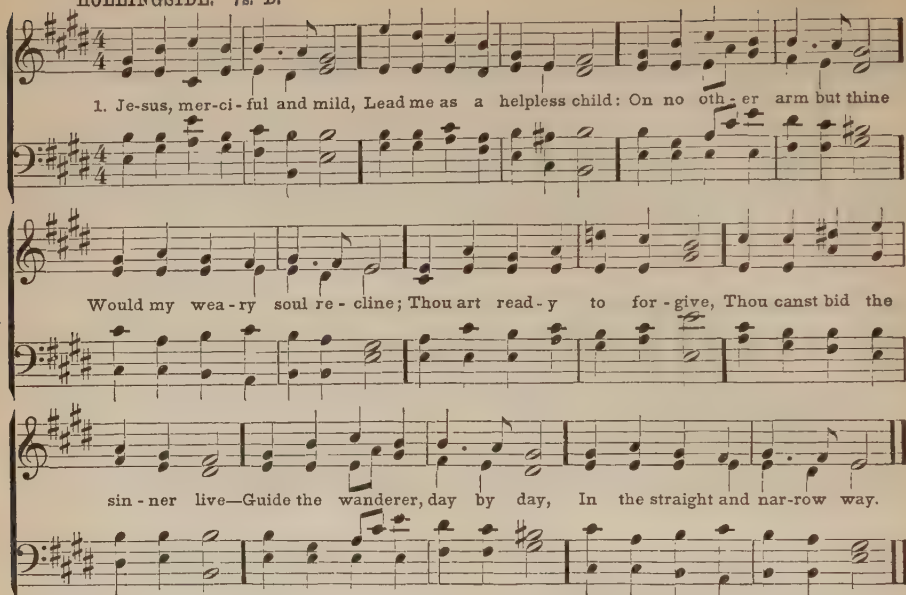
Oh, this soul, how dark and blind!
Oh, this foolish, earthly mind!
Oh, this froward, selfish will,
Which refuses to be still!
Oh, these ever-roaming eyes,
Upward that refuse to rise!
Oh, these wayward feet of mine,
Found in every path but thine!

2 Oh, this stubborn, prayerless knee,
Hands so seldom clasped to thee,
Longings of the soul, that go
Like the wild wind, to and fro!
To and fro, without an aim,
Turning idly whence they came,
Bringing in no joy, no bliss,
Only adding weariness!

3 Giver of the heavenly peace!
Bid, oh, bid these tumults cease;
Minister thy holy balm;
Fill me with thy Spirit's calm:
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Leave me not in sin to stay;
Bearer of the sinner's guilt,
Lead me, lead me, as thou wilt.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. D.

J. D. DYKES.



1. Je-sus, mer-ci-ful and mild, Lead me as a helpless child: On no oth-er arm but thine
Would my wea-ry soul re-cline; Thou art read-y to for-give, Thou canst bid the
sin-ner live—Guide the wanderer, day by day, In the straight and nar-row way.

503

"Lead me."

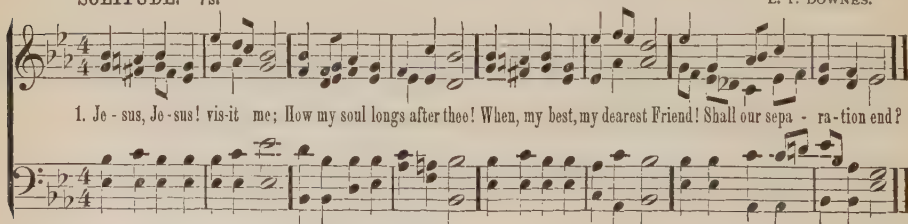
T. HASTINGS.

JESUS, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child:
On no other arm but thine
Would my weary soul recline;
Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live—
Guide the wanderer day by day,
In the strait and narrow way.

2 Thou canst fit me by thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All thy promises are sure,
Ever shall thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in thee I see,
Thou art all in all to me.

SOLITUDE. 7s.

L. T. DOWNES.



1. Je - sus, Je - sus! vis-it me; How my soul longs after thee! When, my best, my dearest Friend! Shall our sepa - ration end?

504

"Jesus, visit me."

R. P. DUNN, tr.

JESUS, Jesus! visit me;
How my soul longs after thee!
When, my best, my dearest Friend!
Shall our separation end?

2 Lord! my longings never cease;
Without thee I find no peace;
'Tis my constant cry to thee,—
Jesus, Jesus! visit me.

3 Mean the joys of earth appear,
All below is dark and drear;
Naught but thy beloved voice
Can my wretched heart rejoice.

4 Thou alone, my gracious Lord!
Art my shield and great reward;
All my hope, my Saviour thou,—
To thy sovereign will I bow.

REFUGE. 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

Choir.

1. Jesus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly While the bil - lows near me

roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last!

505

Christ, our all.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.

1. { Je - sus! lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly } { Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, }
D.C. { While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D.C. { Safe in - to the haven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last. }

506

L. M. *Backsliding deplored.* P. DODDRIDGE.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its beams unerring dart,
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love,
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

507

L. M. *Psalm 51.* J. MERRICK.

Oh, turn, great Ruler of the skies!
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes;
Nor let the offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.

2 Give me a will to thine subdued,—
A conscience pure, a soul renewed;
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.

3 Oh, let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quickening aid impart;
My mind from every fear release, [peace.
And soothe my troubled thoughts to

508

L. M. *"Come to Me!"* C. ELLIOTT.

WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; come to me."

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

509

L. M. *Our Companion.* I. WATTS.

My God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with
earth,

And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, with-
Let noise and vanity be gone; [drawn,
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

510

L. M. *"Give me thine heart."* A. STEELR.

JESUS demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care;
But ah! how dead to things divine,
How cold my best affections are!

2 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
Oh, for one happy, cloudless hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3 Come, gracious Lord! thy love can raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last expiring breath.

511

C. M. *"His great love."* S. BROWNE.

LORD! at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door:
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

2 On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away;
This heavy load remove.

3 'T is mercy—mercy we implore;
We would thy pity move:
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

4 Oh, for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our numerous sins forgive!
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break:
Heal us, and bid us live.

512

L. M., 61. 1 *John* 4: 18.

ANON.

"PERFECT in love!" Lord, can it be,
Amid this state of doubt and sin?
While foes so thick without, I see,
With weakness, pain, disease within;
Can perfect love inhabit here,
And, strong in faith, extinguish fear?

2 O Lord! amid this mental night,
Amid the clouds of dark dismay,
Arise! arise! shed forth thy light,
And kindle love's meridian day:
My Saviour God, to me appear,
So love shall triumph over fear.

513

L. M. *Psalms* 130.

I. WATTS.

FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there;
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long, and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate:
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

514

7s. *Psalms* 13.

W. GOODE.

LORD of mercy, just and kind!
Wilt thou ne'er my guilt forgive?
Never shall my troubled mind,
In thy kind remembrance, live?

2 Lord! how long shall Satan's art
Tempt my harassed soul to sin,
Triumph o'er my humbled heart,—
Fears without and guilt within?

3 Lord, my God! thine ear incline,
Bending to the prayer of faith;
Cheer my eyes with light divine,
Lest I sleep the sleep of death.

515

C. M. "*Weary, Heavy-laden.*" J. NEWTON.

APPROACH, my soul! the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him—thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous Love—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

516

7s, 6s, 8s. "*Without Care.*"

C. WESLEY.

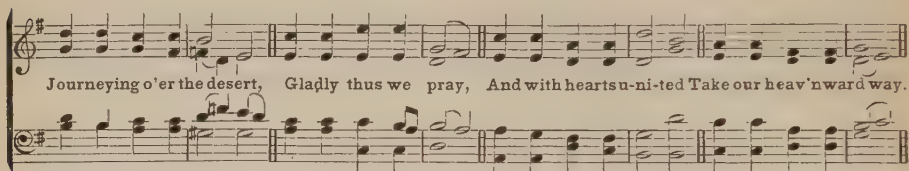
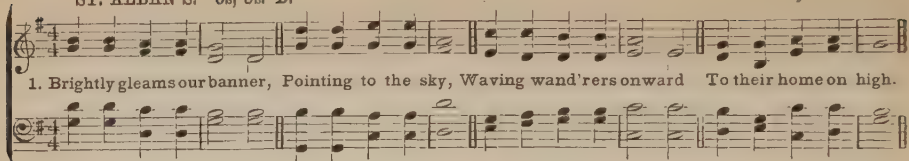
THOU, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear;
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there!
Calm in tumult's whirl I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes alone;
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
Till all thy will be done.

2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil!
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by his smile.
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

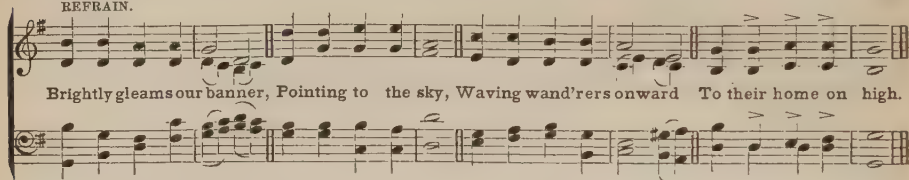
3 To the desert or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Unhurt, unpotted, I.
Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcerned in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

ST. ALBAN'S. 6s, 5s. D.

FROM F. J. HAYDN.



REFRAIN.



517

"Jehovah Nissi."

T. J. POTTER.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving wanderers onward
 To their home on high.
 Journeying o'er the desert,
 Gladly thus we pray,
 And with hearts united.
 Take our heavenward way.—REF.

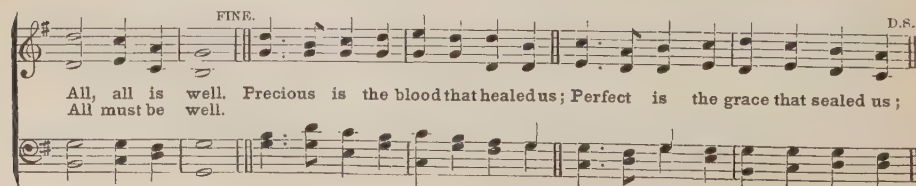
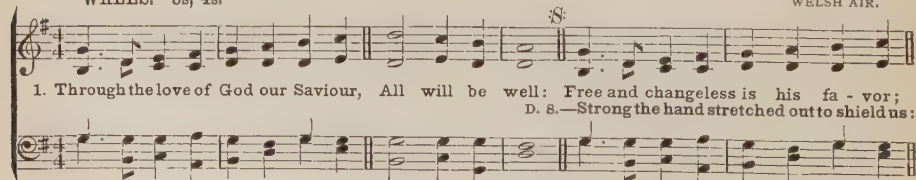
2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
 At thy sacred feet,
 Here with hearts rejoicing
 See thy children meet;

Often have we left thee,
 Often gone astray;
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,
 In the narrow way.—REF.

3 All our days direct us
 In the way we go;
 Lead us on victorious
 Over every foe:
 Bid thine angels shield us
 When the storm-clouds lower,
 Pardon thou and save us
 In the last dread hour.—REF.

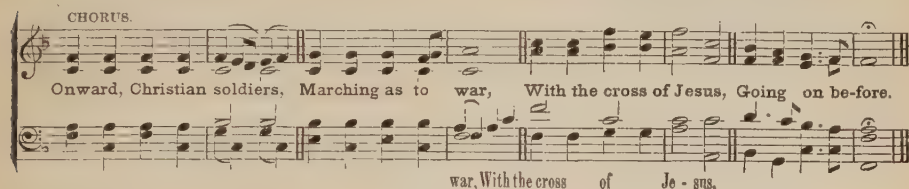
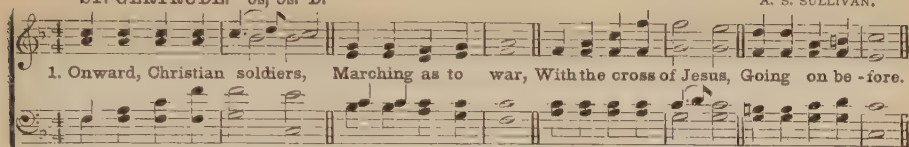
WALES. 8s, 4s.

WELSH AIR.



ST. GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



518

"Fight the good fight." S. BARING-GOULD.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.—CHO.

2 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—CHO.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—CHO.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—CHO.

519

8s, 4s. *"All is well."* M. B. PETERS.

Through the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changless is his favor;
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well:
Ours is such a full salvation;
All, all is well.

Happy still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

ELLESIE. 8s, 7s, D.

FROM J. C. W. A. MOZART.

1. Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee; Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
D. S.—Yet how rich is my condi- tion,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be! Perish, ev-'ry fond am-bition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known.
God and heaven are still my own!

520

Bearing the Cross.

H. F. LYTE.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

ESSEX. 8s, 7s.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee—Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

THOMAS CLARK.

1. Soul, then know thy full salvation, Joy, to find in every station Something still to do or bear.
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Something still to do or bear.

521

The crown coming.

H. F. LYTE.

Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy, to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

2 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee!
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:

4 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

AUSTRIA. 8s, 7s. D.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. { Call Je-ho - vah thy sal - vation, Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade; }
 { In his se-cret hab - i - tation Dwell, and never be dismayed; } There no tumult can alarm thee,

Thou shalt dread no hidden snare; Guile nor violence can harm thee, In e - ter-nal safeguard there.

522

Psalm 91.

J. MONTGOMERY.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
 In his secret habitation
 Dwell, and never be dismayed:
 There no tumult can alarm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
 Guile nor violence can harm thee,
 In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword, at noon-day wasting,
 From the noisome pestilence,
 In the depth of midnight, blasting,
 God shall be thy sure defence:

Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
 When a thousand feel the blow;
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
 Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of his protection,
 He will shield thee from above;
 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
 He will hearken, he will save;
 Here, for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

ALL THE DAYS. P. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. From thee, begetting sure conviction, Sound out, O ris - en Lord, always Those faithful words of

val - e - dic - tion, "Lo! I am with you all the days." All the days, All the days;
 D. S.—Lo! I am with you all the days.

523

"Always."—Matt. 28 : 20.

A. COLES.

From thee, begetting sure conviction,
 Sound out, O risen Lord, always
 Those faithful words of valediction,
 "Lo! I am with you all the days."—REF.

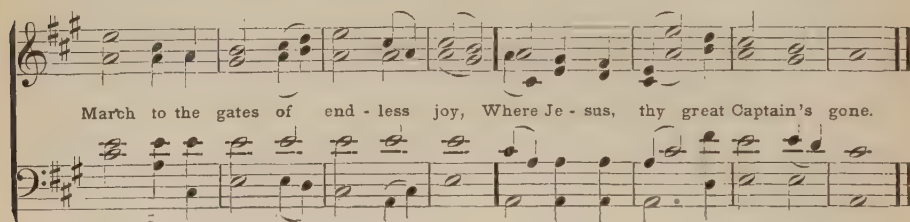
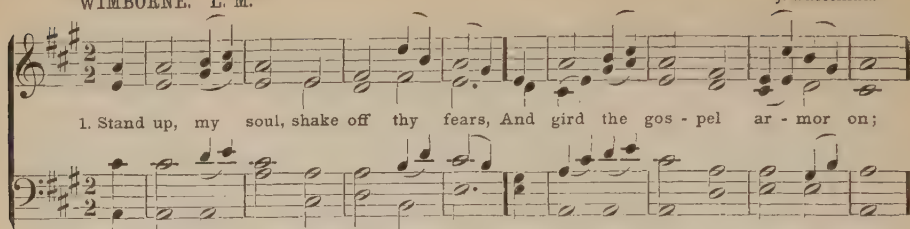
2 What things shall happen on the morrow
 Thou kindly hidest from our gaze;
 But tellst us, in joy or sorrow,
 "Lo! I am with you all the days."—REF.

3 When round our head the tempest rages,
 And sink our feet in miry ways,
 Thy voice comes floating down the ages—
 "Lo! I am with you all the days."—REF

4 O thou who art our life and meetness!
 Not death shall daunt us or amaze,
 Hearing those words of power and sweetness,
 "Lo! I am with you all the days."—REF

WIMBORNE. L. M.

J. WHITAKER.



524

Ephesians 6:14.

I. WATTS.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

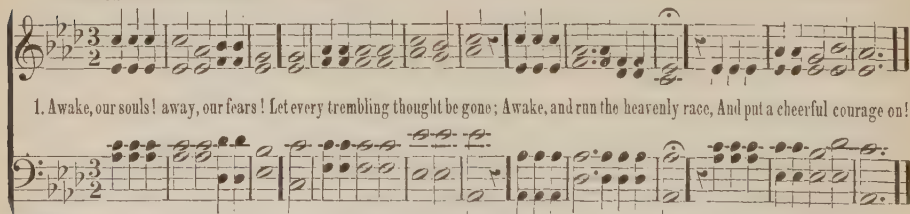
2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

C. ZEUNER.



525

Isaiah 40:28-31.

I. WATTS.

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,

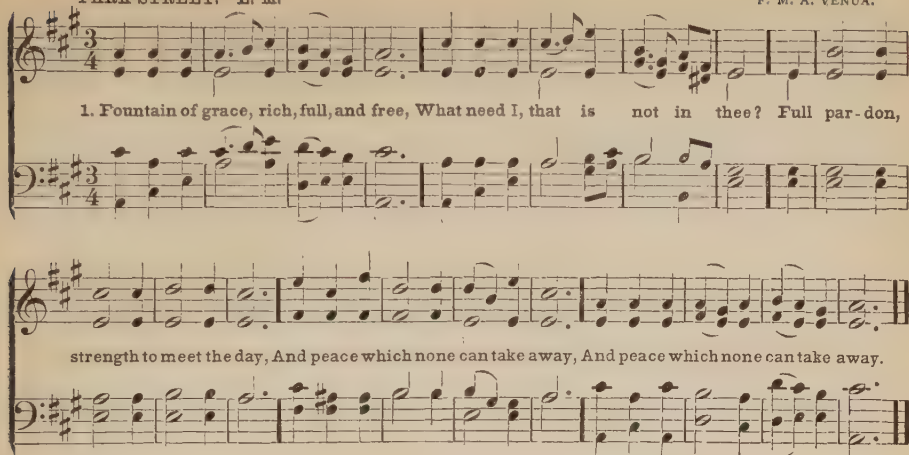
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road!

PARK STREET. L. M.

F. M. A. VENUA.



526

"My springs in thee." J. EDMESTON.

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
 What need I, that is not in thee?
 Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
 And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
 'Tis sweet to know that thou art near;
 Am I with dread of justice tried,
 'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, thy promises of aid
 Forbid my heart to be afraid;
 In death, peace gently veils the eyes,—
 Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

527

"Jesus is forever mine." A. STEELE.

WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires,
 To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes;
 To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope, my comfort die?
 'Tis fixed on thine almighty word—
 That word which built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His word a firm foundation gives;
 Here may I build and rest secure.

4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
 If Jesus is for ever mine,
 Not death itself—that last of foes—
 Shall break a union so divine.

528

"Complete in Him." G. W. HINSDALE.

My soul complete in Jesus stands!
 It fears no more the law's demands;
 The smile of God is sweet within,
 Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
 Accepts the peace his pardon gives;
 Receives the grace his death secured,
 And pleads the anguish he endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies,
 And cries—"Tis God that justifies!
 Who charges God's elect with sin?
 Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
 To our eternal, glorious King!
 Shall worship humbly at his feet,
 In whom alone it stands complete.

529

2 Cor. 12: 9.

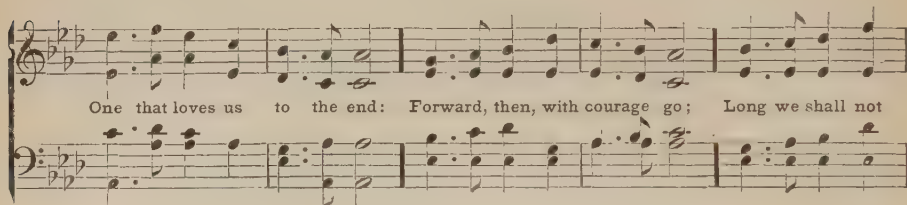
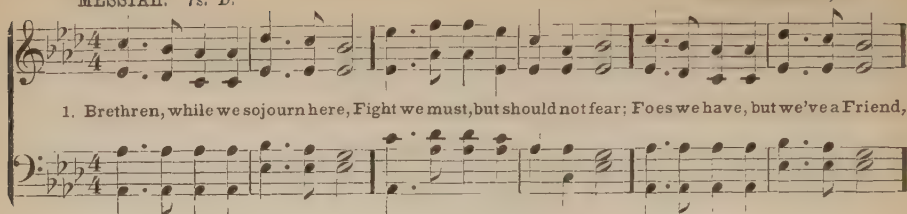
I. WATTS.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
 "Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
 Then I rejoice in deep distress,
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things—or can bear
 All suffering, if my Lord be there;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
 That Christ's own power may rest on me;
 When I am weak, then am I strong;
 Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

MESSIAH. 7s. D.

GEO. KINGSLEY, *arr.*

530

"Come home."

J. SWAIN

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

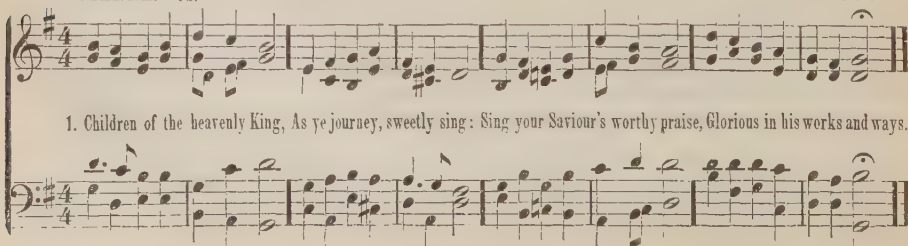
2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:

But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

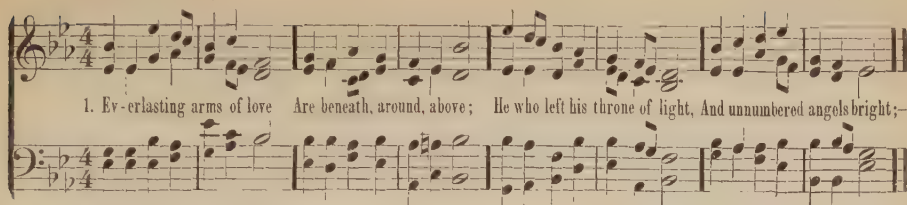
VIENNA. 7s.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



THEODORA. 7s.

FROM HANDEL.



531

"The everlasting arms."

J. R. MACDUFF.

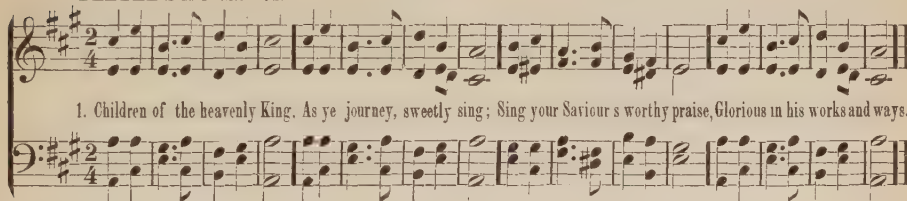
EVERLASTING arms of love
Are beneath, around, above;
He who left his throne of light,
And unnumbered angels bright;—
2 He who on the accursed tree
Gave his precious life for me;
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

3 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and sea will pass away;
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.

4 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless cannot change;
Gladly will I journey on,
With his arm to lean upon.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

I. PLEYEL.



532

Isaiah 35: 8—10.

J. CRONICK.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

533

Redeeming Love.

M. MADAN.

Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

J. RANDALL.

1. Glo-ry to God! whose witness-train, Those heroes bold in faith, Could smile on pov-er -

ty and pain, And triumph ev'n in death, And triumph ev'n in death, And triumph ev'n in death.

534

Martyr-faith.

MORAVIAN.

GLORY to God! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph ev'n in death.

2 Oh, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

3 God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smoothe the wave,
For such as love his name.

4 Lord! if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

535

"The elders."

J. NEEDHAM.

RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heaven.

WIRTH. C. M.

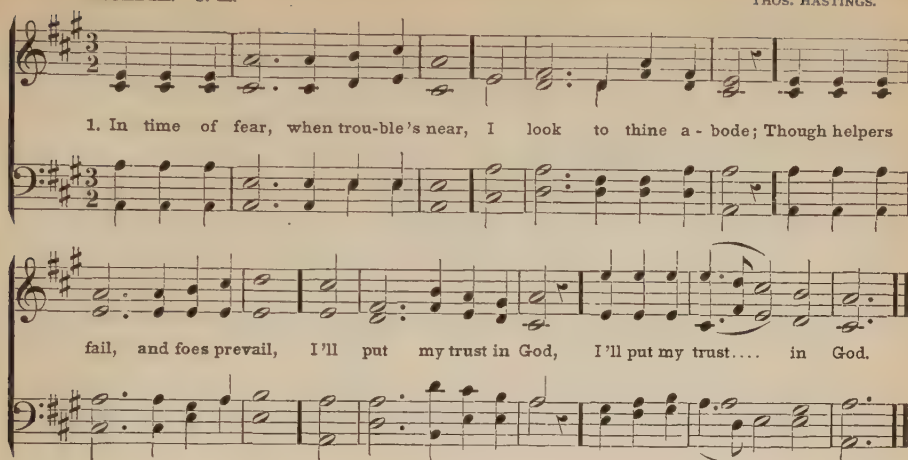
W. B. BRADBURY.

1. In time of fear, when trouble's near, I look to thine a - bode;

Though help-ers fail, and foes pre - vail,..... I'll put my trust in God.

ARCADIA. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



536

"What time I am afraid." T. HASTINGS.

In time of fear, when trouble's near,
I look to thine abode;
Though helpers fail, and foes prevail,
I'll put my trust in God.

2 And what is life, 'mid toil and strife?
What terror has the grave?
Thine arm of power, in peril's hour,
The trembling soul will save.

3 In darkest skies, though storms arise,
I will not be dismayed:
O God of light, and boundless might,
My soul on thee is stayed!

537

"I shall be with Him." R. BAXTER.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his opened door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me
Thy blessed face to see; [meet,
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with all triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

538

"If God be for us." F. W. FABER.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

2 Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

3 And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

4 Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

5 And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

V CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heavenly
race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

✓539

The Race.

P. DODDRIDGE.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

✓541

"I'm not ashamed.

I. WATTS.

I'M NOT ASHAMED to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

540

The Warfare.

I. WATTS.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

ROGERS, C. M.

FROM CANTICA LAUDIS.

1. Sing, all ye ran-somed of the Lord, Your great De-liv-'rer sing;
Ye pil-grims, now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in... your King.
Be joyful in your King.

542

Isaiah 35: 8-10.

P. DODDRIDGE.

Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While laboring up the hill.

MAITLAND, C. M.

G. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

543

No cross, no crown. T. SHEPHERD, *all.*

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

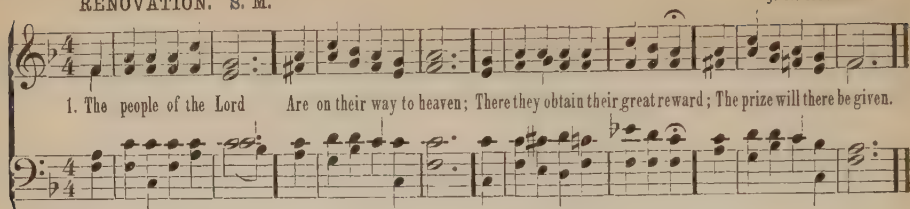
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

5 And palmsshall wave, and harpsshall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

6 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

RENOVATION. S. M.

J. N. HUMMEL.



1. The people of the Lord Are on their way to heaven; There they obtain their great reward; The prize will there be given.

544

Christian Pilgrims.

T. KELLY.

THE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward;
The prize will there be given.

2 'Tis conflict here below;
'Tis triumph there, and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe;
In heaven our conflicts cease.

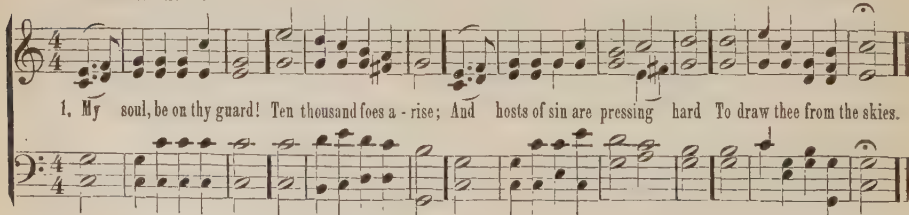
3 'Tis gloom and darkness here;
'Tis light and joy above;
There all is pure, and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.

4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care:
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.

5 Then let us joyful sing:
The conflict is not long;
We hope in heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes a-rise; And hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

547

"Watch."

G. HEATH.

My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

545

"Jehovah Fireh."

J. SWAIN.

I STAND on Zion's mount,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills and towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be leveled low in dust—
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall fall,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the Rock
Of my salvation stands!

546

"Goeth forth weeping."

G. BURGESS.

THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

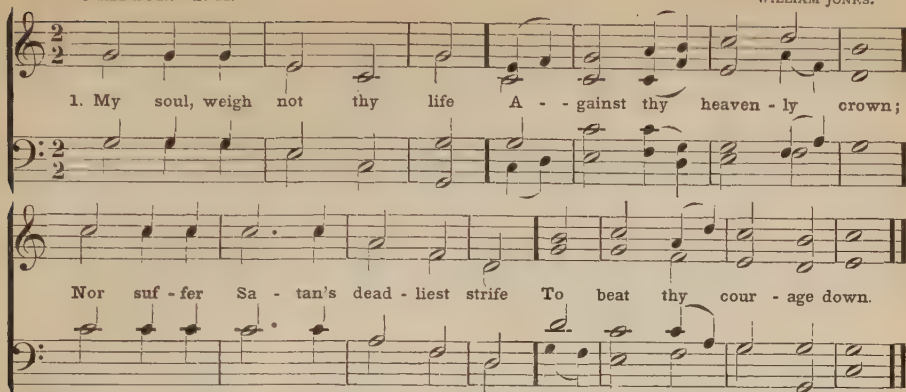
2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

CLAPTON. S. M.

WILLIAM JONES.



1. My soul, weigh not thy life A - - gainst thy heaven - ly crown;
Nor suf - fer Sa - tan's dead - liest strife To beat thy cour - age down.

548

"Weigh not thy life."

L. SWAIN.

My soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

DENNIS. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.



1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre - cepts are!
Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

549

"He careth."

P. DODDRIDGE.

HOW GENTLE God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

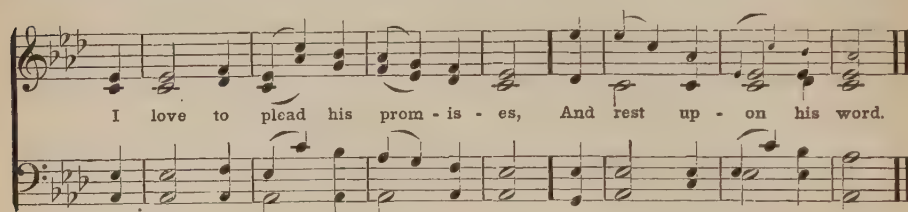
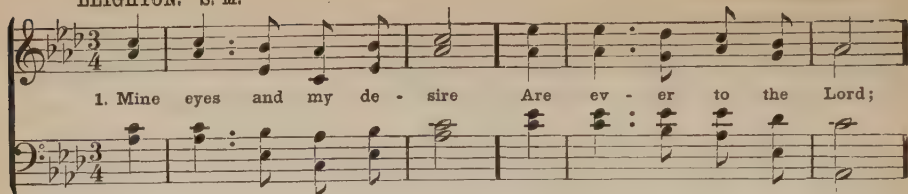
2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

LEIGHTON, S. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.



550

Psalm 25.

I. WATTS.

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;

I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Lord, turn to thee my soul;
Bring thy salvation near:
When will thy hand release my feet
From sin's destructive snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame!
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

5 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

551

Psalm 60.

T. KELLY.

ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King!
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer.
Till faith shall end in sight.

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

552

Psalm 31.

H. F. LYTE.

My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

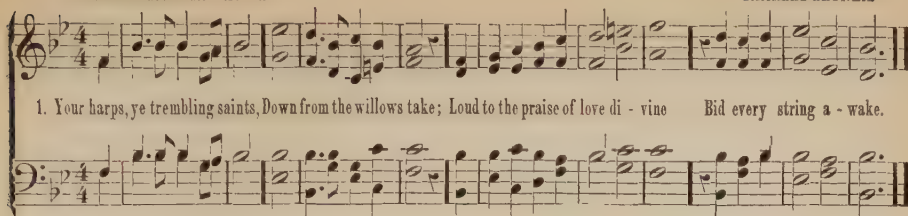
2 In thee I place my trust;
On thee I calmly rest:
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 What'e'r events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

ALEXANDER. S. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.



553

Our Salvation near. A. M. TOPLADY.

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
Who stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

554

"Be of good courage." J. WESLEY, tr.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

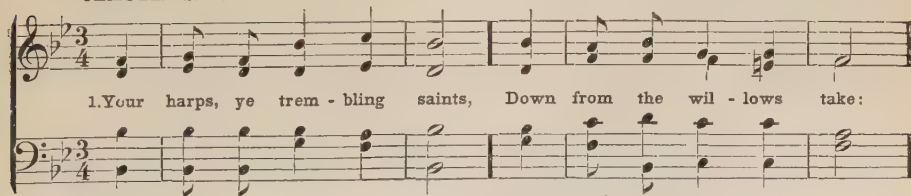
2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms.
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work has wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

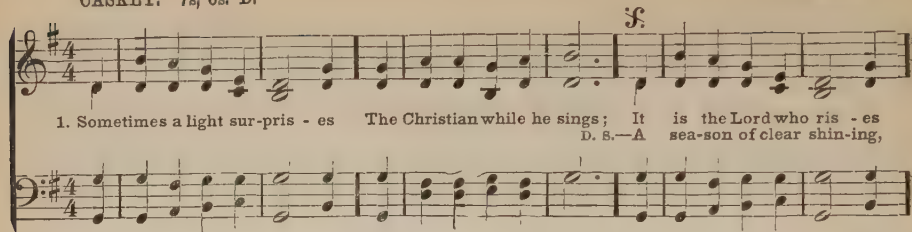
OLMUTZ. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.

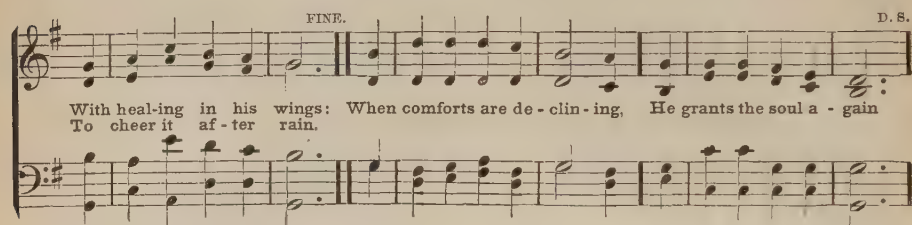


CASKEY. 7s, 6s. D.

T. E. PERKINS.



1. Sometimes a light sur-pris - es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who ris - es
D. S.—A sea-son of clear shin-ing,



With heal-ing in his wings: When comforts are de-clin-ing, He grants the soul a - gain
To cheer it af-ter rain.

555

Matthew 6 : 25-34.

W. COWPER.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;

Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

556

Perfect peace.

A. E. WARING.

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

YARMOUTH. 7s, 6s, D.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1st. 2d.

1. { Stand up!—stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; } It must not suffer loss: From vict'ry unto vict'ry His army shall he { Lift high his royal banner, (*Omit*)..... }

lead, Till every foe is vanquished, Till every foe is vanquished, Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.

557

"Having done all, stand." G. DUFFIELD.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!

Ye soldiers of the cross;

Lift high his royal banner,

It must not suffer loss:

From victory unto victory

His army shall he lead,

Till every foe is vanquished,

And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

The trumpet call obey;

Forth to the mighty conflict,

In this his glorious day:

"Ye that are men, now serve him,"

Against unnumbered foes;

Let courage rise with danger,

And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

Stand in his strength alone;

The arm of flesh will fail you—

Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,

And, watching unto prayer,

Where duty calls, or danger,

Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

The strife will not be long;

This day, the noise of battle,

The next, the victor's song:

To him that overcometh,

A crown of life shall be;

He with the King of glory

Shall reign eternally!

WEBB. 7s, 6s, D.

G. J. WEBB.

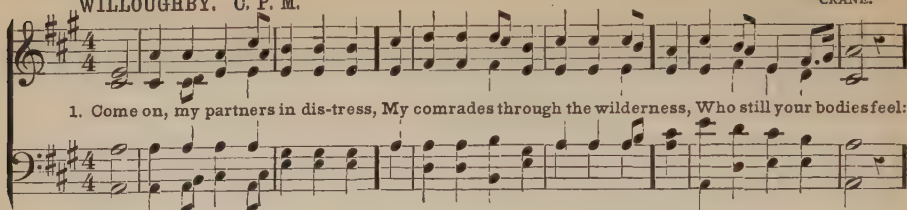
1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No changemy heart can fear; And safe is such con - fid - ing, D. S.—But God is round a - bout me,

FINE. D. S.

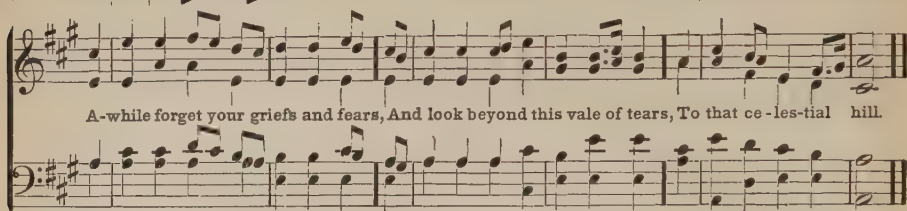
For nothing changes here. The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid, And can I be dismayed?

WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M.

CRANE.



1. Come on, my partners in dis-tress, My comrades through the wilderness, Who still your bodies feel:



A-while forget your griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears, To that ce-les-tial hill.

558

"Bliss-inspiring hope."

C. WESLEY.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:

Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

559

"Complete in him."

S. MEDLEY.

COME join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
And worship at his feet;

Come, take his praises on your tongues,
And raise to him your thankful songs,
"In him ye are complete!"

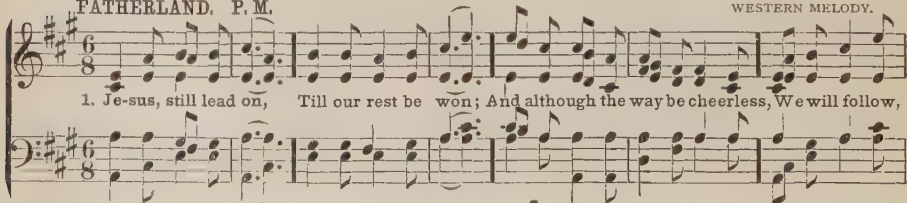
2 In him, who all our praise excels,
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,
And all perfections meet:

The head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours;—
"In him ye are complete!"

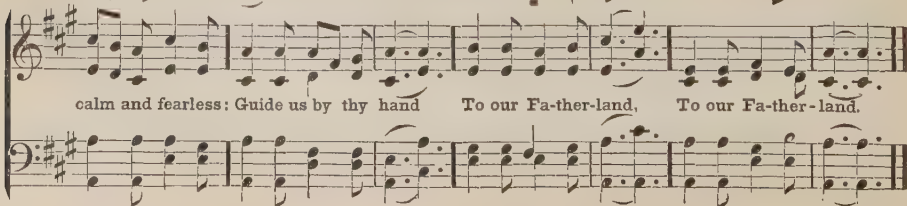
3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Dependent on him day by day,
His presence still entreat;
His precious name for ever bless,
Your glory, strength, and righteousness,—
"In him ye are complete!"

FATHERLAND. P. M.

WESTERN MELODY.



1. Je-sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And although the way be cheerless, We will follow,



calm and fearless: Guide us by thy hand To our Fa-ther-land, To our Fa-ther-land.

BREMEN. C. P. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Fear not, O lit - tle flock, the foe Who mad - ly seeks your o - ver - throw; Dread

not his rage and power; (What tho' your courage sometimes faints, (His seeming triumph o'er God's saints) Lasts but a lit - tle hour.

560

"Fear not, little flock." C. WINKWORTH, *tr.*

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power;
What tho' your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to him, our Lord!
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
He sees the Gideon that shall rise
To save us, and his word.

3 As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail;
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are his own,
Our victory cannot fail!

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again!
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end: Amen!

561

"Casting all care on God." J. ANSTICE.

O LORD! how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel, at heart, that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

2 How far from this our daily life,
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms!
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thine almighty arms!

562

P. M.

"Lead on."

ZINZENDORF.

JESUS still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland.

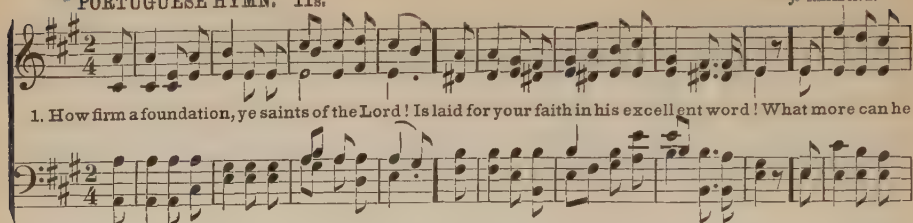
2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come, alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

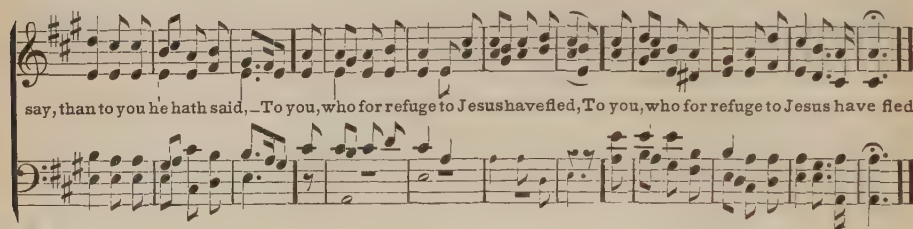
4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

J. READING.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he



say, than to you he hath said,—To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

563

"Fear Not."

G. KEITH.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway

How FIRM a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!

shall lie,

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,—

My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

5 "Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,

For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,

Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,

I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,

I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

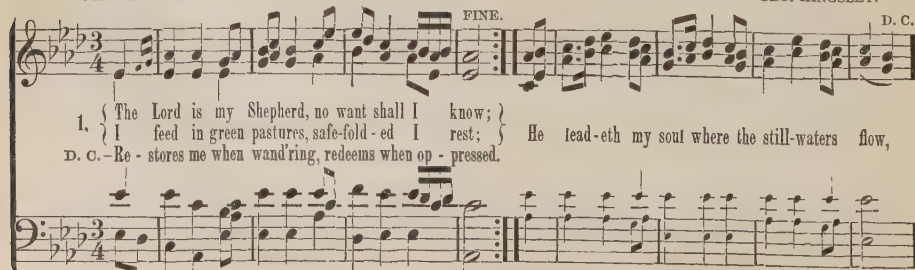
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

CAN. 11s.

FINE.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

D. C.

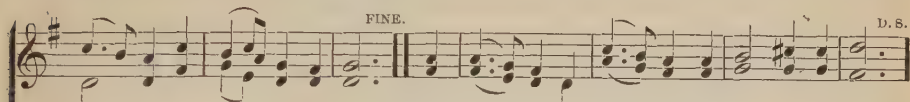


1. { The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; }
{ I feed in green pastures, safe-fold-ed I rest; } He lead-eth my soul where the still-waters flow,
D. C. Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op - pressed.

GOSHEN, 11s.

THOS. HASTINGS, *arr.*

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
D. S. Re-stores me when



pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still waters flow,
wand'ring, re-deems when oppressed.



564

Psalm 23.

J. MONTGOMERY.

565

"Faint, yet pursuing."

ANON.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God! Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we come;
Through the land of their sojourn, thy The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our kingdom of love. home!

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed—he will hear their complaint;

The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter?—our help is in God!

3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads;

His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;

Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;

So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

LOVE DIVINE. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing,—Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
D. S.—Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion,

FINE. D. S.
All thy faithful mercies crown. Je-sus! thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love thou art;
En-ter ev-ery trembling heart.

566

"Finish thy new creation."

C. WESLEY.

Love divine, all love excelling,—

Joy of heaven, to earth come down!

Fix in us thy humble dwelling,

All thy faithful mercies crown:

Jesus! thou art all compassion,

Pure, unbounded love thou art;

Visit us with thy salvation,

Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit

Into every troubled breast!

Let us all in thee inherit,

Let us find the promised rest:

Come, almighty to deliver,

Let us all thy life receive!

Speedily return, and never,

Never more thy temples leave!

3 Finish then thy new creation,

Pure, unspotted may we be:

Let us see our whole salvation

Perfectly secured by thee!

Changed from glory into glory,

Till in heaven we take our place;

Till we cast our crowns before thee,

Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

BAYLEY. 8s, 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK, *arr.*

1. { Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing,—Joy of heaven, to earth come down! }
{ Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling, All thy faith-ful (Omit)..... } mer-cies crown:
D. C.—Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery (Omit)..... trem-bling heart.

D. C.
Je - sus! thou art all com-pas - sion, Pure, un - bound-ed love thou art:

WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s. D.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a privilege to carry
D. S.—All because we do not carry

Ev-ery thing to God in prayer! Oh, what peace we often for-feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
Ev-ery thing to God in prayer!

567

What a Friend.

H. BONAR.

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

EVERY DAY. P. M.

W. H. DOANE.

1. { Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee; }
D.C.—May thy tender love to me Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to (Omit) thee. Ev-ery day, ev-ery
Ev-ery day and hour, every

hour, Let me feel thy cleansing power;
day and hour,

568

"Clinging."

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
Let thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

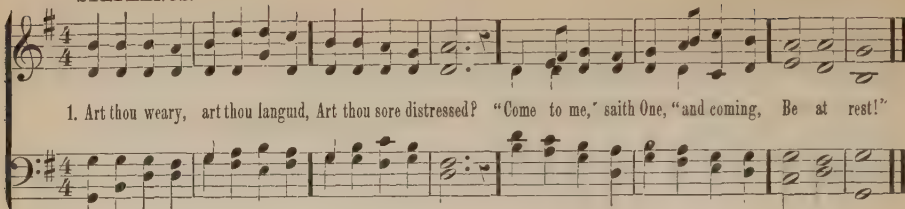
REF.—Every day, every hour,
Let me feel thy cleansing power:
May thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to thee.

2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.—REF.

3 Let me love thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.—REF.

STEPHANOS. P. M.

H. W. BAKER.



569

*Our Master.*J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

ART thou weary, art thou languid,

ART thou sore distressed?

"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?—

"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?—

"Yea, a crown, in very surety;
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?—

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?—

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?—

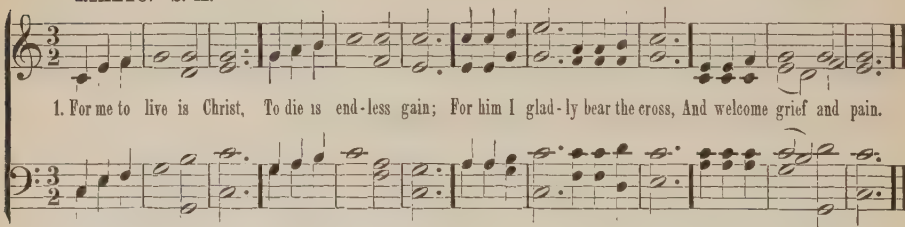
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?—

"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

RIALTO. S. M.

GEO. F. ROOT.



570

"To live is Christ."

ANON.

FOR me to live is Christ,
To die is endless gain;

FOR him I gladly bear the cross,
And welcome grief and pain.

2 A pilgrimage my lot,
My home is in the skies;
I nightly pitch my tent below,
And daily higher rise.

3 I fare with Christ my Lord;
His path the path I choose;
They joy who suffer most with him—
They win who with him lose.

4 The dawn on distant hills
Shines o'er the vales below;
The shadows of this world are lost
In light to which I go.

5 My journey soon will end,
My scrip and staff laid down:
Oh, tempt me not with earthly toys—
I go to wear a crown.

6 Faithful may I endure,
And hear my Saviour say,
Thrice welcome home, beloved child,
Inherit endless day!

PALESTRINA. C. M.

G. F. A. PALESTRINA.

1. Un - shak - en as the sa - cred hill, And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest, That leans, O Lord, on thee!

571

Psalm 125.

I. WATTS.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee!

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,

As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

TOPAZ. P. M.

C. BEECHER.

1. A - long the mountain track of life, A - long the wea - ry lea, In rocks, in storms, in
joy, in strife, Let this my heart-cry be,— "Nearer to thee—nearer to thee."

572

"Nearer to thee."

CAREY.

ALONG the mountain track of life,
Along the weary lea,
In rocks, in storms, in joy, in strife,
Let this my heart-cry be,—
"Nearer to thee—nearer to thee."

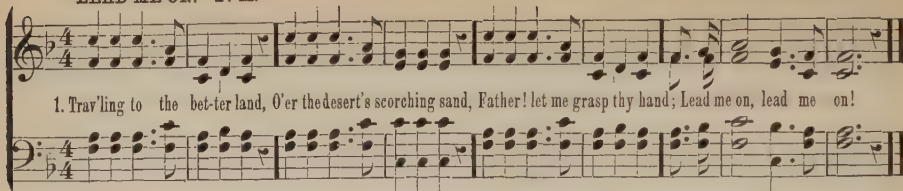
2 This pilgrim-path by thee was trod,
Jesus,—my King, by thee,
Traced by thy tears, thy feet, thy blood,
In love, in death, for me:
Oh, bring my soul nearer to thee.

3 Let every step, let every thought
Sweet memories bear of thee;
And hear the soul thy love hath bought,
Whose every cry shall be—
"Nearer to thee—nearer to thee."

4 Thou wilt! thou dost!—a still small voice
Whispers of faith in thee,
Of hope that might in grief rejoice,
If still the way-cry be,—
"Nearer to thee—nearer to thee."

LEAD ME ON, P. M.

C. C. CONVERSE.



1. Trav'ling to the bet-ter land, O'er the desert's scorching sand, Father! let me grasp thy hand; Lead me on, lead me on!

573

"Lead me on."

ANON.

Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on!

TRAVELING to the better land,
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father! let me grasp thy hand;
Lead me on, lead me on!

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter water sweet;
Lead me on!

3 When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm-grove near,
And her wells, as crystal clear:
Lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,

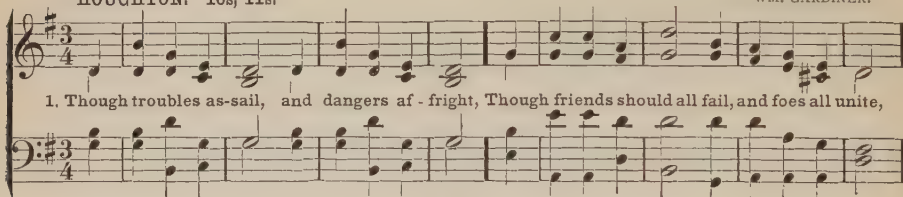
5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then, transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink:
Lead me on!

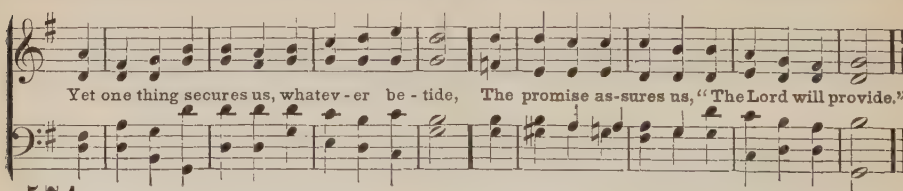
7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!

HOUGHTON. 10s, 11s.

WM. GARDINER.



1. Though troubles as-sail, and dangers af-fright, Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,



Yet one thing secures us, whatev-er be-tide, The promise as-sures us, "The Lord will provide."

574

The Lord will provide.

J. NEWTON.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers af-fright,

Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds, without barn or store-house,
are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:

His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:

Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

MY LIFE FLOWS ON. P.M.

R. LOWRY.

1. { My life flows on in endless song; A-bove earth's lamenta-tion, }
I catch the sweet, though far-off, hymn (Omit) That hails a new cre-a-tion;

Through all the tu-mult and the strife, I hear the mu-sic ringing; It finds an ech-o

in my soul—How can I keep from singing?

575

"Songs in the Night."

ANON.

My life flows on in endless song;
Above earth's lamentation,
I catch the sweet, though far-off, hymn
That hails a new creation;
Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul—
How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comforts die?
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night he giveth;
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am his—
How can I keep from singing?

576

10s, 11s. Christ with us. J. NEWTON.

BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will per-
form, [storm.
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my
guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures
all fail [vail.
The word he has spoken shall surely pre-

3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
through.

4 Since all that I meet shall work for my
good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease be-
fore long, [song!
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's

577

98, 88.

Rom. 13: 11, 12.

I. B. WOODBURY.

CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,

And all the midnight shadows flee,
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacon-light hung out for thee;
Arise! arise! the light breaks o'er thee;
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in the world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,

Calmly composed, and dauntless stand,
For lo! beyond those scenes emerges
The height that bounds the promised land:

Behold! behold! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering,
See in what throngs they range the shore!

3 Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee,

Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray,
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of
Invite thy happy soul away; [glory
Away! away! leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in that world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

578

S. M.

Psalms 23.

A. STEELE.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear:
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

4 Unworthy, as I am,
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

579

S. M.

The Warfare.

C. WESLEY.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong is the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Till, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may overcome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, come!
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

580

78, 68, D.

Psalms 77.

J. MONTGOMERY.

In time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord! my feeble cries;
With humble supplication
To thee my spirit flies:

My heart with grief is breaking;
Scarce can my voice complain:
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

2 Thee, with the tribes assembled,
O God, the billows saw;
They saw thee and they trembled,
Turned, and stood still with awe;
The clouds shot hail,—they lightened,—
The earth reeled to and fro;
The fiery pillar brightened
The gulf of gloom below.

3 Thy way is in great waters:
Thy footsteps are not known:
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in thee alone:
Through the wild sea thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore:
Still on the waves thou treadest,
And thy redeemed pass o'er.

581

68, 58. *Growth by Conflict.*

Purer yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

4 Quicker yet and quicker
Ever onward press,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I progress:
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

582

H. M. 1 Tim. 6: 12. J. MONTGOMERY.

FIGHT the good fight! lay hold
Upon eternal life;
Keep but thy shield,—be bold!
Stand through the hottest strife:
With thy great Captain on the field,
Thou canst not fail, unless thou yield.

2 No force of earth or hell,
Though fiends with men unite,
Truth's champion can compel,
However pressed, to flight:
He stands unmoved upon the field;
He cannot fall, unless he yield.

3 Great words are these, and strong;
Yet, Lord, I look to thee;

ANON. To whom alone belong

Valor and victory:
With thee, my Captain, in the field,
I must prevail—I cannot yield!

583

C. M. D. "Wake thy heart!" J. BOWDLER.

CHILDREN of God, who, faint and slow,
Your pilgrim-path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
To God's high calling true!—
Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,
A doubting, mournful band?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head?
Why fails the feeble hand?

2 Oh, weak to know a Saviour's power,
To feel a Father's care!
A moment's toil, a passing shower,
Is all the grief ye share.
The orb of light, though clouds awhile
May hide his noon-tide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
To gild the closing day,—

3 And, bursting through the dusky
shroud
That dared his power invest,
Ride throned in light o'er every cloud,
Triumphant to his rest.
Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,
The faithless doubt remove;
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,
Oh! wake thy heart to love.

584

75. Deut. 33: 25. W. F. LLOYD.

WAKE, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

BARTIMEUS. 8s, 7s.

STEPHEN JENKS.

1. One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend;
His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.

585

"Closer than a brother." J. NEWTON.

- ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length, to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

586

"Jesus only." E. NASON.

- JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.
- 2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul
- 3 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

587

None but Jesus. A. R. COUSIN.

- NONE but Christ: his merit hides me,
He was faultless—I am fair;
None but Christ, his wisdom guides me,
He was out-cast—I'm his care.
- 2 None but Christ: his Spirit seals me,
Gives me freedom with control;
None but Christ, his bruising heals me,
And his sorrow soothes my soul.
- 3 None but Christ: his life sustains me,
Strength and song to me he is;
None but Christ, his love constrains me,
He is mine and I am his.

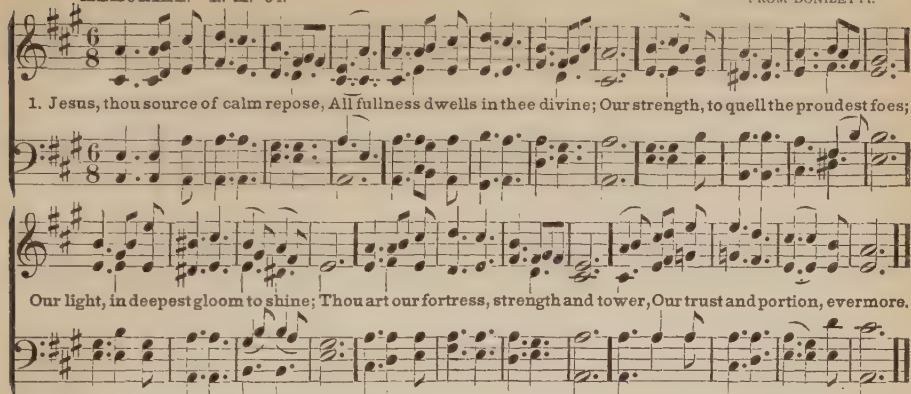
588

"With you always." E. H. NEVIN.

- ALWAYS with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.
- 2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.
- 3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.
- 4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream—
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

MEMORIAL. L. M. 6l.

FROM DONIZETTI.



1. Jesus, thou source of calm repose, All fullness dwells in thee divine; Our strength, to quell the proudest foes; Our light, in deepest gloom to shine; Thou art our fortress, strength and tower, Our trust and portion, evermore.

589

"All fullness."

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, thou source of calm repose,
All fullness dwells in thee divine;
Our strength to quell the proudest foes;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower,
Our trust and portion, evermore.

2 Jesus, our Comforter thou art;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart,
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown;
In shame, our glory and our crown;—

3 In want, our plentiful supply;
In weakness, our almighty power;
In bonds, our perfect liberty;
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort when in grief and thrall;
Our life in death; our all in all.

590

"Just such as I."

J. EDMESTON.

AS OFT with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought, how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
From life's first dawning till its close.

2 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin:
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

3 Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And, though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so he has been:
My God, my Saviour! look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

591

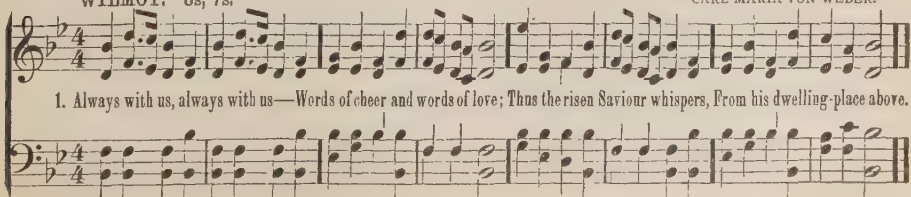
"My Strength, my Tower." J. WESLEY, tr.

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower!
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown!
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod.
What though my heart and flesh decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

WILMOT. 8s, 7s.

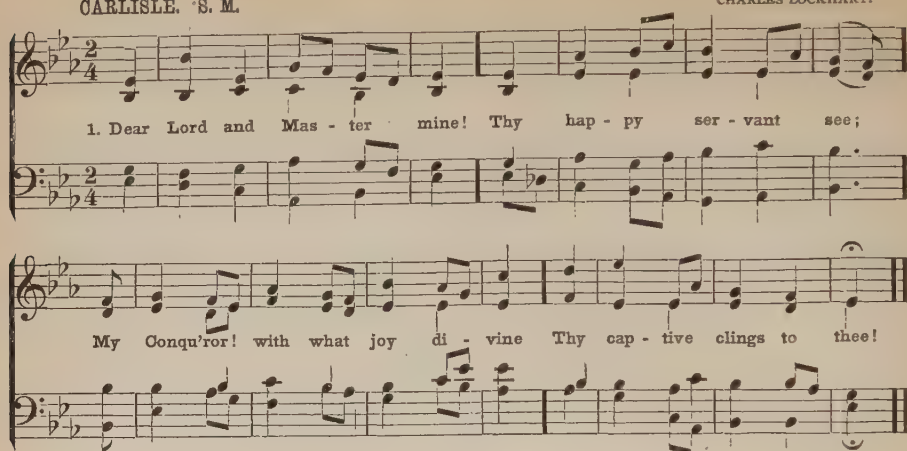
CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



1. Always with us, always with us—Words of cheer and words of love; Thus the risen Saviour whispers, From his dwelling-place above.

CARLISLE. S. M.

CHARLES LOCKHART.



592

"Master mine!"

T. H. GILL.

DEAR Lord and Master mine!

Thy happy servant see;

My Conqueror! with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to thee!

2 I would not walk alone,
But still with thee, my God,
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of thee the road.

3 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on thy breast;

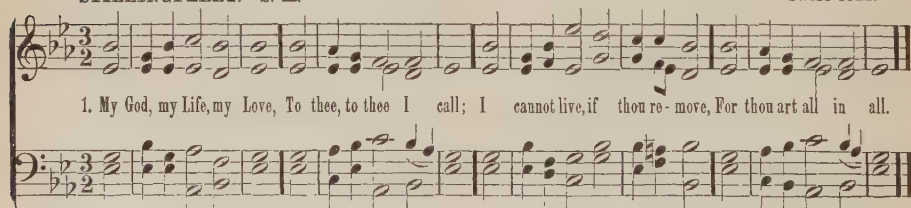
The conflicts that thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

4 Dear Lord and Master mine!
Still keep thy servant true;
My Guardian and my Guide divine!
Bring, bring thy pilgrim through.

5 My Conqueror and my King!
Still keep me in thy train;
And with thee thy glad captive bring
When thou return'st to reign.

STILLINGFLEET. S. M.

SWISS COLL.



593

None but Jesus.

I. WATTS.

MY God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call;I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss:
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,

If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford—
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

GREENWOOD, S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.

1. Since Je - sus is my friend, And I to him be - long,
It mat - ters not what foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong.

594

"Jesus is my friend." C. WINKWORTH, tr.

SINCE Jesus is my friend,
And I to him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find him near;—

3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

595

Psalm 23.

I. WATTS.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guide me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

596

Unseen, we love.

I. WATTS.

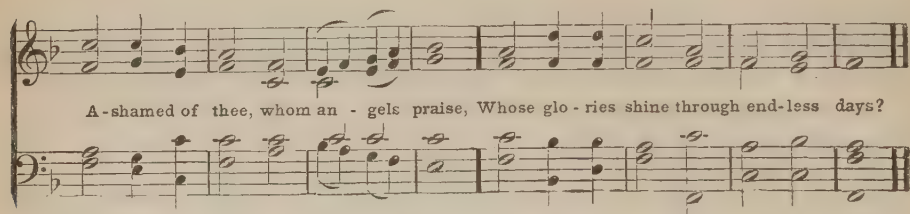
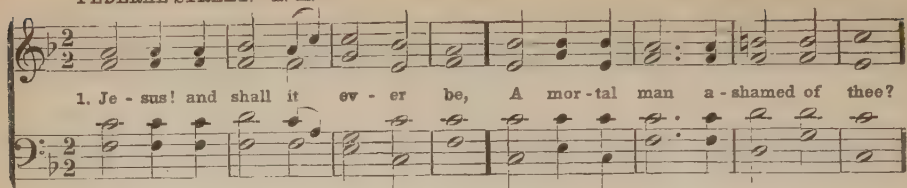
Nor with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name;
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



597

"Ashamed of me."

J. GRIGG.

Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And, oh, may this my glory be
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

598

*Jesus all in all.*RAY PALMER, *tr.*

Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee thou art good,
To them that find thee, All in All.

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

599

"Not your own."

S. F. SMITH.

Oh, not my own these verdant hills,
And fruits, and flowers, and stream, and
wood;

But his who all with glory fills,
Who bought me with his precious blood.

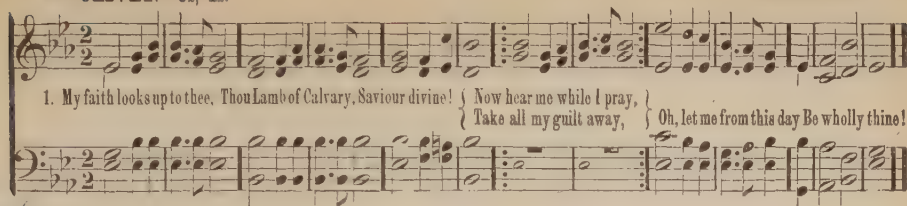
2 Oh, not my own this wondrous frame,
Its curious work, its living soul;
But his who for my ransom came;
Slain for my sake, he claims the whole.

3 Oh, not my own the grace that keeps
My feet from fierce temptations free;
Oh, not my own the thought that leaps,
Adoring, blessed Lord, to thee.

4 Oh, not my own; I'll soar and sing,
When life, with all its toils, is o'er,
And thou thy trembling lamb shalt bring
Safe home, to wander nevermore.

OLIVET. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! } Now hear me while I pray, }
 Take all my guilt away, } Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine!

✓ 600

"Look unto Me."

RAY PALMER.

My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine!

Now hear me while I pray
 Take all my guilt away,
 Oh, let me from this day
 Be wholly thine!

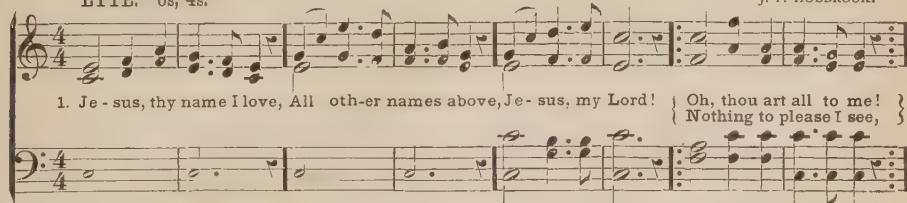
2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart;
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

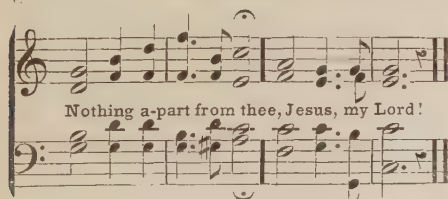
4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour! then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 Oh, bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul!

LYTE. 6s, 4s.

J. F. HOLBROOK.



1. Je - sus, thy name I love, All oth-er names above, Je - sus, my Lord! } Oh, thou art all to me! }
 Nothing to please I see, }



Nothing a-part from thee, Jesus, my Lord!

601

"Jesus my Lord!"

J. C. DECK.

JESUS, thy name I love,
 All other names above,
 Jesus, my Lord!

Oh, thou art all to me!
 Nothing to please I see,
 Nothing apart from thee,
 Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessed Son of God,
 Hast bought me with thy blood,
 Jesus, my Lord!

Oh, how great is thy love,
 All other loves above,
 Love that I daily prove,
 Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,
 Thou wilt my refuge be,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 What need I now to fear?
 What earthly grief or care,
 Since thou art ever near?
 Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again!
 I shall be happy then,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 Then thine own face I'll see,
 Then I shall like thee be,
 Then evermore with thee,
 Jesus, my Lord!

LA MIRA. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. The Lord's my shep-herd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie

In pas-tures green; he lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.

602

Psalm 23.

SCOTCH VERS.

THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

603

Loving and Beloved.

P. DODDRIDGE.

DO NOT I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

5 Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord;
But, oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

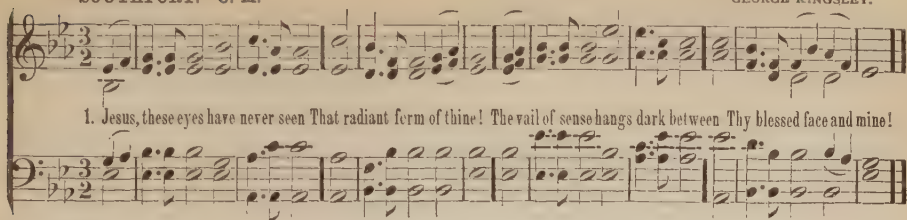
ARMENIA. C. M.

S. B. POND.

1. { Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Be-hold my heart, and see; }
And turn the dearest i-dol out (Omit) That dares to ri-val thee.

SOUTHPORT. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



1. Jesus, these eyes have never seen That radiant form of thine! The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy blessed face and mine!

604

"Whom unseen, we love." RAY PALMER

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine!
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine!

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes un-3
When slumbers o'er me roll, [sought,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal, 5
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art!

605

Strength, Fortress, Refuge. A. STEELE.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

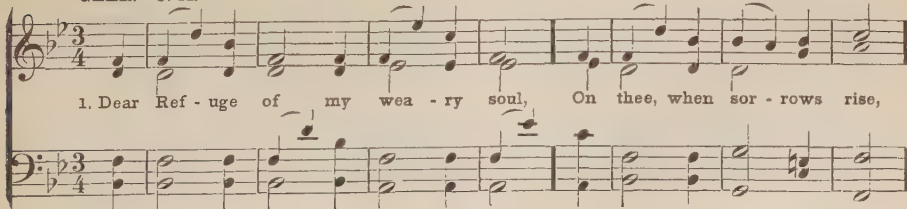
3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

GEER. C. M.

H. W. GREATORIX.



1. Dear Ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, On thee, when sor - rows rise,



On thee, when waves of troub - le roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.

HURSLEY. L. M.

W. H. MONK, arr.

1. Oh, sweetly breathe the lyres a - bove, When an - gels touch the quivering string;

And wake, to chant Im - man - uel's love, Such strains as an - gel - lips can sing.

606

Immanuel.

RAY PALMER.

Oh, sweetly breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing!

2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3 Jesus, thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow, and give ourselves away.

5 In thee we trust,—on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong;
Oh, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng!

607

Robe of Righteousness.

J. WESLEY, tr.

JESUS, thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,—
For me, ev'n for my soul, was shed.

3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies—
Ev'n then, this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice:
Bid, Lord, thy mourning ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

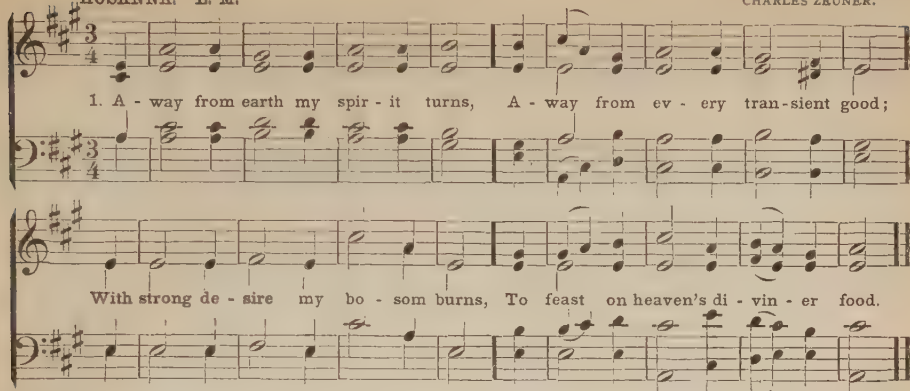
GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

I. PLEVEL.

1. Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress; 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

HOSANNA. L. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.



1. A - way from earth my spir - it turns, A - way from ev - ery tran - sient good;
With strong de - sire my bo - som burns, To feast on heaven's di - vin - er food.

608

"The living bread."

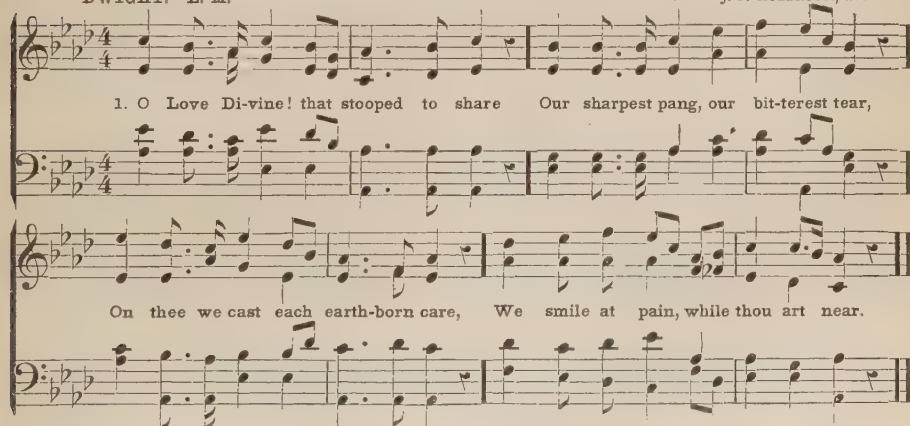
RAY PALMER.

AWAY from earth my spirit turns,
Away from every transient good;
With strong desire my bosom burns,
To feast on heaven's diviner food.
2 Thou, Saviour, art the living bread;
Thou wilt my every want supply:
By thee sustained, and cheered, and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

3 What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails and breaks my peace;
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.
4 Then let me take thy gracious hand,
And walk beside thee onward still;
Till my glad feet shall safely stand,
For ever firm, on Zion's hill.

DWIGHT, L. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK, arr.



1. O Love Di-vine! that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-terest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain, while thou art near.

609

"Thou art near."

O. W. HOLMES.

O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain, while thou art near.
2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near.
4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near!

PENIEL. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. My God! the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights,
The glo-ry of my bright-est days, And com-fort of my nights!

610

"Altogether Lovely."

I. WATTS.

My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his!

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To embrace my dearest Lord!

MELODY. C. M.

A. CHAPIN.

1. Je-sus, who on his glo-rious throne Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own And give him-self to me.

611

"To live is Christ."

J. NEWTON.

Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own
And give himself to me.

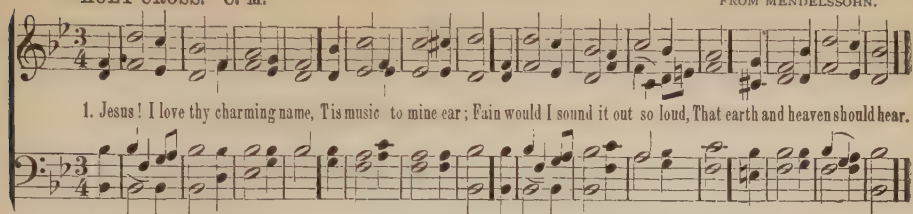
2 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

3 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.

4 For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for him renown;
Well may I glory in my cross,
While he prepares my crown.

HOLY CROSS. C. M.

FROM MENDELSSOHN.



1. Jesus! I love thy charming name, 'Tis music to mine ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heavens should hear.

612

"His name Jesus." P. DODDRIDGE.

JESUS! I love thy charming name,

'Tis music to mine ear;

Fain would I sound it out so loud,

That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes!—thou art precious to my soul,

My transport and my trust;

Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,

And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,

In thee doth richly meet;

Not to mine eyes is light so dear,

Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,

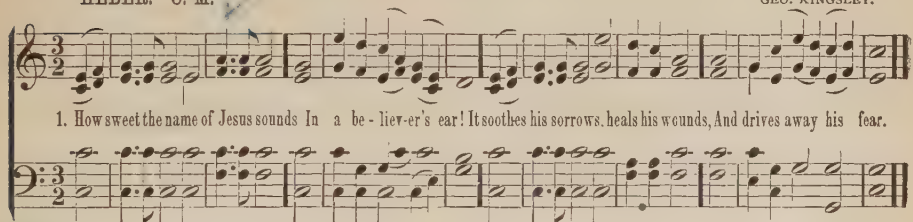
And sheds its fragrance there;—

The noblest balm of all its wounds,

The cordial of its care.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be-liever's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

613

"He is precious." J. NEWTON.

How SWEET the name of Jesus sounds

In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,

And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,

And calms the troubled breast;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,

And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,

My Prophet, Priest, and King;

My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,

Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,

And cold my warmest thought;

But when I see thee as thou art,

I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,

With every fleeting breath;

And may the music of thy name,

Refresh my soul in death.

614

"Jesus only." E. CASWALL, tr.

JESUS, the very thought of thee,

With sweetness fills my breast;

But sweeter far thy face to see

And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,

Nor can the memory find

A sweeter sound than thy blest name,

O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!

O Joy of all the meek!

To those who fall, how kind thou art!

How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this.

Nor tongue nor pen can show;

The love of Jesus, what it is,

None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,

As thou our prize wilt be;

Jesus, be thou our glory now.

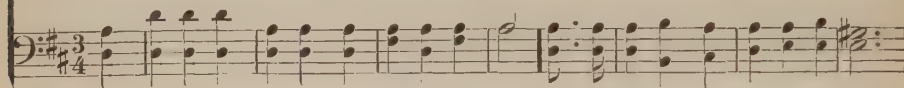
And through eternity.

STILL WATER. 10s, 11s.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Oh, tell me, thou life and de - light of my soul, Where the flock of thy pasture are feed -



ing, I seek thy pro - tection, I need thy con - trol, I would go where my Shepherd is leading.



615

Cant. 1: 7, 8.

THOS. HASTINGS.

Oh, tell me, thou life and delight of my soul,
Where the flock of thy pasture are feed -
ing;

I seek thy protection, I need thy control,
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.

2 Oh, tell me the place where thy flock are
at rest,

Where the noontide will find them re -
posing;

The tempest now rages, my soul is dis -
tressed,

And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3 And why should I stray with the flocks
of thy foes,

In the desert where now they are rov -
ing,

Where hunger and thirst, where affliction
and woes,
And temptations their ruin are proving?

4 Ah, when shall my woes and my wander -
ings cease,

And the follies that fill me with weeping?
Thou Shepherd of Israel, restore me that
peace,

Thou dost give to the flock thou art
keeping.

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids
me return

By the way where the footprints are
lying;

No longer to wander, no longer to mourn:
And homeward my spirit is flying.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. 6l.

SPANISH MELODY.



1. Blessed Saviour, thee I love, All my other joys a-bove; { All my hopes in thee a-bide, }
D.C.—Ev - er let my glo - ry be On - ly, on - ly, on - ly thee. { Thou my hope, and naught beside; }



ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Ga-briel while he sings } In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di-vine.

616

"He is precious."

S. MEDLEY.

Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.
2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.
4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

617

7s, 6L. "Only thee."

G. DUFFIELD.

BLESSED Saviour! thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in thee abide,
Thou my hope, and naught beside:
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only thee.
2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus, crucified for me.
3 Blesséd Saviour, thine am I,
Thine to live, and thine to die;
Height, or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only thee!

618

7s, 6L. "I am thine."

F. R. HAVERGAL.

JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased thine alone to be,
By thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all thine own,
Let me live to thee alone.
2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.
3 Jesus, Master, I am thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at thy feet I fall,
Oh, be thou my All in all.

GOSHEN. 11s.

THOS. HASTINGS, arr.

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God; I knew not my
D.S.—Je-ho-vah, my

dan-ger, and felt not my load; Though friends spoke in rap-ture of Christ on the tree,
Sav-iour, seemed nothing to me.

619

Love and assurance. R. M. MC CHEVENE.

620

"Looking unto Jesus." ANON.

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God;
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ
on the tree,
Jehovah, my Saviour, seemed nothing to me.

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that
are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so
bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no
night.

2 When free grace awoke me by light from
on high,
Then legal fears shook me: I trembled to die:
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see:
Jehovah, thou only my Saviour must be!

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart can-
not fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard
will be,
For, "Why are you troubled?" he saith
unto me.

3 My terrors all vanished before his sweet
name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I
came
To drink at the fountain, so copious and free:
Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to me.

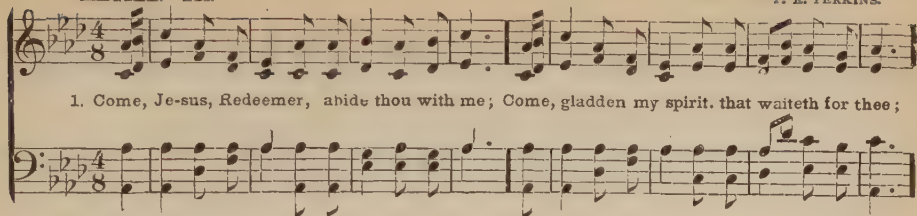
3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me
round:
They bear me away in his presence to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and
boast;
Jehovah, my Saviour, I ne'er can be lost;
In thee I shall conquer, by flood and by
field,
Jehovah my anchor, Jehovah my shield!

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty
and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how his love went before me
each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

MAGILL. 11s.

T. E. PERKINS.



1. Come, Je-sus, Redeemer, abide thou with me; Come, gladden my spirit. that waiteth for thee;



Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart, And soothe every sorrow though keen be the smart.

621

"I will come to you."

RAY PALMER.

COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me;
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for thee;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow though keen be the smart.

2 Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender, so pure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace:
From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

5 Oh, then, blessed Jesus, who once for me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,
And praise thee with raptures for ever untold!

622

"Distresses for Christ's sake."

C. FRY.

For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King,
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease,
For the sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace?
2 For this I should praise; but if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss!
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, and care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear;—
3 For nights of anxiety, watching, and tears,
A present of pain, a prospective of fears;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my Lord and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed!

DE FLEURY. 8s. D.

LEWIS EDSON

FINE.

1. { How te-dious and taste-less the hours, When Je-sus no long-er I see! }
 D. C.—His woodlands, the fields, and the flowers, Have lost all their sweetness to me.
 D. C.—His presence can ban-ish my gloom, And bid all with-in me re-joice.

His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And soft-er than mu-sic his voice;

✓ 623

"Whom have I but thee?" J. NEWTON.

How TEDIOUS and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see!
 The woodlands, the fields, and the flowers,
 Have lost all their sweetness to me.
 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And softer than music his voice;
 His presence can banish my gloom,
 And bid all within me rejoice.

2 Dear Lord! if indeed I am thine,
 And thou art my light and my song;
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long?
 Oh, drive these dark clouds from the sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or bid me soar upward on high,
 Where winters and storms are no more.

VERNON. 8s. D.

1. { My gra-cious Redeem-er I love, His prais-es a-loud I'll pro-claim: }
 D. C.—And join with the ar-mies a-bove, (Omit) To shout his a -
 D. C.—To see them in-ces-sant-ly shine, My boundless, in-ef-fa-ble joy.

dor-a-ble name. To gaze on his glo-ries di-vine Shall be my e-ter-nal em-ploy;

624

"Altogether lovely."

B. FRANCIS.

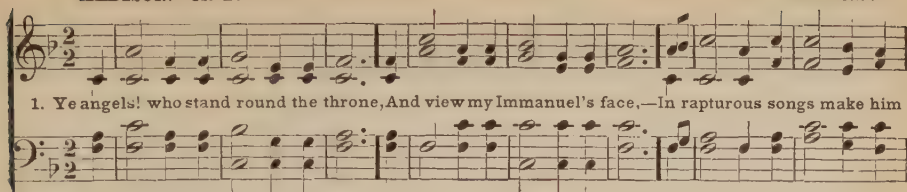
My gracious Redeemer I love,
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim:
 And join with the armies above,
 To shout his adorable name.
 To gaze on his glories divine
 Shall be my eternal employ;
 To see them incessantly shine,
 My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeemed with his blood
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell:—
 To shine with the angels in light,
 With saints and with seraphs to sing,
 To view, with eternal delight,
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King!

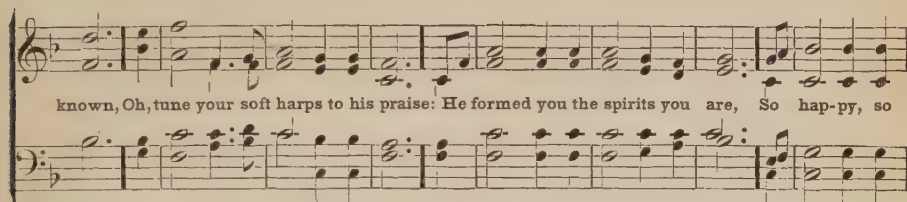
GERMAN.

MADISON. 8s. D.

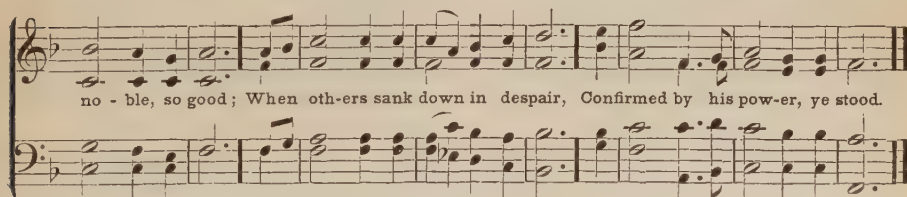
S. B. POND.



1. Ye angels! who stand round the throne, And view my Immanuel's face,—In rapturous songs make him



known, Oh, tune your soft harps to his praise: He formed you the spirits you are, So hap-py, so



no - ble, so good; When oth-ers sank down in despair, Confirmed by his pow-er, ye stood.

625

Philippians 1:23.

M. DE FLEURY.

YE angels! who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,—
In rapturous songs make him known,
Oh, tune your soft harps to his praise:
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sank down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints! who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat;
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair:
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh, when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong!
I want—oh, I want to be there,
To sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder, and worship with you!

626

"Not seen, ye love."

W. COWPER.

My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—
Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!

2 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,
Oh, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured!
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

3 And then, nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose:
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

KARL. 7s.

GEO. KINGSLEY, arr.

1. Earth has noth - ing sweet or fair, Love - ly forms or beau - ties rare,
But be - fore my eyes they bring Christ, of beau - ty Source and Spring.

627

"Altogether lovely." F. E. COX, tr.

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the star-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light;
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

4 Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel
This dark cloud in which I dwell,
And to me the power impart
To behold thee as thou art.

4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour! Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Lord, and Friend—
Every precious name in one!
I will love thee without end.

629

"To live is Christ."

R. WARDLAW.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blesséd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll!
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus—oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

628

"Immanuel."

J. NEWTON.

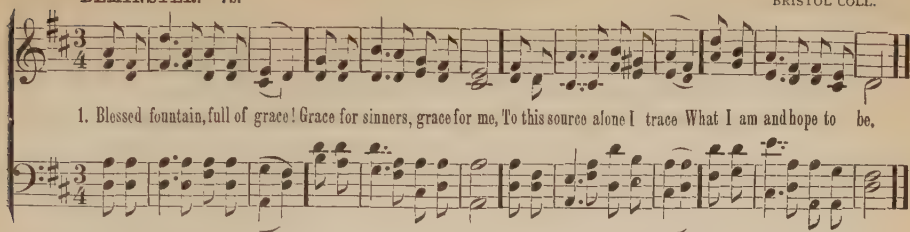
SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When he came the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high:"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room,—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

BEMINSTER. 7s.

BRISTOL COLL.



1. Blessed fountain, full of grace! Grace for sinners, grace for me, To this source alone I trace What I am and hope to be,

630

"I am what I am."

T. KELLY.

BLESSED fountain, full of grace!

Grace for sinners, grace for me,

To this source alone I trace

What I am, and hope to be.

2 What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord;

Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred.

3 What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above;

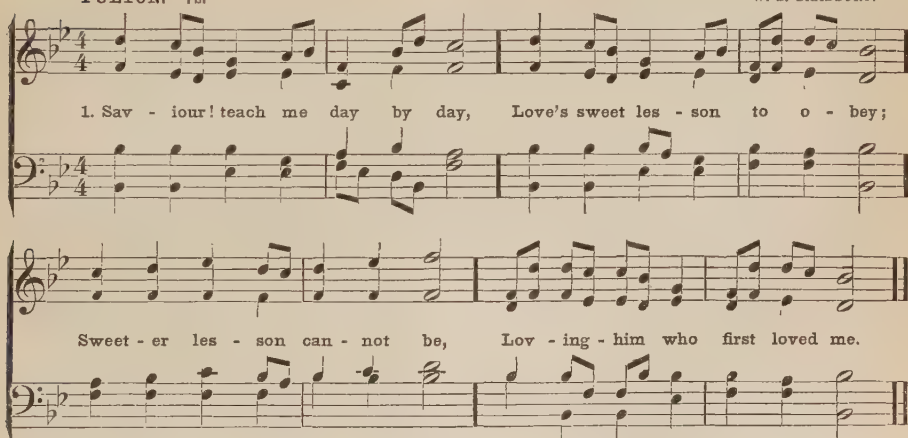
When I join the heavenly throng;
When I see the God of love.

4 Then I hope like him to be,
Who redeemed his saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a veil that stands between.

5 Blesséd fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me;
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

FULTON. 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Sav - iour! teach me day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;

Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing - him who first loved me.

631

"Who first loved us."

J. E. LEESON.

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;

Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

632

C. M. "He is precious." O. HEGINBOTHAM.

BLEST Jesus ! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,—
In wonder, joy, and love !

2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy belovéd name ;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see ;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee ?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast ?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No ; thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy :
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

633

C. M. D. *Jesus' Words.*

H. BONAR.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto me and rest :
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast !"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Behold I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live !"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in him. [vived,

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright !"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

634

78, 61.

Psalm 23.

ANON.

SHEPHERD ! with thy tenderest love,
Guide me to thy fold above ;
Let me hear thy gentle voice ;
More and more in thee rejoice ;
From thy fullness grace receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live.

2 Filled by thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows :
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high ;
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesus, with thy presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest ;
Guide me while I draw my breath,
Guard me through the gate of death ;
And at last, oh, let me stand,
With the sheep at thy right hand.

635

L. M. D. "I love thee, Lord !"

R. HEBER.

THOUGH sorrows rise and dangers roll,
In waves of darkness o'er my soul ;
Though friends are false, and love de-
And few and evil are my days ; [cays,
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes ;
Yet ev'n in nature's utmost ill,
I love thee, Lord ! I love thee still !

2 Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain ;
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
Would fly to hell to 'scape from life ;
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love thee, Lord ! I love thee still !

3 Oh, by the pangs thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn,
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in thy guiltless tomb ;
By these my pangs, whose healing smart,
Thy grace hath planted in my heart—
I know, I feel thy bounteous will,
Thou lov'st me, Lord ! thou lov'st me still !

636

C. M. D.

Psalms 23.

I. WATTS.

My Shepherd will supply my need,
 Jehovah is his name;
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
 Beside the living stream.
 He brings my wandering spirit back,
 When I forsake his ways;
 And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.

2 When I walk through the shades of
 Thy presence is my stay; [death,
 A word of thy supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.
 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
 Doth still my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 Thine oil anoints my head.

3 The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days;
 Oh, may thy house be mine abode,
 And all my works be praise:
 There would I find a settled rest,
 While others go and come,—
 No more a stranger, or a guest,
 But like a child at home.

637

C. M.

Christ, our Model. E. CASWALL, *tr.*

O JESUS! King most wonderful,
 Thou Conqueror renowned;
 Thou sweetness most ineffable,
 In whom all joys are found!

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine,
 Then earthly vanities depart,
 Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below!
 Thou Fount of life and fire!
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire,—

4 May every heart confess thy name,
 And ever thee adore;
 And, seeking thee, itself inflame
 To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless:
 Thee may we love alone;
 And ever in our life express
 The image of thine own.

638

C. M.

Christ above all.

J. NEWTON.

LET worldly minds the world pursue—
 It has no charms for me;
 Once I admired its trifles too,
 But grace hath set me free.

2 Its joys can now no longer please,
 Nor ev'n content afford:
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 For I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
 The stars are all concealed,
 So earthly pleasures fade away
 When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice—
 I bid them all depart;
 His name, his love, his gracious voice,
 Have fixed my roving heart.

5 And may I hope that thou wilt own
 A worthless worm like me?
 Dear Lord! I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee.

639

7S, 6S, D. "God, our Saviour."

T. HAWKES.

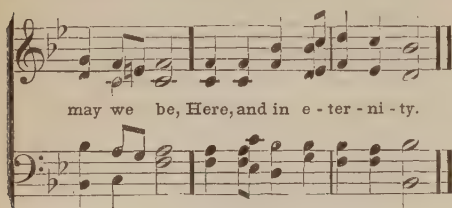
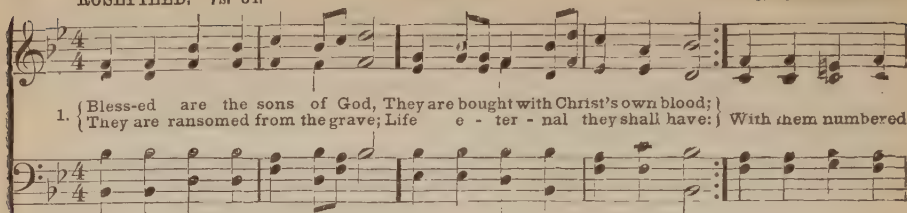
To thee, my God and Saviour!
 My heart exulting sings,
 Rejoicing in thy favor,
 Almighty King of kings!
 I'll celebrate thy glory,
 With all thy saints above,
 And tell the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast,
 My voice, in supplication,
 Well-pleased the Lord shall hear:
 Oh, grant me thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
 I'll pass the dangerous road,
 With heavenly hosts escorted,
 Up to thy bright abode;
 Then cast my crown before thee,
 And, all my conflicts o'er,
 Unceasingly adore thee:—
 What could an angel more?

ROSEFIELD, 7s. 6l.

C. H. A. MALAN.



One with God, with Jesus one:
 Glory is in them begun:
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

640

Brotherly Love.

J. HUMPHREYS.

BLESSED are the sons of God,
 They are bought with Christ's own blood;
 They are ransomed from the grave;
 Life eternal they shall have:
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
 They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
 All their sins are washed away;
 They shall stand in God's great day:
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of a heavenly birth,—

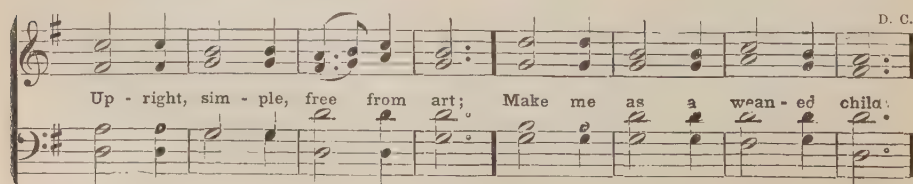
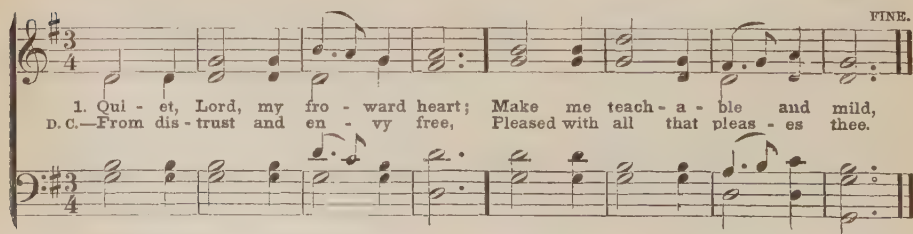
641

Charity. C. WINKWORTH, *tr.*

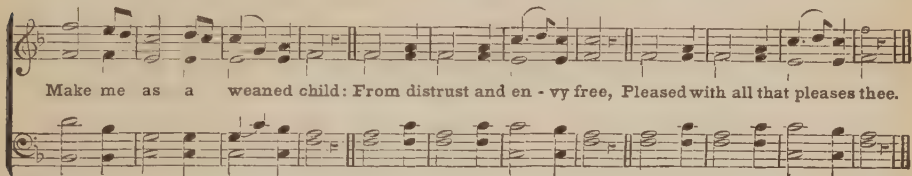
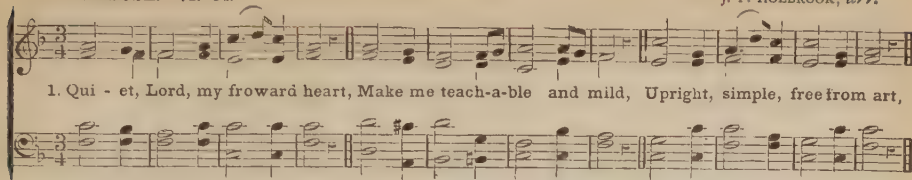
THOUGH I speak with angel tongues
 Bravest words of strength and fire,
 They are but as idle songs,
 If no love my heart inspire;
 All the eloquence shall pass
 As the noise of sounding brass.
 2 Though I lavish all I have
 On the poor in charity,
 Though I shrink not from the grave,
 Or unmoved the stake can see,—
 Till by love the work be crowned,
 All shall profitless be found.
 3 Come, thou Spirit of pure love,
 Who didst forth from God proceed,
 Never from my heart remove;
 Let me all thy impulse heed;
 Let my heart henceforward be
 Moved, controlled, inspired by thee.

GUIDE, 7s. 6l.

M. M. WELLS.



REPOSE. 7s. 6l.

J. P. HOLBROOK, *arr.*

642

Psalm 131.

J. NEWTON.

- QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned child:
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases thee
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
 Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone;—
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

643

Trust.

E. H. NEVIN.

- SAVIOUR, happy would I be,
 If I could but trust in thee;
 Trust thy wisdom me to guide;
 Trust thy goodness to provide;
 Trust thy saving love and power;
 Trust thee every day and hour:—
- 2 Trust thee as the only light
 In the darkest hour of night;
 Trust in sickness, trust in health;
 Trust in poverty and wealth;
 Trust in joy and trust in grief;
 Trust thy promise for relief:—
- 3 Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul;
 Trust thy grace to make me whole;
 Trust thee living, dying too;
 Trust thee all my journey through;
 Trust thee till my feet shall be
 Planted on the crystal sea.

VIOLA. 7s. 6l.

FINE.

W. B. BRADBURY.

D. C.



644

Spirituality.

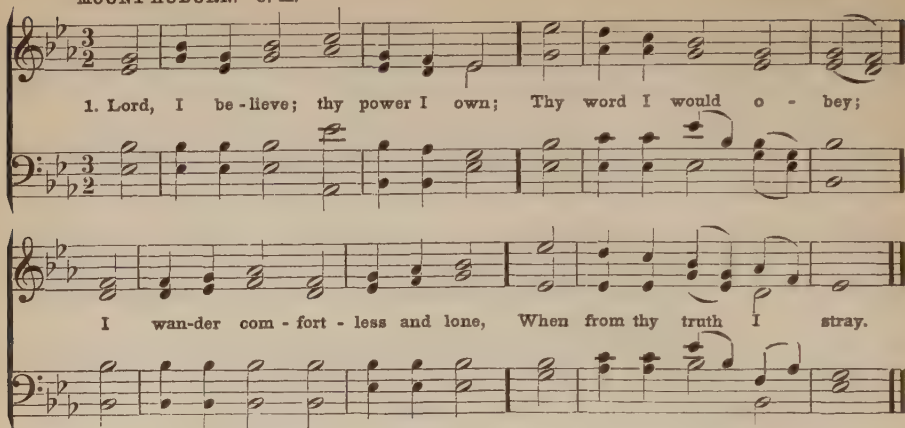
C. WESLEY.

- ABBA, Father, hear thy child,
 Late in Jesus reconciled;
 Hear, and all the graces shower,
 All the joy, and peace, and power;
 All my Saviour asks above,
 All the life and heaven of love.

- 2 Holy Ghost, no more delay;
 Come, and in thy temple stay:
 Now, thine inward witness bear,
 Strong, and permanent, and clear:
 Spring of life, thyself impart;
 Rise eternal in my heart.

MOUNT AUBURN, C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



645

Faith.

J. R. WRETFORD.

LORD, I believe; thy power I own;
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak:
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes! I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

646

Meekness.

T. H. GILL.

LORD! when I all things would possess,
I crave but to be thine;
Oh, lowly is the loftiness
Of these desires divine.

2 Each gift but helps my soul to learn
How boundless is thy store;
I go from strength to strength, and yearn
For thee, my Helper, more.

3 How can my soul divinely soar,
How keep the shining way,
And not more tremblingly adore,
And not more humbly pray!

4 The more I triumph in thy gifts,
The more I wait on thee;
The grace that mightily uplifts
Most sweetly humbleth me.

5 The heaven where I would stand complete
My lowly love shall see,
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,
My holy One! for thee.

647

Calmness.

H. BONAR.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,—

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,—

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

CORINTH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My God, how won - der - ful thou art, Thy ma - jes - ty how bright!
How glo - rious is thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light!

648

"Herein is Love."

F. W. FABER.

My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How glorious is thy mercy seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

3 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

4 My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thou everlasting Friend!
On thee I stay my trusting heart,
Till faith in vision end.

NAOMI. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Father! whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies, Accepted at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—

649

Humble Devotion.

A. STEELE.

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine:
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

650

Growth in grace.

A. NETTLETON.

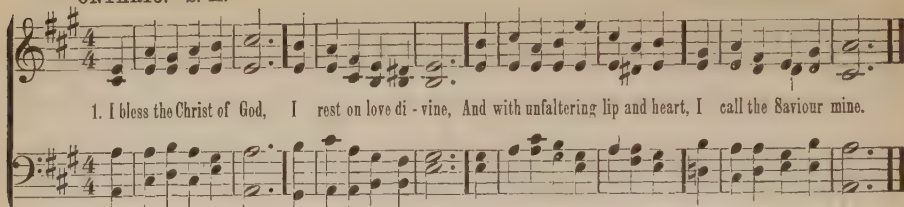
COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire;
This one great gift impart—
What most I need, and most desire,
An humble, holy heart.

2 Bear witness I am born again,
My many sins forgiven:
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
To cloud my hope of heaven.

3 More of myself grant I may know,
From sin's deceit be free;
In all the Christian graces grow,
And live alone to thee.

ONTARIO. S. M.

LONDON TUNE BOOK.



1. I bless the Christ of God, I rest on love di-vine, And with unfaltering lip and heart, I call the Saviour mine.

651

Grateful Confidence.

H. BONAR.

I BLESS the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of peace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

4 'Tis he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives:
I love because he loveth me;
I live because he lives.

5 My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

652

Purity.

J. KEBLE.

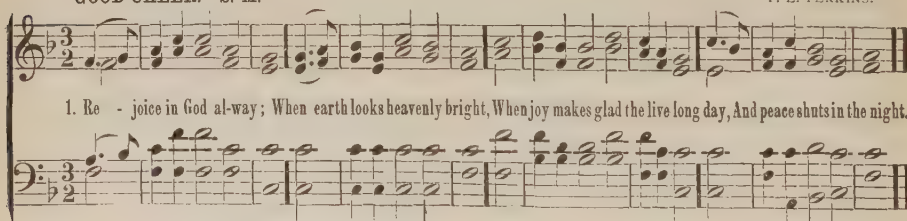
BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart,
And for his dwelling, and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

3 Lord! we thy presence seek:
May ours this blessing be;
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

GOOD CHEER. S. M.

T. E. PERKINS.



1. Re-joice in God al-way; When earth looks heavenly bright, When joy makes glad the live long day, And peace shuts in the night.

653

Joy.

MOULTRIE.

REJOICE in God alway;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.

2 Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

3 Rejoice in hope and fear;
Rejoice in life and death;

Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.

4 When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ his brethren calls,
Who hear and know his guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls?

5 So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall his own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

VALENTIA. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY, *arr.*

1. Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith! My God! how can it be

That thou, who hast discerning love, Shouldst give that gift to me?

654

Faith.

F. W. FABER.

Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith!

My God! how can it be

That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light—
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death!3 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

656

Faith.

D. TURNER.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid, in every duty, brings,
And softens all my cares.2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer;
And make the dying live.3 Wide it unavails celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.4 It shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.5 There—there unshaken would I rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

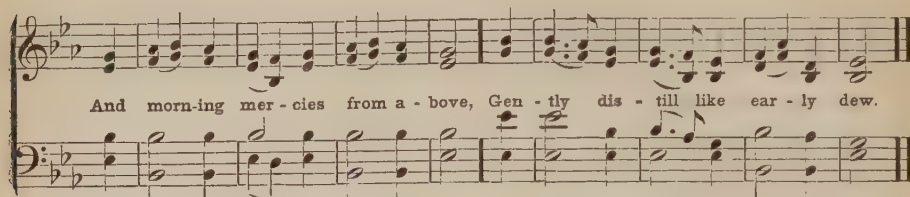
655

Godly sincerity.

BARTON.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above,2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

✓ GRATITUDE. L. M.

THOS. HASTINGS, *arr.*

657

Gratitude.

I. WATTS.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

658

Faith.

J. NEWTON.

By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his almighty hand.

3 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

4 With him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

659

*Contentment.*W. COWPER, *tr.*

O LORD, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time:
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

660

Voiceless Prayer.

GREEK HYMN.

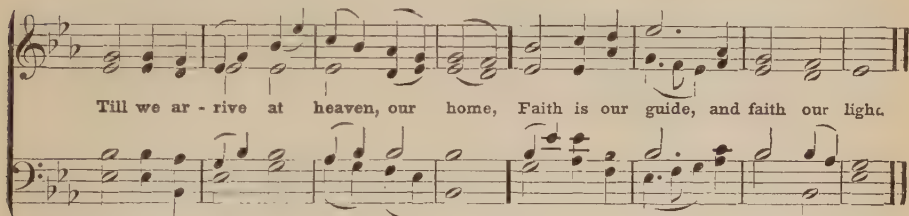
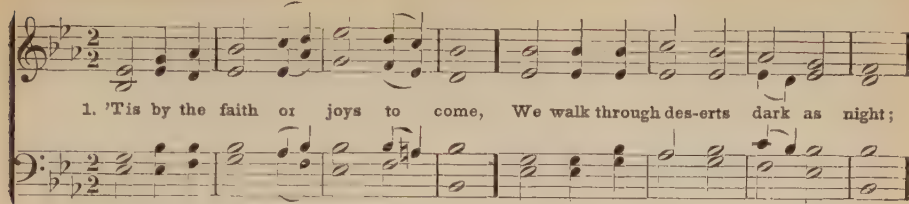
O BLESSED God, to thee I raise
My voice in thankful hymns of praise;
And when my voice shall silent be,
My silence shall be praise to thee.

2 For voice and silence doth impart
The filial homage of my heart;
And both alike are understood
By thee, thou Parent of all good—

3 Whose grace is all unsearchable,
Whose care for me no tongue can tell,
Who loves my loudest praise to hear,
And loves to bless my voiceless prayer.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.



661

Faith.

I. WATTS.

663

Love.

I. WATTS.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

662

Self-denial.

J. KEBLE.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell—
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:—

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

IF on our daily course our mind
Be set, to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

3 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

664

Consistency.

I. WATTS.

SO LET our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.

665

C. M. *Docility.—Ps. 131.*

I. WATTS.

Is there ambition in my heart ?
 Search, gracious God, and see ;
 Or do I act a haughty part ?
 Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
 And all my carriage mild ;
 Content, my Father, with thy will,
 And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
 Shall have a large reward ;
 Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

666

C. M. *"The Head, even Christ."* C. WESLEY.

BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
 That will not let us part :
 Our bodies may far off remove ;
 We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go ;
 We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
 And show his praise below.

3 Oh, may we ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside !
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified !

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
 The same in mind and heart,
 Not joy nor grief nor time nor place
 Nor life nor death can part.

667

C. M. *"Watch and Pray."* T. HASTINGS.

THE Saviour bids thee watch and pray
 Through life's momentous hour ;
 And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
 To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
 Maintain a warrior's strife ;
 O Christian ! hear his voice to-day :
 Obedience is thy life.

3 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray ;
 For soon the hour will come
 That calls thee from the earth away
 To thy eternal home.

4 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
 Oh, hearken to his voice,
 And follow where he leads the way,
 To heaven's eternal joys !

668

L. M. *Living to Christ.* P. DODDRIDGE.

My gracious Lord, I own thy right
 To every service I can pay,
 And call it my supreme delight
 To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
 Its sure support, its noblest end ?
 Thine ever-smiling face to see,
 And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
 Or to increase my worldly good ;
 Nor future days nor powers employ
 To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'T is to my Saviour I would live,
 To him who for my ransom died ;
 Nor could the bowers of Eden give
 Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigor is no more ;
 And my last hour of life confess
 His dying love, his saving power.

669

S. M. *Psalm 103.* I. WATTS.

OH, bless the Lord, my soul !
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.

3 'T is he forgives thy sins,
 'T is he relieves thy pain,
 'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransomed from the grave ;
 He that redeemed my soul from hell,
 Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good ;
 He gives the sufferers rest :
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known ;
 But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

670

78, 61. *Acknowledgment.* R. M. MC CHEYNE.

CHOSEN not for good in me,
Waked from coming wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified—
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

2 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud:
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blesséd Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

3 Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night thine anger burns—
Morning comes, and joy returns:
God of comforts! bid me show
To thy poor how much I owe.

4 When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise—
Jesus comes—the tempter flies:
Blesséd Jesus! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

671

C. M. *Psalms 34.* TATE-BRADY.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all, who are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name!
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all,
Who on his succor trust.

5 Oh, make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

672

78. *Psalms 131.* C. WESLEY.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,—
Rooted in humility!

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

4 Oh, that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

673

S. M. *Phil. 2: 13.* ANON.

HEIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
Oh, let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.

2 God will support our hearts,
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

3 'T is he that works to will,
'T is he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too!

674

L. M. "Of one heart." A. L. BARBAULD.

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.

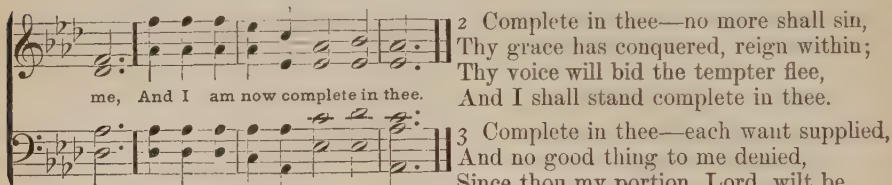
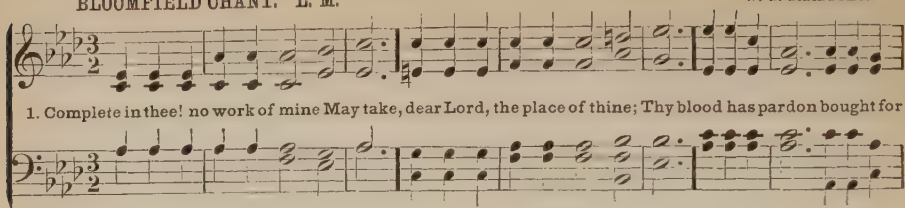
2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous care, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within,
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming tears together flow,
For human guilt and human woe;
Their ardent prayers united rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
'Mid nature's drooping, sickening fire:
Soon shall they meet in realms above—
A heaven of joy, because of love.

BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



675

Completeness.

A. R. WOLFE.

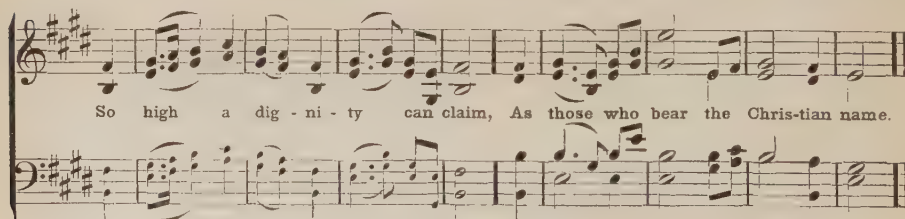
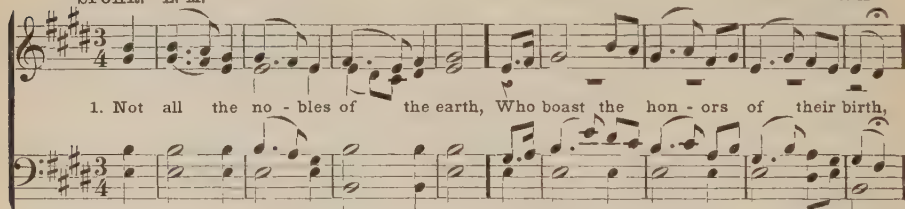
COMPLETE in thee! no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in thee.

4 Dear Saviour! when, before thy bar,
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand—complete in thee.

SPOHR. L. M.

FROM L. SPOHR.



676

Adoption.

S. STENNETT.

Nor all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
So high a dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.

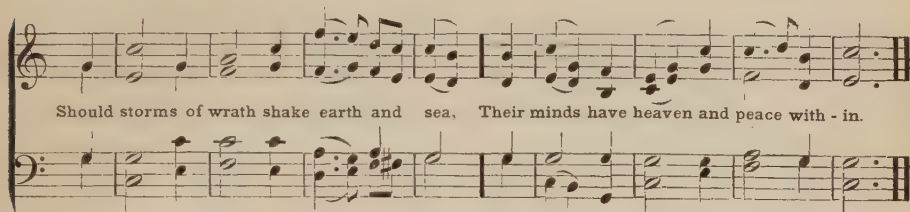
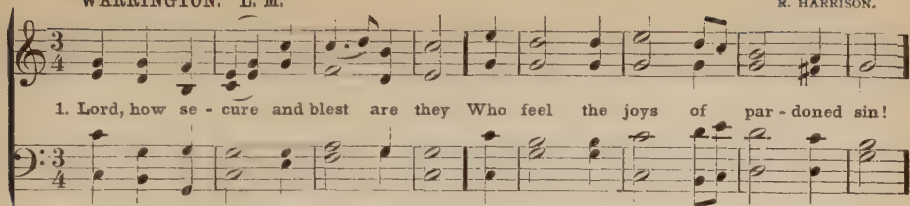
2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

3 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

4 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

WARRINGTON. L. M.

R. HARRISON.



677

Security and rest.

I. WATTS.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,
Where streams of living pleasures flow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

678

Remembrance.

J. BOWRING.

EARTH'S transitory things decay;
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

2 As, 'mid the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain;—

3 As in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light for ever shine;
Tho' clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age;—

4 So, through the ocean tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

679

Perseverance.

I. WATTS.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God who justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

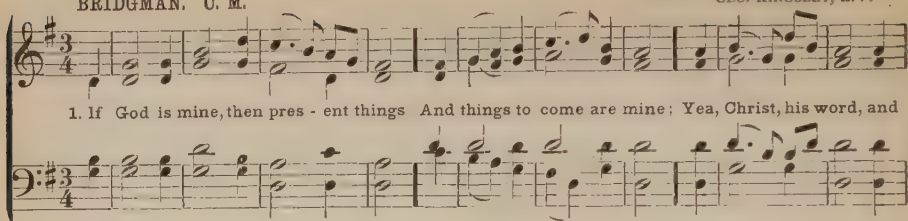
2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;
And their salvation to fulfill,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

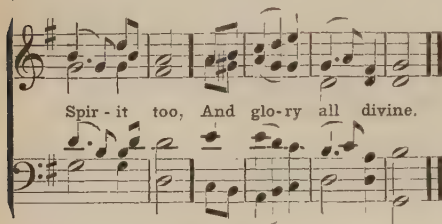
4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love

BRIDGMAN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY, *arr.*

1. If God is mine, then present things And things to come are mine: Yea, Christ, his word, and



Spir - it too, And glo - ry all divine.

680

"Saints' Inventory." B. BEDDOME.

If God is mine, then present things
And things to come are mine;
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

- 2 If he is mine, then from his love
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.
- 3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honor flee:

Sure he who giveth me himself
Is more than these to me.

- 4 Oh, tell me, Lord, that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

681

Perseverance.

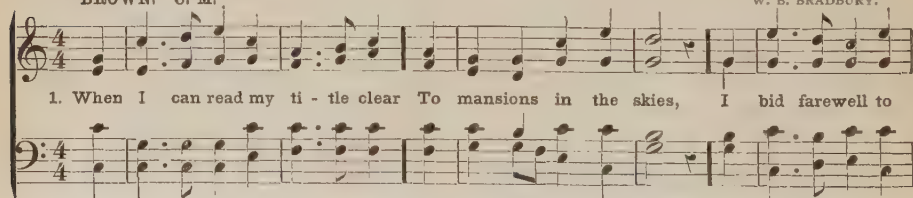
I. WATTS.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

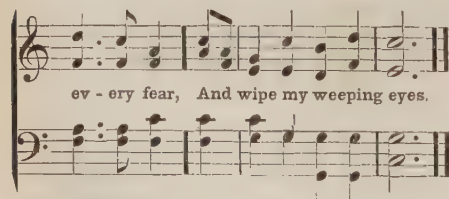
- 2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to



ev - ery fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

682

Assurance.

I. WATTS.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!—

- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HUNTINGTON. C. M.

C. W. HUNTINGTON.

1. There is a safe and se - cret place Be - neath the wings di - vine,
Re - served for all the heirs of grace— Oh, be that ref - uge mine!

683

Security.

H. F. LYTE.

THERE is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace,—
Oh, be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

ECKHARDTSHEIM. C. M.

C. ZEUNER.

1. My God, the covenant of thy love A - bides for ev - er sure; And in its matchless grace I feel My hap - pi - ness se - cure.

684

The Covenant

P. DODDRIDGE.

MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

685

Adoption.

P. DODDRIDGE.

MY Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
My spirit Abba, Father! cries,
Nor can the sign deceive

GREENPORT. C. M. D.

FROM S. THALBERG.

1. Thou art my hid-ing-place, O Lord! In thee I put my trust; En-couraged by thy
ho-ly word, A fee-ble child of dust: I have no ar-gu-ment be-side,
I urge no oth-er plea; And 'tis enough my Saviour died, My Saviour died for me!

686

Hiding-place.

T. RAFFLES.

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord!
In thee I put my trust;
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust:
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 'tis enough my Saviour died,
My Saviour died for me!

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil:
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me!

3 And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away;—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
“My Saviour died for me.”

687

Union to Christ.

J. G. DECK.

LORD Jesus, are we one with thee?
Oh, height! oh, depth of love!
With thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.
Such was thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrows one.

2 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were thine,
To set thy members free.
Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and thee can part.

3 Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with thee!
Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,
That thou with us art one.

SOLID ROCK. L. M. 61.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; }
 { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name: } On Christ, the solid
 rock, I stand; All other ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

✓ 688

In Christ alone.

E. MOTE.

My hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
 I rest on his unchanging grace;

In every high and stormy gale,
 My anchor holds within the veil;
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.
 3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
 Support me in the whelming flood:
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay:
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

AND CAN IT BE? L. M. 61.

OLD MELODY. FINE.

1. { And can it be that I should gain An int'rest in the Saviour's blood? }
 { Died he for me, who caused his pain? For me, who him to death pur - sued? }
 D. C.—A - maz - ing love! how can it be, That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

A - maz - ing love! how can it be, That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

689

"No condemnation."

C. WESLEY.

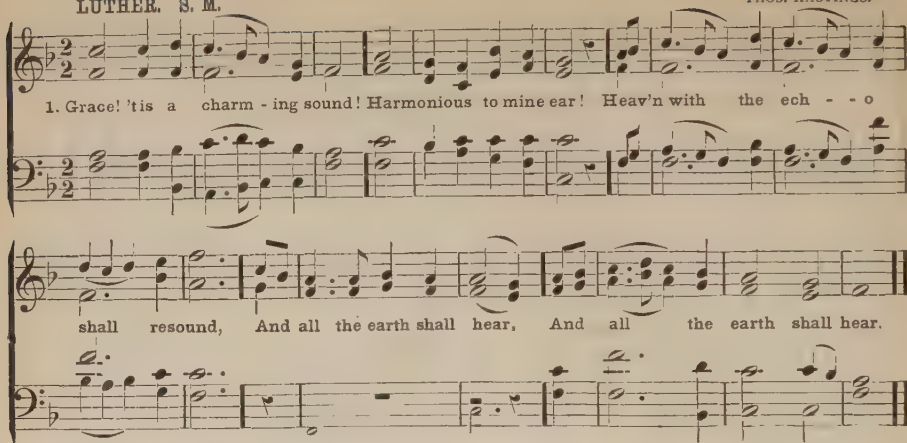
AND can it be that I should gain
 An interest in the Saviour's blood?
 Died he for me, who caused his pain?
 For me, who him to death pursued?
 Amazing love! how can it be,
 That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 He left his Father's throne above;
 (So free, so infinite his grace!)

Emptied himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race;
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out me!
 3 No condemnation now I dread,—
 Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
 Alive in him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach the eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, thro' Christ my own.

LUTHER. S. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



690

Grace.

P. DODDRIDGE.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
 Harmonious to mine ear!
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet
 While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

4 At cost of all I have,
 At cost of life and limb,
 I cling to God who yet shall save;
 I will not turn from him.

5 His Spirit in me dwells,
 O'er all my mind he reigns;
 My care and sadness he dispels,
 And soothes away my pains.

6 He prospers day by day
 His work within my heart,
 Till I have strength and faith to say,
 "Thou, God, my Father art!"

692

"It is well."

J. KENT.

WHAT cheering words are these;
 Their sweetness who can tell?
 In time, and to eternal days,
 "'Tis with the righteous well!"

2 Well when they see his face,
 Or sink amidst the flood;
 Well in affliction's thorny maze,
 Or on the mount with God.

3 'Tis well when joys arise,
 'Tis well when sorrows flow,
 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
 And strong temptations grow.

4 'Tis well when Jesus calls,—
 "From earth and sin arise,
 To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
 Made to salvation wise!"

691

God our Father. C. WINKWORTH, tr.

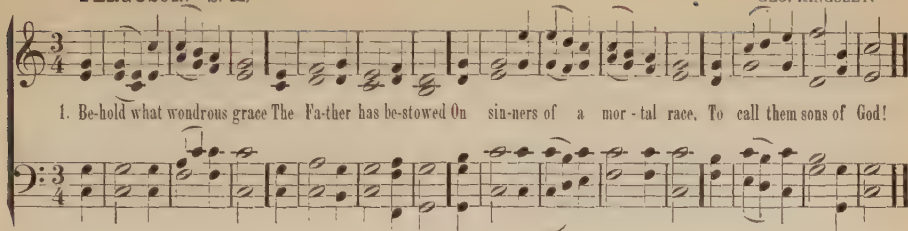
HERE I can firmly rest;
 I dare to boast of this,
 That God, the highest and the best,
 My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,
 Naught in the life I lead;
 What Christ hath given, that alone
 I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
 Of Jesus and his blood;
 It is through him that I have found
 My soul's eternal good.

FERGUSON, S. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



693

Adoption.

I. WATTS.

BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And thou the kindred own.

694

Peace.

C. WESLEY.

THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

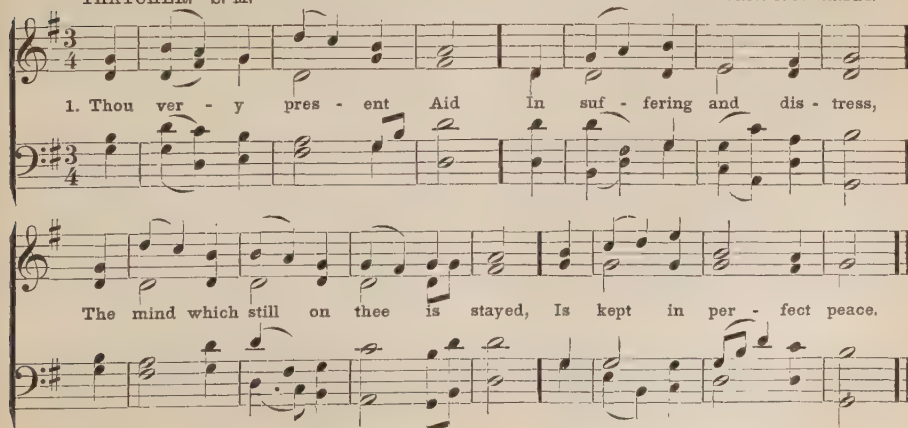
3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

5 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in One,
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, alone.

THATCHER, S. M.

FROM G. F. HANDEL.



695

L. M.

Psalms 91.

I. WATTS.

HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there, at night, shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God! thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I, who am formed of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;—
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire;
God is thy life,—his wings are spread,
To shield thee with a healthful shade.

5 If vapors, with malignant breath,
Rise thick and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe, the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

696

L. M.

Psalms 85.

I. WATTS.

SALVATION is for ever nigh

The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ, the Lord, came down from
By his obedience so complete [heaven;
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

697

C. M.

God's Peace.

ANON.

WE bless thee for thy peace, O God!
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;—

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;—

4 That peace which flows serene and
A river in the soul, [deep—
Whose banks a living verdure keep:
God's sunshine o'er the whole!

5 Such, Father, give our hearts such
Whate'er the outward be, [peace,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

698

8s, 7s, D.

The Pilgrim.

T. HASTINGS.

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

699

S. M.

Psalms 61.

I. WATTS.

WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh, lead me to the rock,
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord;
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

700

L. M. G. *"Thy boundless love."* J. WESLEY, *tr.*

JESUS, thy boundless love to me [clare ;
 No thought can reach, no tongue de-
 Oh, knit my thankful heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there :
 Thine wholly, thine alone, I am ;
 Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but thy pure love alone :
 Oh, may thy love possess me whole,—
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown :
 Strange flames far from my heart remove ;
 My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love ! how cheering is thy ray !
 All pain before thy presence flies ;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise :
 O Jesus ! nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek but thee !

701

H. M. *Protection.*—*Psalms 121.*

I. WATTS.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
 From God is all my aid ;
 The God who built the skies,
 And earth and nature made :
 God is the tower | His grace is nigh
 To which I fly ; | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
 Nor fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears :
 Those wakeful eyes | Shall Israel keep
 That never sleep, | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there ;
 Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
 And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
 To save my soul from death ?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath :
 I'll go and come, | Till, from on high
 Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

702

L. M. *At Jesus' Feet.* MRS. E. REED.

OH, that I could for ever dwell,
 Delighted at the Saviour's feet ;
 Behold the form I love so well,
 And all his tender words repeat !

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
 And heaven brought in with all its bliss,—
 Oh ! is there aught, from pole to pole,
 One moment to compare with this ?

3 This is the hidden life I prize—
 A life of penitential love ;
 When most my follies I despise,
 And raise my highest thoughts above ;

4 When all I am I clearly see,
 And freely own, with deepest shame ;
 When the Redeemer's love to me
 Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live till nature fail,
 And all my former sins forsake ;
 Then rise to God within the veil,
 And of eternal joys partake.

703

C. M. *Our Father.*—*Psalms 31.* A. STEELE.

MY God, my Father !—blissful name !
 Oh, may I call thee mine ?
 May I, with sweet assurance, claim
 A portion so divine ?

2 This only can my fears control,
 And bid my sorrows fly :
 What harm can ever reach my soul,
 Beneath my Father's eye ?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
 I calmly would resign
 For thou art just, and good, and wise ;
 Oh, bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
 Oh, give me strength to bear ;
 And let me know my Father reigns,
 And trust his tender care.

5 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
 And life almost depart,
 Is not thy mercy still the same,
 To cheer my drooping heart ?

6 My God, my Father ! be thy name
 My solace and my stay ;
 Oh, wilt thou seal my humble claim,
 And drive my fears away ?

PALESTINE. L. M. 61.

J. MAZZINGHI.

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan Hath taught each scene the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan, And let..... thy tears for-get to flow:
Be-hold, the pre-cious balm is found, To lull.... thy pain, to heal thy wound.

704

"Balm in Gilead."

W. SHIRLEY.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the notes of woe,
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;
On Jesus, cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God;
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
For ever love and praise the Lord.

705

"Eben-ezer."

J. NEWTON.

BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word;
Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?

2 When first before his mercy-seat
Thou didst to him thy all commit,

He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust his wisdom, love, and power:
Did ever trouble yet befall
And he refuse to hear thy call?

3 He who has helped thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey through;
Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

706

"As thy days."

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

2 One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest and the last;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer! grant my soul to see
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

HANDY, L. M. 61.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. At eve-ning time let there be light; Life's lit - tle day draws near its close;
A - round me fall the shades of night, The night of death, the grave's re-pose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes, At eve-ning time let there be light.

707

"At evening time."

ANON.

At evening time let there be light;
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

2 At evening time let there be light;
Stormy and dark hath been my day—
Yet rose the morn divinely bright;
Dews, birds, and blossoms cheered the
way;—

Oh, for one sweet, one parting ray!
At evening time let there be light.

3 At evening time there shall be light!
For God hath spoken; it must be;
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight;
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall his salvation see;
'Tis evening time, and there is light!

708

"Jesus wept."

R. GRANT.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,

On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,—
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 Whensorrowing o'er some stone, I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me, for a little while,
My Saviour sees the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And, oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict, but the last,—
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe my latest tear away.

ROMBERG. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. O thou, whose boun - ty fills my cup With ev - ery bless - ing meet!

I give thee thanks for ev - ery drop— The bit - ter and the sweet.

709

Thanks for all.

J. CREWDSON.

O THOU, whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet!
I give thee thanks for every drop—
The bitter and the sweet.

2 I praise thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side;
For all thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all thy grace denied.

3 I thank thee for both smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

4 I thank thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds which drove
The flutterer to thy breast.

5 I bless thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

710

"I firmly trust."

J. MONTGOMERY.

ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one—
When I am wholly thine;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude, from me
May all thy bounties flow.

4 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

5 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed;
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

711

"Sweet to lie passive." A. M. TOPLADY.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away;—

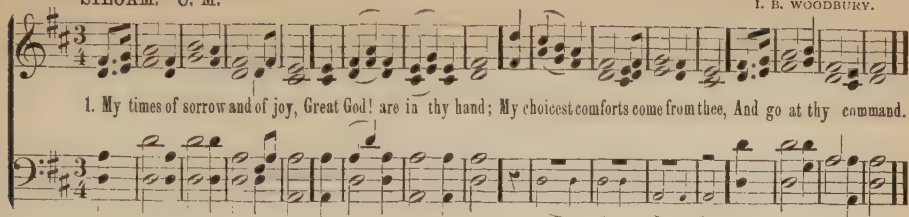
2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;—

3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend;—

4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. My times of sorrow and of joy, Great God! are in thy hand; My choicest comforts come from thee, And go at thy command.

712

"My times."

B. BEDDOME.

My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness,
In thee, and thee alone.

713

A pierced hand.

J. EDMESTON.

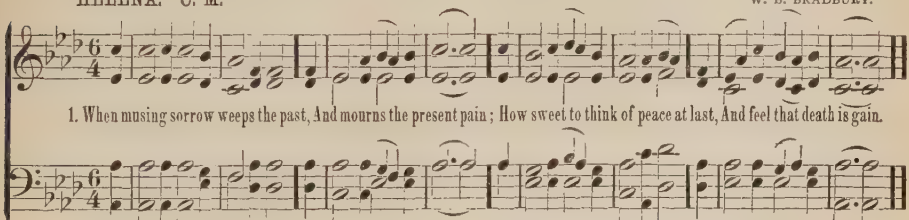
O THOU, whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here!

2 Oh, may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

HELENA. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. When musing sorrow weeps the past, And mourns the present pain; How sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.

714

"To die is gain."

G. T. NOEL.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain;
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 Oh, let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

715

"It is I."

C. ELLIOTT.

WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well,—
"Tis I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquilize each fear,—
"Tis I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed:
Saviour, be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,—
"Tis I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
Oh, say, when flesh and heart shall fail,—
"Tis I; be not afraid."

COMFORT. 7s. D.

ENGLISH AIR.

1. When our heads are bowed with woe; When our bit-ter tears o'erflow; When we mourn the
lost, the dear, Je-sus, son of Ma-ry, hear! Thou our fee-ble flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne; Thou hast shed the human tear: Je-sus, Son of Ma-ry, hear!

716

"Son of Mary."

H. H. MILMAN.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe;—
When our bitter tears o'erflow;—
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou our feeble flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

2 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, son of Mary, hear!
Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When our eyes grow dim in death;
When we heave the parting breath;
When our solemn doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

717

Looking to Jesus.

J. G. DECK.

When along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load,
By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace or rest;
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubt and fear:
Jesus, to thy feet we flee,
Jesus, we will look to thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
List'nest to thy people's moan;
Thou, the living Head, dost share
Every pang thy members bear;
Full of tenderness thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of power, thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

3 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riven,
Opened wide the gates of heaven;
Soon in glory thou shalt come,
Taking thy poor pilgrims home;
Jesus, then we all shall be,
Ever—ever—Lord, with thee.

MERCY, 7s.

E. F. PARKER, *arr.*

1. In the dark and cloudy day, When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay, Sav- iour, com - fort, com - fort me!

718

Comfort.

G. RAWSON.

- In the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Saviour, comfort me!
- 2 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me!
- 3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in thy love confide;
Saviour, comfort me!
- 4 Comfort me; I am cast down:
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own:
Saviour, comfort me!
- 5 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

- 3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.
- 4 Jesus! guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock;
Make us by thy powerful hand,
Firm as Zion's mountain stand.

719

"For he careth."

R. HILL

- CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His unchanging faithfulness.
- 2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.

720

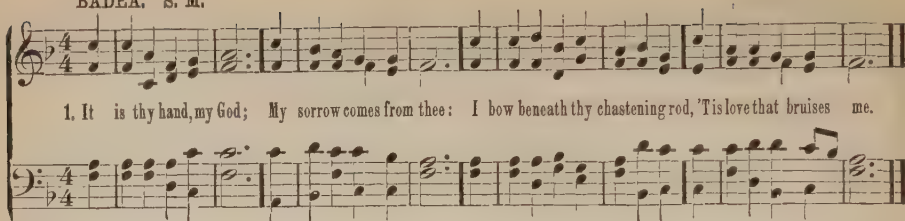
Love seen in trials.

W. COWPER.

- 'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.
- 3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
- 4 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a castaway?
- 5 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

BADEA. S. M.

GERMAN MELODY.



721

"Spare me."

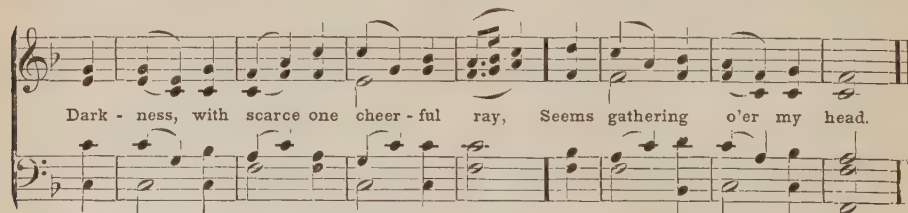
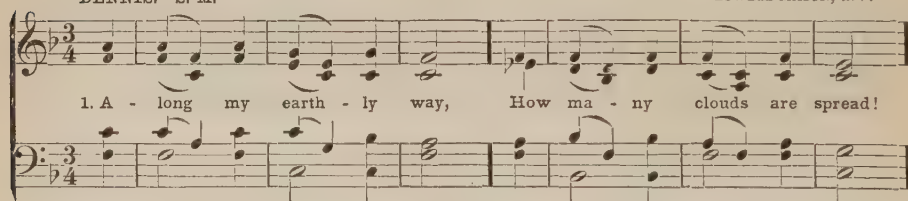
J. G. DECK.

It is thy hand, my God;

My sorrow comes from thee:

I bow beneath thy chastening rod,
'Tis love that bruises me.2 I would not murmur, Lord;
Before thee I am dumb:Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
To thee for help I come.3 My God, thy name is Love;
A Father's hand is thine;With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, "Thy will be mine!"4 Jesus for me hath died;
Thy Son thou didst not spare:
His pierced hands, his bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.5 Here my poor heart can rest;
My God, it cleaves to thee:
Thy will is love, thine end is blest,
All work for good to me.

DENNIS. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

722

Hereafter.

J. EDMESTON.

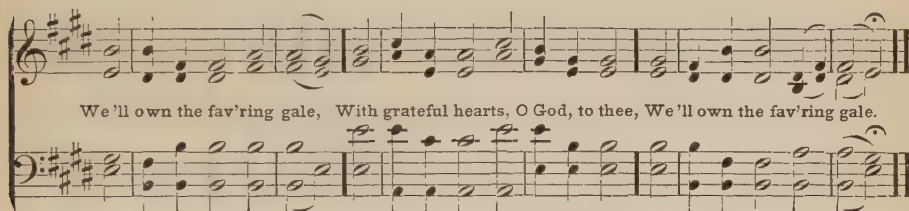
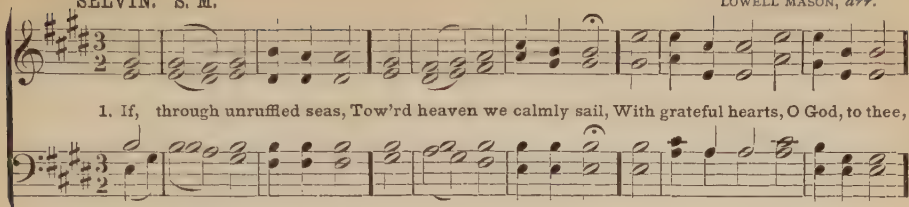
ALONG my earthly way,

How many clouds are spread!

Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,
Seems gathering o'er my head.2 Yet, Father, thou art Love;
Oh, hide not from my view!
But when I look, in prayer, above,
Appear in mercy through!3 My pathway is not hid;
Thou knowest all my need;And I would do as Israel did,—
Follow where thou wilt lead.4 Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray;
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.5 And, oh, from that bright throne
I shall look back, and see,—
The path I went, and that alone
Was the right path for me.

SELVIN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.



723

"We walk by faith." A. M. TOPLADY.

If, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

724

Kindness even in affliction. T. HASTINGS.

How tender is thy hand,
O thou beloved Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God,
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 We told him all our grief,
We thought of Jesus' love;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pains remove.

5 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
For ever be his name adored;
For there is none beside.

725

Psalms 103.

I. WATTS.

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

5 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

JEWETT. 6s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK, *arr.*

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine! In - to thy hand of love

I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me

as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!

726

J. BORTHWICK, *tr.*

- My Jesus, as thou wilt!
 Oh, may thy will be mine;
 Into thy hand of love
 I would my all resign;
 Through sorrow, or through joy,
 Conduct me as thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, thy will be done!
- 2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear;
 Since thou on earth hast wept,
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with thee,
 My Lord, thy will be done!
- 3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
 All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with thee:
 Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,
 My Lord, thy will be done!

727

"He knoweth the way." H. BONAR.

- THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by thine own hand;
 Choose out my path for me.
 I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not, if I might;
 Choose thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.
- 2 The kingdom that I seek
 Is thine; so let the way
 That leads to it be thine,
 Else I must surely stray.
 Take thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to thee may seem;
 Choose thou my good and ill.
- 3 Choose thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health;
 Choose thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small;
 Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom and my All.

FLEMMING. 8s, 6s.

F. FLEMMING.

1. O Ho-ly Sav-iour! Friend un-seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me
lean, Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to thee.

728

Clinging to Christ.

C. ELLIOTT.

O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

2 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

729

A will resigned.

J. G. WHITTIER.

I ASK not now for gold to gild,
With mocking shine, an aching frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for fame.

2 But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known;
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own.

3 In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thoughts I scan;
I only feel how weak I am,
How poor and blind is man.

4 And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see;
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee.

THY WILL BE DONE. Chant.

LOWELL MASON.

Close. Thy will be done!

730

Mark 14 : 36.

J. BOWRING.

"Thy will be | done!" || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

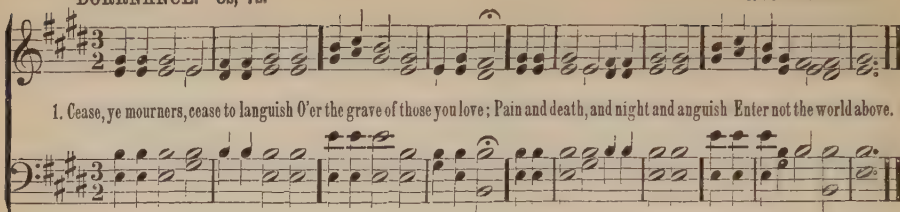
2 "Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ||

This prayer will make it more divine—|
"Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" || Tho' shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, | one comfort—one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

DORRANCE. 8s, 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish O'er the grave of those you love; Pain and death, and night and anguish Enter not the world above.

731

Comfort.

W. B. COLLYER.

CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death, and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.

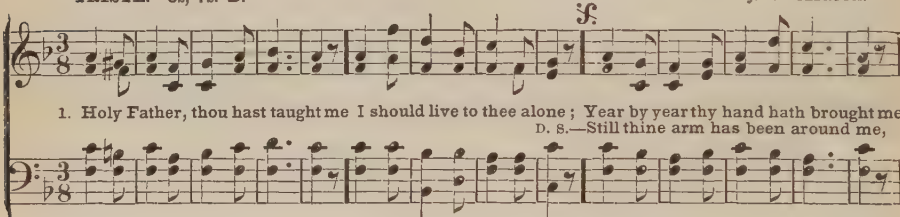
2 While our silent steps are straying
Lonely through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

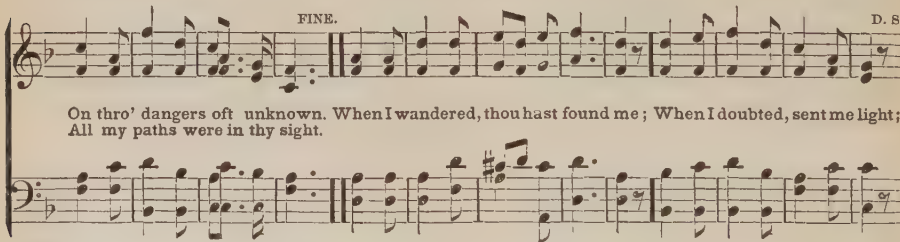
4 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

TRISTE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.



1. Holy Father, thou hast taught me I should live to thee alone; Year by year thy hand hath brought me
D. S.—Still thine arm has been around me,



On thro' dangers oft unknown. When I wandered, thou hast found me; When I doubted, sent me light;
All my paths were in thy sight.

732

"Keep me ever."

J. M. NEALE.

HOLY Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

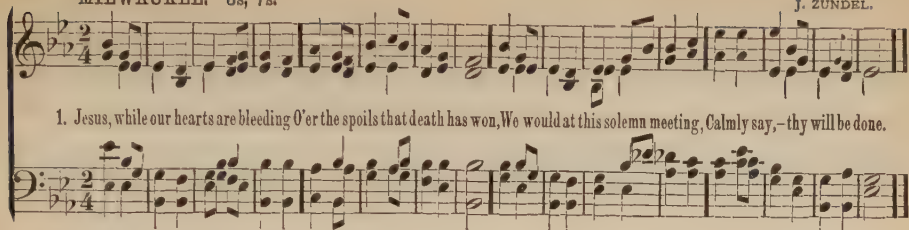
2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.

Therefore, Lord, I come believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protection,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy direction,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

MILWAUKEE. 8s, 7s.

J. ZUNDEL.



1. Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding O'er the spoils that death has won, We would at this solemn meeting, Calmly say,—thy will be done.

733

"Thy will be done."

T. HASTINGS.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—thy will be done.

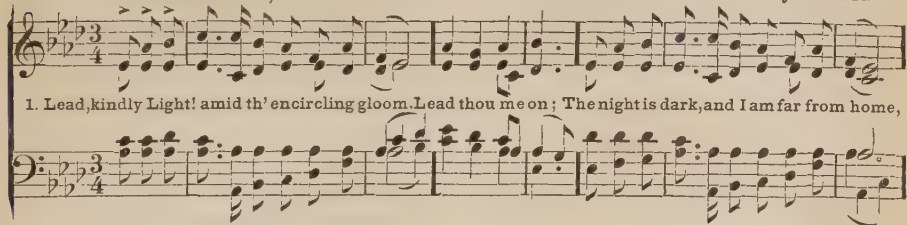
2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blesséd Lord,—thy will be done.

3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing—thy will be done.

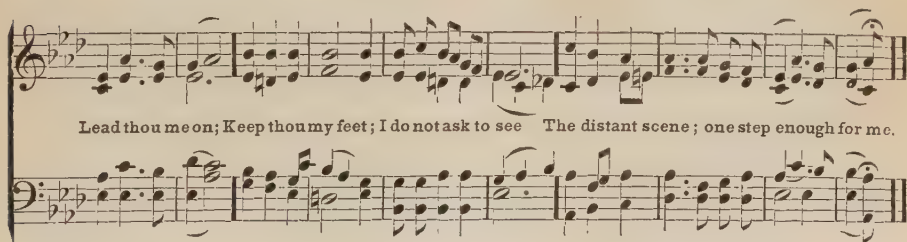
4 By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—thy will be done!

LUX BENIGNA. 10s, 4s.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly Light! amid th' encircling gloom. Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,



Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.

734

"Lead thou me on!" J. H. NEWMAN.

LEAD, kindly Light! amid the encircling
Lead thou me on; [gloom,
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on;

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on:

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past
years.

3 So long thy power has blessed me, sure
Will lead me on [it still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile!

BEETHOVEN. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY, *arr.*

1. Deem not that they are blest alone Whose days a peaceful tenor keep; Th'anoined Son of God makes

known A blessing for the eyes that weep.

735

Blessing for mourners. W. C. BRYANT.

DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The anoined Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,

Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

736

Resignation.

J. ROSCOE.

THY will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

2 Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid my soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

3 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

4 Ev'n now, above, there's radiant day,
While clouds and darkness brood below;
Then, Father, joyful on my way
To drink the bitter cup, I go.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

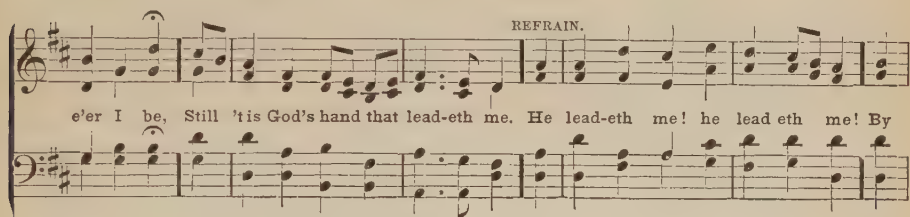
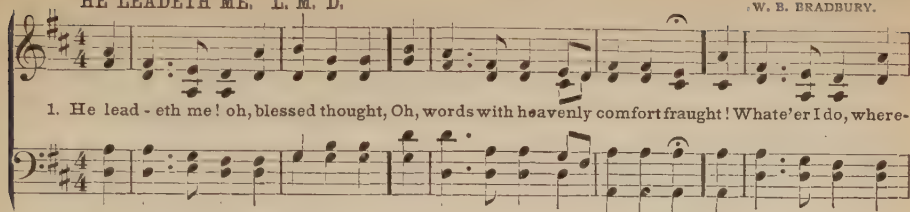
W. B. BRADBURY.

1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done—thy will be done!"

HE LEADETH ME. L. M. D.

W. B. BRADBURY.



737

"He leadeth me."

J. H. GILMORE.

He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.—

REF.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!—REF.

3 Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—REF.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
Ev'n death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—

REF.

738

"Thy will be done."

C. ELLIOTT.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

6 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

739 6S. D. *"Thy Father."*T. HASTINGS.

Be tranquil, O my soul,
 Be quiet, every fear !
 Thy Father hath control,
 And he is ever near.
 Ne'er of thy lot complain,
 Whatever may befall ;
 Sickness, or care, or pain,
 'T is well-appointed all.

2 A Father's chastening hand
 Is leading thee along ;
 Nor distant is the land,
 Where swells the immortal song.
 Oh, then, my soul, be still !
 Await heaven's high decree ;
 Seek but thy Father's will,
 It shall be well with thee.

740 S. M. *Trusting.* W. F. LLOYD.

"My times are in thy hand :"
 My God ! I wish them there ;
 My life, my soul, my all, I leave
 Entirely to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand ;"
 Whatever they may be ;
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand ;"—
 Why should I doubt or fear ?
 My Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand ;"
 I'll always trust in thee ;
 Till I possess the promised land,
 And all thy glory see.

741 C. M. *Psalm 73.* I. WATTS.

God, my supporter and my hope,
 My help for ever near,
 Thine arm of mercy held me up,
 When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my
 Through this dark wilderness ; [feet
 Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
 To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven, without my God,
 'T would be no joy to me ;

And while the earth is my abode,
 I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint,
 Thou art my soul's eternal rock,
 The strength of every saint.

5 Then to draw near to thee, my God,
 Shall be my sweet employ ;
 My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
 And tell the world my joy.

742 L. M. *Psalm 90 : 12.* GUYON.

If life in sorrow must be spent,
 So be it ; I am well content ;
 And meekly wait my last remove,
 Desiring only trustful love.

2 No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfill
 In life, in death, thy perfect will ;
 No succor in my woes I want,
 But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

3 Our days are numbered : let us spare
 Our anxious hearts a needless care ;
 'Tis thine to number out our days ;
 'Tis ours to give them to thy praise.

4 Faith is our only business here—
 Faith, simple, constant, and sincere ;
 Oh, blesséd days thy servants see !
 Thus spent O Lord ! in pleasing thee.

743 C. M. *"Be ye also ready."* A. REED.

There is an hour when I must part
 With all I hold most dear ;
 And life, with its best hopes, will then
 As nothingness appear.

2 There is an hour when I must sink
 Beneath the stroke of death ;
 And yield to him, who gave it first,
 My struggling vital breath.

3 There is an hour when I must stand
 Before the judgment-seat ;
 And all my sins, and all my foes,
 In awful vision meet.

4 There is an hour when I must look
 On one eternity ;
 And nameless woe, or blissful life,
 My endless portion be.

5 O Saviour, then, in all my need
 Be near, be near to me :
 And let my soul, by steadfast faith,
 Find life and heaven in thee.

744

S. M.

Tell Jesus.

ANON.

747

8s, 7s.

*Life's Evening.*C. F. SMITH, *alt.*

IN every trying hour
 My soul to Jesus flies;
 I trust in his almighty power,
 When swelling billows rise.
 2 His comforts bear me up;
 I trust a faithful God;
 The sure foundation of my hope
 Is in my Saviour's blood.
 3 Loud hallelujahs sing
 To our Redeemer's name;
 In joy or sorrow—life or death—
 His love is still the same.

745

L. M.

"Afterwards."

A. R. WOLFE.

I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
 To break the dream of human power,
 For now my shallow cistern's spent,
 I find thy fount and thirst no more.
 2 I take thy hand and fears grow still:
 Behold thy face, and doubts remove;
 Who would not yield his wavering will
 To perfect truth and boundless love!
 3 That truth gives promise of a dawn,
 Beneath whose light I am to see,
 When all these blinding veils are drawn,
 This was the wisest path for me.
 4 That love this restless soul doth teach
 The strength of thy eternal calm;
 And tunes its sad and broken speech,
 To sing ev'n now the angels' psalm.

746

L. M.

God is love.

J. BOWRING.

I CANNOT always trace the way
 Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
 But I can always, always say,
 That God is love, that God is love.
 2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
 O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
 As to her native home, upsprings,
 For God is love, for God is love.
 3 When mystery clouds my darkened
 path,
 I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
 In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
 That God is love, that God is love.
 4 Yes, God is love;—a thought like this
 Can every gloomy thought remove,
 And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
 For God is love, for God is love.

TARRY with me, O my Saviour!

For the day is passing by;
 See! the shades of evening gather,
 And the night is drawing nigh.
 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
 Paler now the glowing west,
 Swift the night of death advances;
 Shall it be the night of rest?
 3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
 Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
 Give me faith for clearer vision,
 Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.
 4 Let me hear thy voice behind me,
 Calming all these wild alarms;
 Let me, underneath my weakness,
 Feel the everlasting arms.
 5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
 Lord, I cast myself on thee;
 Tarry with me through the darkness;
 While I sleep, still watch by me.
 6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
 Lay my head upon thy breast
 Till the morning; then awake me—
 Morning of eternal rest!

748

6s, D.

More like God.

H. BONAR.

I DID thee wrong, my God,
 I wronged thy truth and love.
 I fretted at the rod,—
 Against thy power I strove.
 Come nearer, nearer still;
 Let not thy light depart;
 Bend, break this stubborn will;
 Dissolve this iron heart!
 2 Less wayward let me be,
 More pliable and mild;
 In glad simplicity
 More like a trustful child.
 Less, less of self each day,
 And more, my God, of thee;
 Oh, keep me in the way,
 However rough it be.
 3 Less of the flesh each day,
 Less of the world and sin:
 More of thy Son, I pray,
 More of thyself within.
 More moulded to thy will,
 Lord, let thy servant be;
 Higher and higher still,
 More, and still more, like thee!

APOLLOS, S. M. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill! Who bring sal-va-tion
on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal. How charming is their voice! How
sweet their ti-dings are! "Zi-on, be-hold thy Saviour King; He reigns and triumphs here."

749

The Ministry.

I. WATTS.

HOW BEAUTEOUS are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

750

More Laborers.

C. WESLEY.

LORD of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord! is great,
The laborers are few.

2 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
Give the pure Gospel-word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

3 Oh, let them spread thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim
Thy all-redeeming love.
On all mankind forgiven,
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven,
That thou hast died for all.

WARSAW, H. M.

THOS. CLARK.

1. Christ is our Corner-stone; On him alone we build; With his true saints alone

The courts of heaven are filled; On his great love Our hopes we place, Of present grace And joys above.

751

Corner-stone.

J. CHANDLER, tr.

CHRIST is our Corner-stone;
 On him alone we build;
 With his true saints alone
 The courts of heaven are filled:
 On his great love | Of present grace
 Our hopes we place, | And joys above.
 2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
 These hallowed courts shall ring!
 Our voices we will raise,
 The Three in One to sing;
 And thus proclaim | Both loud and long,
 In joyful song, | That glorious Name.
 3 Here may we gain from heaven
 The grace which we implore,
 And may that grace once given,
 Be with us evermore,—
 Until that day | To endless rest
 When all the blest | Are called away.

752

The Church one.

G. ROBINSON.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord below, above,
 One faith, one hope divine,
 One only watchword, love;
 From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.
 2 Our sacrifice is one;
 One Priest before the throne,
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone;
 And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
 Our chief, our choicest offering.
 3 Head of thy church beneath,
 The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew;
 Then shall thy perfect will be done
 When Christians love and live as one.

HADDAM, H. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.

1. One sole baptismal sign, One Lord below, above, One faith, one hope divine; One only watchword,

love; From different temples though it rise, One song ascendeth to the skies.

STOUGHTON. 8s, 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit-y of our God!

He, whose word can-not be brok-en, Formed thee for his own a-bode:
D. S.—With sal-va-tion's wall sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re- pose?

D. S.

753

"Glorious things."

J. NEWTON.

- GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

754

The covenant.

W. COWPER.

- HEAR what God, the Lord hath spoken;
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see,
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God, your everlasting Light.

MIDDLETON. 8s, 7s, D.

ENGLISH AIR.

1. { Light of those whose dreary dwell-ing Bor-ders on the shades of death! }
 { Rise on us, thy love re-veal-ing, Dis-si-pate the clouds be-neath: } Thou, of heaven and
 D. C.—Scat-ter-ing all the night of na-ture, Pour-ing day up-on our eyes.

D. C.
 earth Cre-a-tor, In our deepest darkness rise,—

755

"The true Light."

C. WESLEY.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death!
 Rise on us, thy love revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:
 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,—
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart:
 Come, and manifest thy favor
 To the ransomed, helpless race;
 Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
 Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild, pacific Prince!
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Every burdened soul release;
 Every weary, wandering spirit,
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

WILSON. 8s, 7s.

FROM MENDELSSOHN.

1. Come, thou long-expect-ed Je-sus, Born to set thy peo-ple free; From our fears and sins re-

lease us, Let us find our rest in thee.

756

"Come quickly."

C. WESLEY.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.

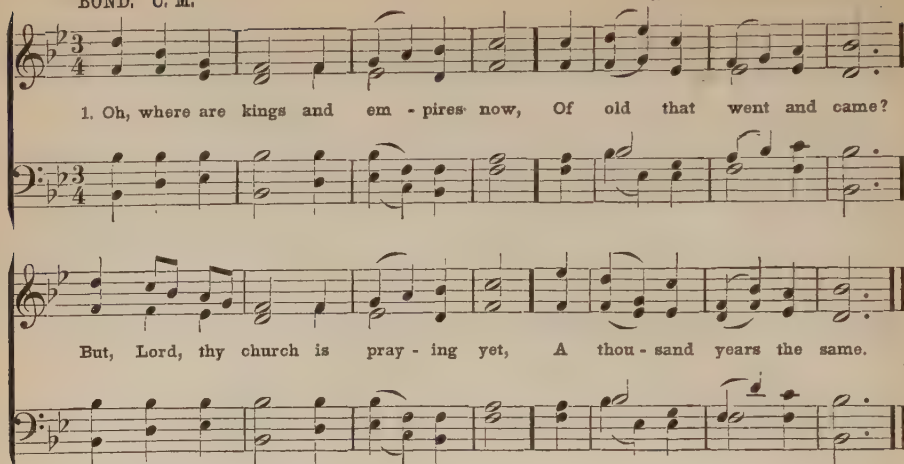
2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art:
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver;
 Born a child, and yet a King!
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne

BOND, C. M.

ROOT AND SWEETSER'S COLL.



757

A growing kingdom.

A. C. COXE.

Oh, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?

But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;

We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!

Though earthquake shocks are threatening [her,
And tempests are abroad;—

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,

A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Their feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

5 No more a lily among thorns,
Weary and faint and few;
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

6 Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

758

"Little Flock."

H. BONAR.

CHURCH of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!

2 A little flock!—so calls he thee
Who bought thee with his blood;

A little flock, disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.

3 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;

They whom God makes his kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.

759

"Can a mother forget?"

A. STRELE.

A MOTHER may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.

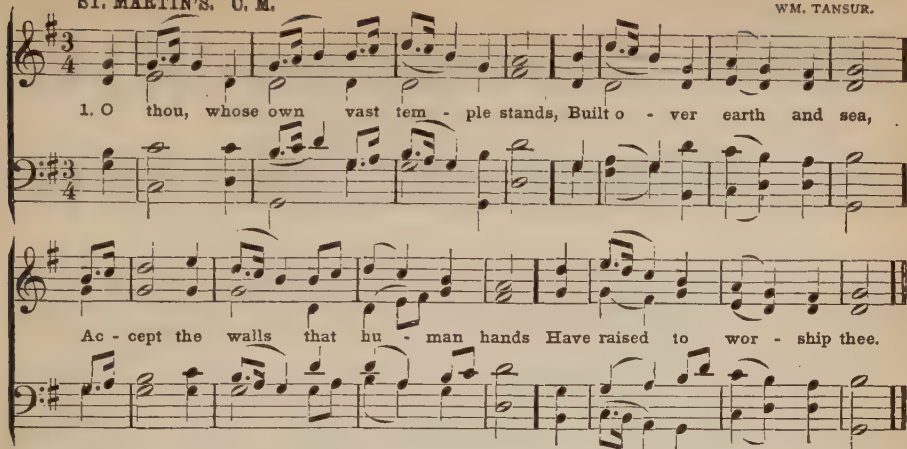
2 No: thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands,
And never shall remove.

3 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion, learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WM. TANSUR.



1. O thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,

Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship thee.

760

For Dedication.

W. C. BRYANT.

O thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, 4
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

761

The Ministry.

P. DODDRIDGE.

'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

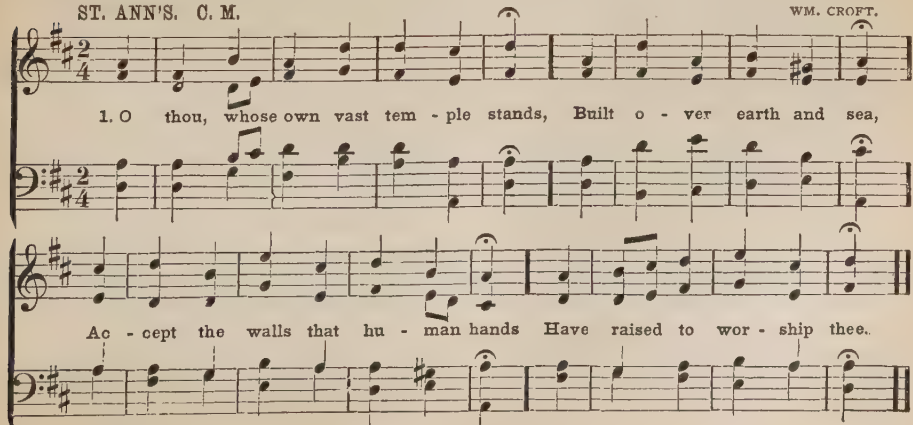
2 They watch for souls for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego—
For souls that must for ever live
In rapture or in woe.

3 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord! how should we appear?

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach
Their own Redeemer, see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

WM. CROFT.

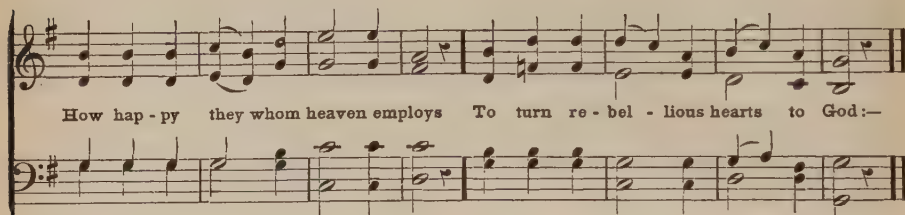
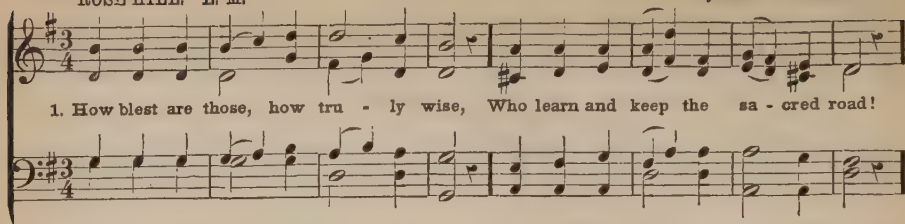


1. O thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,

Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship thee.

ROSE HILL, L. M.

JOSEPH E. SWERTSER.



762

The Ministry.

A. STERLE.

How BLEST are those, how truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road!
How happy they whom heaven employs
To turn rebellious hearts to God:—

- 2 To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves,
And that blest righteousness display
Which Jesus wrought and God approves.
- 3 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

763

Installation.

J. MONTGOMERY.

WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant: so he came,
And we receive thee in his stead.

- 2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a teacher, sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love!
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

764

For Dedication.

N. P. WILLIS.

- THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple,—built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars, one by one.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.
 - 3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea—the sky—and “all was good;”
And when its first pure praises rang,
The “morning stars together sang.”
 - 4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands—
An humbler temple, “made with hands.”

765

The Ministry.

B. BEDDOME.

- FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful may they ever be.
- 2 Clothe thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.
 - 3 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
And light through distant realms be spread
Till Zion rears her drooping head.

WARE, L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Pour out thy Spir - it from on high; Lord! thine as - sembled ser - vants bless;

Gra - ces and gifts to each sup - ply, And clothe thy priests with right - eous - ness.

766

Convocation.

J. MONTGOMERY.

- POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
 Lord! thine assembled servants bless;
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Wisdom and zeal, and faith impart,
 Firmness with meekness from above,
 To bear thy people on our heart,
 And love the souls whom thou dost love:—
- 3 To watch and pray, and never faint;
 By day and night strict guard to keep;
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
 Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep;—
- 4 Then, when our work is finished here,
 In humble hope our charge resign:
 When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
 O God! may they and we be thine!

767

Seeking a Pastor.

P. DODDRIDGE.

- O LORD, thy pitying eye surveys
 Our wandering paths, our trackless ways:
 Send forth, in love, thy truth and light,
 To guide our doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 In humble faith, behold we wait:
 On thee we call at mercy's gate;
 Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,—
 Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?
- 3 O Lord! in ways of peace return,
 Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
 May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
 Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

768

Prayer for Pastor.

R. HILL.

- WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
 Him whom we now to thee commend;
 Thy faithful messenger secure,
 And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
 Direct his feet in paths of peace;
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill,
 And arm him to obey thy will.

769

Church Dedication. J. PIERPONT.

- OH, bow thine ear, Eternal One!
 On thee our heart adoring calls;
 To thee the followers of thy Son
 Have raised, and now devote these walls.
- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
 And be this place to worship given,
 Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
 The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
 As incense, let thy children's prayer,
 From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
 Rise on the still and holy air.
- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
 Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
 As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,
 On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.
- 5 And when the lips, that with thy name
 Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
 On others may devotion's flame
 Be kindled here, and purely burn!

770

S. M.

Psalm 48.

I. WATTS.

FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well—

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows ;
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God, while here below,
And ours above the sky.

771

7S, 6S.

The Church is Christ's.

S. J. STONE.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
She is his new creation
By water and the word :
From heaven he came and sought her,
To be his holy bride ;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth ;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, " How long ? "
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

772

S. M.

Psalm 48.

I. WATTS.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great ;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand !
The honors of our native place,
The bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces !

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

773

HIS, IOS.

"Daughter of Zion!"

ANON.

DAUGHTER of Zion ! awake from thy sadness :

Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee
no more ;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star
of gladness ;
Arise ! for the night of thy sorrow is
o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm
that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far ;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge
that pursued them ;
For vain were their steeds and their
chariots of war !

3 Daughter of Zion ! the Power that
hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the tim-
brel should be :
Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that en-
slaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion
is free !

774

75.

For Dedication. J. MONTGOMERY.

LORD of hosts ! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise :
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply :
Hallelujah ! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

775

S. M.

The Ministry.

MRS. VOKE.

YE messengers of Christ !
His sovereign voice obey ;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow ;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose ;
The cause is God's—and will prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

776

75, 65.

Departing Missionaries. J. EDMESTON.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean ;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore ;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm !
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be :
Though far from us, who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

777

C. M.

Church Opening.

I. WATTS.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest ;
Lo ! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine ;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

778

P. M.

*I Pet. i: 10, 11.*F. E. COX, *tr.*

WAKE ! the welcome day appeareth,
Every heart with joy it cheereth !
Wake ! the Lord's great year behold ;
That which holy men of old,
Those who throng the sacred pages,
Waited for through countless ages :
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

2 Patriarchs erst and priests aspiring,
Kings and prophets long desiring,
Saw not this before they died :—
Lo ! the light to them denied !
See its beams to earth directed !
Welcome, O thou long-expected !
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

3 In our stead himself he offers,
On the accurséd tree he suffers,
That his death's sweet savor may
Take our curse for aye away ;
Cross and curse for us enduring,
Hope and heaven to us securing :
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

4 Rent the temple curtain's centre ;
Come, ye nations, freely enter
Through the vail the holy place !
Freely stand before his face,
Here your grateful tributes bringing :
Come thou Bride, for ever singing,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

LEIGHTON. S. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. Work while it is to-day! This was our Sav-iour's rule;
With do-cile minds let us o-bey, As learn-ers in his school.

779

Expedition.

J. MONTGOMERY.

WORK while it is to-day!

This was our Saviour's rule;

With docile minds let us obey,

As learners in his school.

2 Lord Christ, we humbly ask
Of thee the power and will,
With fear and meekness, every task
Of duty to fulfill.

3 At home, by word and deed,
Adorn redeeming grace;
And sow abroad the precious seed
Of truth in every place:—

4 That thus the wilderness
May blossom like the rose,
And trees spring up of righteousness,
Where'er life's river flows.

5 For thee our all to spend,
Still may we watch and pray,
And, persevering to the end,
Work while it is to-day.

780

Contribution.

W. W. HOW.

WE give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angel's work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace—
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

781

Reform.

ANON.

MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

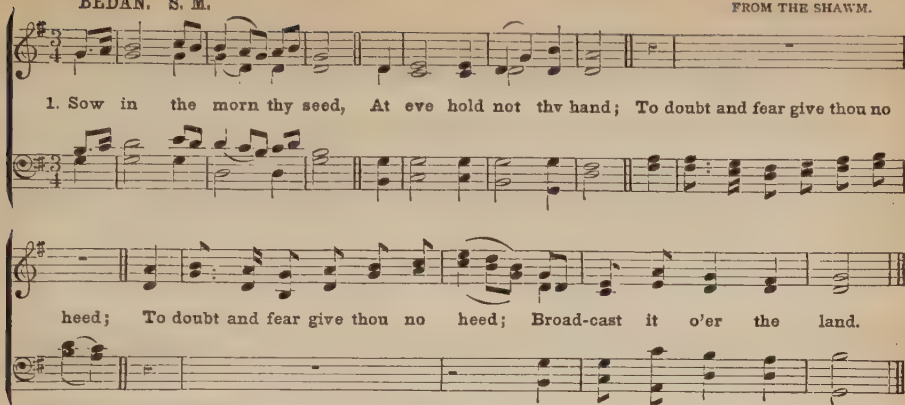
2 Mourn for the ruined soul,—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun the dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

BEDAN. S. M.

FROM THE SHAWM.



782

"Harvest home." J. MONTGOMERY.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

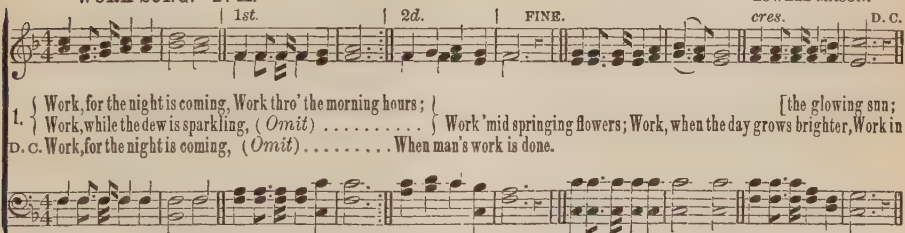
2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

WORK SONG. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.



783

"The night cometh."

S. DYER.

Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

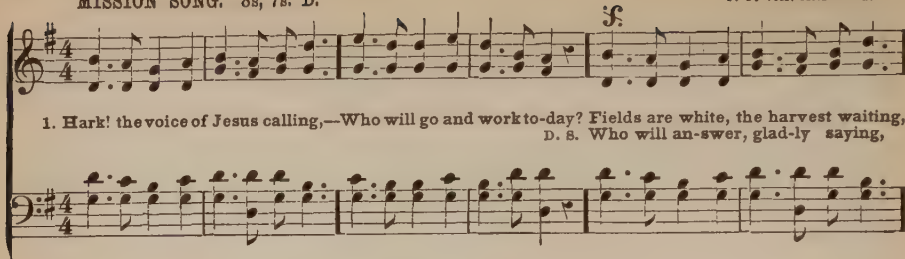
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.

Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

MISSION SONG. 8s, 7s. D.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE.



784

"The Laborers are few." D. MARCH.

HARK! the voice of Jesus calling,—
 Who will go and work to-day?
 Fields are white, the harvest waiting,—
 Who will bear the sheaves away?
 Loud and long the Master calleth,
 Rich reward he offers free;
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
 And the heathen lands explore,
 You can find the heathen nearer,
 You can help them at your door;
 If you cannot speak like angels,
 If you cannot preach like Paul,
 You can tell the love of Jesus,
 You can say he died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you,
 Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do!"
 Gladly take the task he gives you,
 Let his work your pleasure be;
 Answer quickly when he calleth,
 "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

785

"What thy hand findeth." E. H. GATES.

If you cannot on the ocean
 Sail among the swiftest fleet,

Rocking on the highest billows,
 Laughing at the storms you meet,
 You can stand among the sailors,
 Anchored yet within the bay,
 You can lend a hand to help them,
 As they launch their boat away.
 2 If you are too weak to journey
 Up the mountain steep and high,
 You can stand within the valley,
 While the multitude go by;
 You can chant in happy measure,
 As they slowly pass along;
 Though they may forget the singer,
 They will not forget the song.
 3 If you have not gold and silver
 Ever ready to command;
 If you cannot toward the needy
 Reach an ever open hand,
 You can visit the afflicted,
 O'er the erring you can weep;
 You can be a true disciple
 Sitting at the Saviour's feet.
 4 If you cannot in the harvest
 Garner up the richest sheaf,
 Many a grain both ripe and golden
 Will the careless reapers leave;
 Go and glean among the briers,
 Growing rank against the wall,
 For it may be that the shadow
 Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

786

8s, 7s. *Christian Union.* T. W. AVELING.

HAIL! thou God of grace and glory!

Who thy name hast magnified,

By redemption's wondrous story,

By the Saviour crucified;

Thanks to thee for every blessing,

Flowing from the Fount of love;

Thanks for present good unceasing,

And for hopes of bliss above.

2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly,

Near thy bright and burning throne;

We invoke thee, God most holy!

Through thy well-belovéd Son;

Send the baptism of thy Spirit,

Shed the pentecostal fire;

Let us all thy grace inherit,

Waken, crown each good desire.

3 Bind thy people, Lord! in union,

With the sevenfold cord of love;

Breathe a spirit of communion

With the glorious hosts above;

Let thy work be seen progressing;

Bow each heart, and bend each knee;

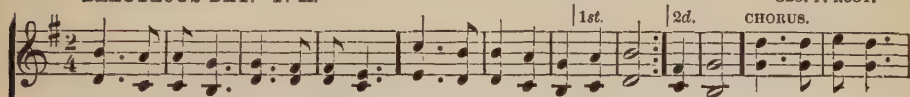
Till the world, thy truth possessing,

Celebrates its jubilee.

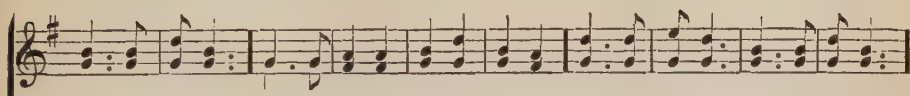
BEAUTEOUS DAY. P. M.

GEO. F. ROOT.

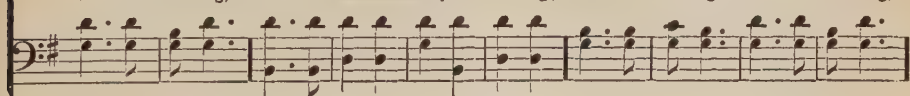
CHORUS.



1. { We are watching, we are waiting, For the bright prophetic day: }
 { When the shadows, weary shadows, From the world shall roll (Omit) } a - way. We are waiting



for the morning, When the beauteous day is dawning; We are waiting for the morning,



For the golden spires of day. Lo! he comes! see the King draws near; Zion, shout! the Lord is here.



787

We are watching. W. O. CUSHING.

We are watching, we are waiting,

For the bright prophetic day:

When the shadows, weary shadows,

From the world shall roll away.—CHO.

2 We are watching, we are waiting,

For the star that brings the day:

When the night of sin shall vanish,

And the shadows melt away.—CHO.

3 We are watching, we are waiting,

For the beauteous King of day:

For the Chiefest of ten-thousand,

For the Light, the Truth, the Way.—

CHO.

WESTMINSTER. 8s, 7s.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. On - ward, Chris - tian, though the re - gion Where thou art be drear and lone;
 God has set a guar - dian le - gion Ver - y near thee; press thou on.

788

"Leaving us an example." S. JOHNSON.

ONWARD, Christian, though the region
 Where thou art be drear and lone;
 God has set a guardian legion
 Very near thee; press thou on.

2 By the thorn-road, and none other,
 Is the mount of vision won;
 Tread it without shrinking, brother;
 Jesus trod it; press thou on.

3 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
 For thy life of pain and peace;
 While it needs thee, oh, no longer
 Pray thou for thy quick release.

4 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
 That thou be a faithful son;
 By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
 Not my will, but thine, be done."

789

Courage and Faith. ANON.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
 Not for ease that prayer shall be,
 But for strength that we may ever
 Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever by still waters
 Would we idly quiet stay;
 But would smite the living fountains
 From the rocks along our way.

3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
 In our wanderings, be our guide;
 Through endeavor, failure, danger,
 Father, be thou at our side!

790

Progress.

H. BONAR.

LIKE the eagle, upward, onward,
 Let my soul in faith be borne:
 Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
 Let my eye unshrinking turn!

2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
 Sets the fettered spirit free,
 Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
 There, my soul, thy rest shall be!

3 Oh, may I no longer, dreaming,
 Idly waste my golden day,
 But, each precious hour redeeming,
 Upward, onward, press my way!

791

Psaln 127.

H. AUBER.

VAINLY, through night's weary hours,
 Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;
 Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
 But for God's protecting arm.

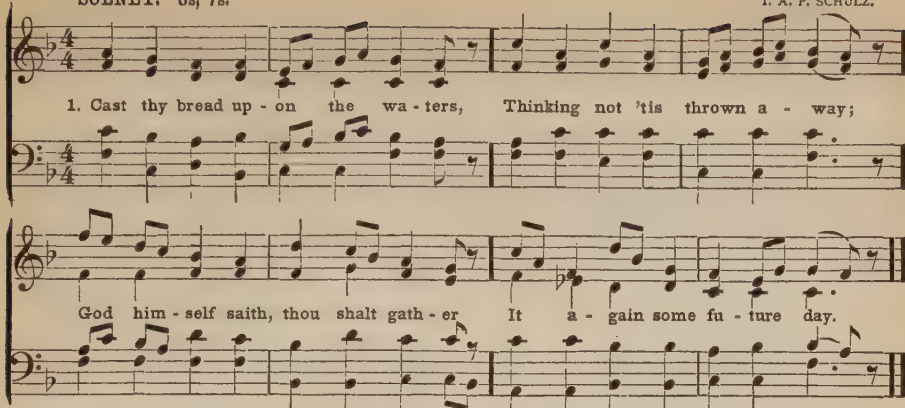
2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
 Did not God that labor bless;
 Vain, without his grace and favor,
 Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
 That on human strength relies;
 But to him shall help be given,
 Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
 He will grant us peace and rest:
 Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
 Who thro' Christ his prayer addressed.

SOLNEY, 8s, 7s.

I. A. P. SCHULZ.



1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Thinking not 'tis thrown a - way;
God him - self saith, thou shalt gath - er It a - gain some fu - ture day.

792

Ecc. 11 : 1.

J. H. HANAFORD.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
God himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

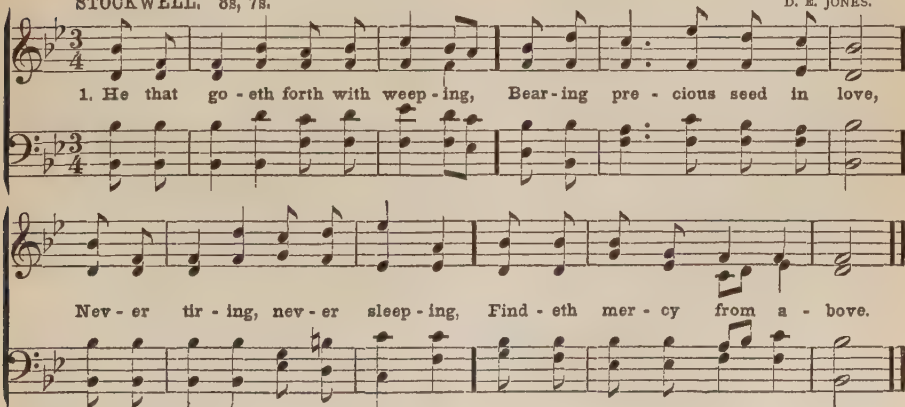
2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

STOCKWELL, 8s, 7s.

D. E. JONES.



1. He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,
Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.

793

Psalm 126: 6.

T. HASTINGS.

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

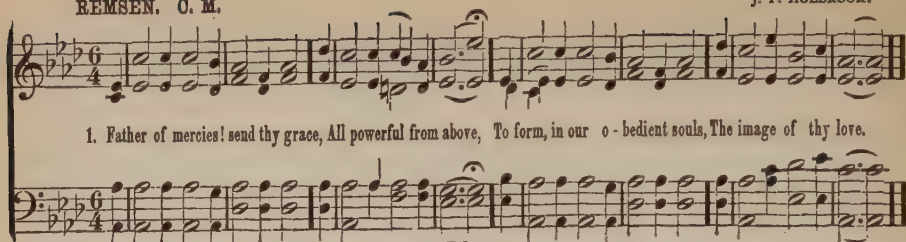
2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

REMSEN. C. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK.



1. Father of mercies! send thy grace, All powerful from above, To form, in our o-bedient souls, The image of thy love.

794

"So Jesus looked."

P. DODDRIDGE.

- FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And mid the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

795

God's hidden ones.

W. CROSWELL.

- LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.
- 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
- 4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

796

Minute fidelity.

ANON.

- SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.
- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.
- 3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.
- 4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

797

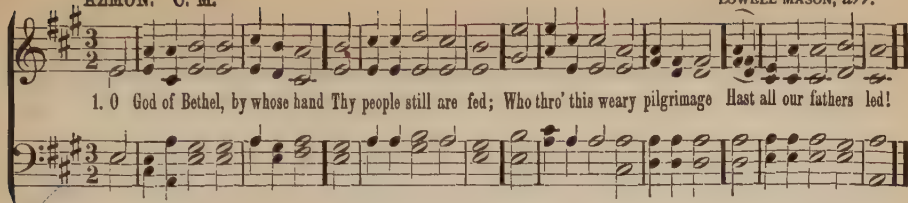
Psalms 41.

A. L. BARBAULD.

- BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous
A stranger's woes to feel; [warmth
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And, when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

AZMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.



1. O God of Bethel, by whose hand Thy people still are fed; Who thro' this weary pilgrimage Hast all our fathers led!

798

Genesis 28: 19-22. F. DODDRIDGE.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

799

Christ receiving children. F. DODDRIDGE.

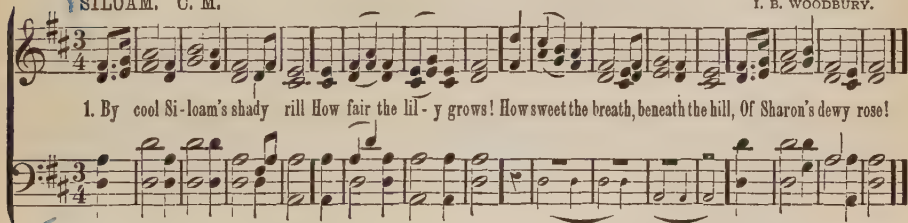
SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms!
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. By cool Si-loam's shady rill How fair the lily grows! How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dewy rose!

800

A Christian Child.

R. HEBER.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.



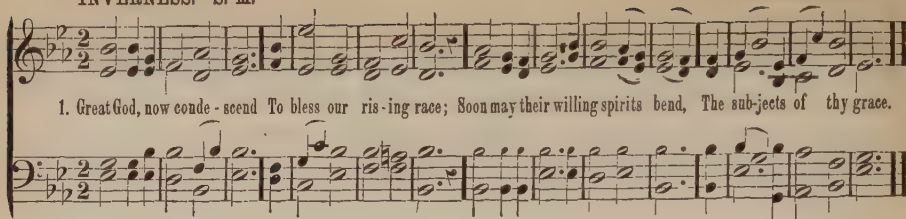
4 And soon, 'too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine!

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

INVERNESS. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Great God, now conde - scend To bless our ris - ing race; Soon may their willing spirits bend, The subjects of thy grace.

801

Our children.

J. FELLOWS.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 Oh, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
The word of truth divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

802

"Suffer them to come." H. U. ONDERDONK.

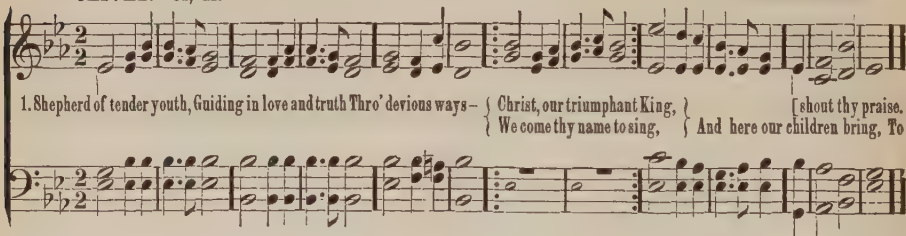
THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Implying, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

OLIVET. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Shepherd of tender youth, Guiding in love and truth Thro' devious ways— { Christ, our triumphant King, } [shout thy praise.
{ We comethy name to sing, } And here our children bring, To

803

Ancient Hymn.

H. M. DEXTER, tr.

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways—
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.



3 Ever be thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thy perennial word
Lead us where thou hast trod;
Our faith make strong.

4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Let all the holy throng,
Who to thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King!

BAVARIA. 8s, 7s. D.

GERMAN.

FINE.

1. { Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us: Much we need thy ten-der care; }
 { In thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use thy fold pre-pare: }
 D. C.—Keep thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray.

We are thine: do thou be-friend us, Be the guardian of our way; D. C.

804

Lambs of the Fold.

D. A. THRUFP.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us:
 Much we need thy tender care;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy fold prepare:
 We are thine: do thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
 Early let us seek thy favor,
 Early help us do thy will;
 Holy Lord, our only Saviour!
 With thy grace our bosom fill.

805

Sabbath School Meeting.

ANON.

SAVIOUR King, in hallowed union,
 At thy sacred feet we bow;
 Heart with heart, in blest communion,
 Join to crave thy favor now!
 Though celestial choirs adore thee,
 Let our prayer as incense rise;
 And our praise be set before thee,
 Sweet as evening sacrifice.

2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of blessing,
 Oft have cheered us on our way;
 By thy power and grace unceasing,
 We continue to this day:



Raise we then with glad emotion
 Thankful lays: and while we sing,
 Vow a pure, a full devotion
 To thy work, O Saviour King!

3 When we tell the wondrous story
 Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
 Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
 On the youthful heart to move!
 Oh, that he, the ever-living,
 May descend, as fruitful rain;
 Till the wilderness, reviving,
 Blossoms as the rose again!

806

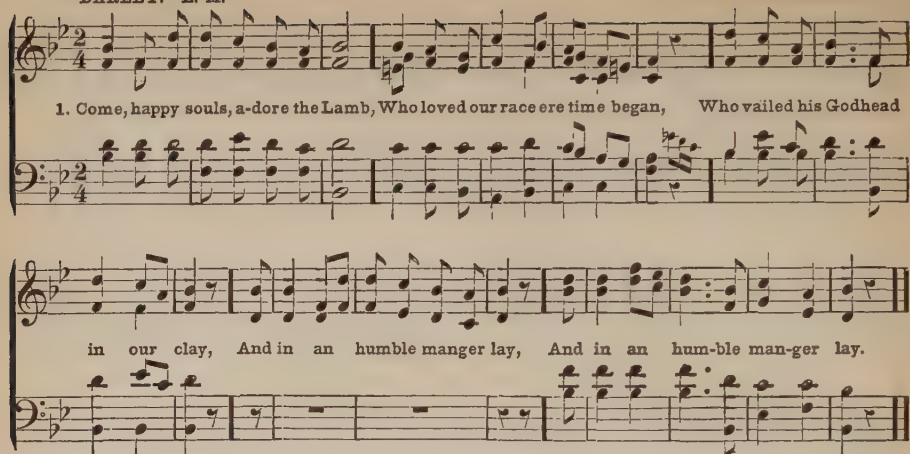
"These little ones." W. A. MUHLENBERG.

SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding
 With the shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs thy bosom share;
 Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in thy gracious arm;
 There, we know, thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.

2 Never, from thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey;
 Let thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way:
 Then, within thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting-place,
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

DARLEY. L. M.

W. H. W. DARLEY.



807

Imitation of Christ.

T. BALDWIN.

COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who vailed his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name,
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

808

"Buried with him."

MORAVIAN.

BURIED in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with him, to life restored;
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far, for more it cost.

2 Water can cleanse the flesh, we own,
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,
How dear to him our cleansing stood,
Baptized in fire, and bathed in blood.

3 He by his blood atoned for sin;
This precious blood can wash us clean;
And he arrays us in the dress
Of his unspotted righteousness.

*

809

The pleasant path.

A. JUDSON.

OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave;
Come, see the sacred path he trod,
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine!
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

810

Invocation.

A. JUDSON.

COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

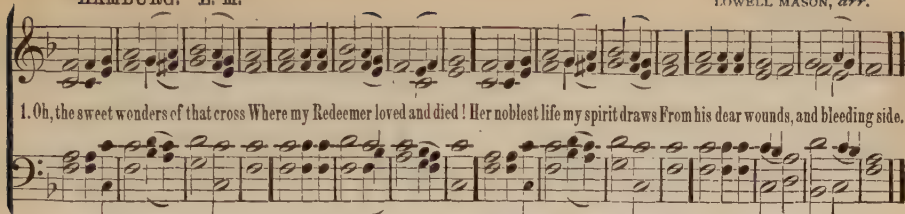
2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood,
Oh, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
Oh, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

HAMBURG. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.



1. Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross Where my Redeemer loved and died! Her noblest life my spirit draws From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

811

Parting Song.

I. WATTS.

With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross

Where my Redeemer loved and died!

Her noblest life my spirit draws

From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

2 I would for ever speak his name

In sounds to mortal ears unknown;

With angels join to praise the Lamb,

And worship at his Father's throne.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place

Among the children of thy grace;

A wretched sinner, lost to God,

But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,

Be thine through all eternity;

The vow is past beyond repeal;

And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood

That bought my guilty soul for God,

Thee, my new Master now I call,

And consecrate to thee my all.

812

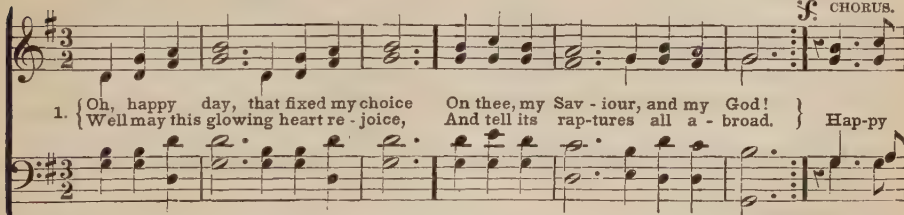
"Bought with a price."

S. DAVIES.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,

Purchased and saved by blood divine,

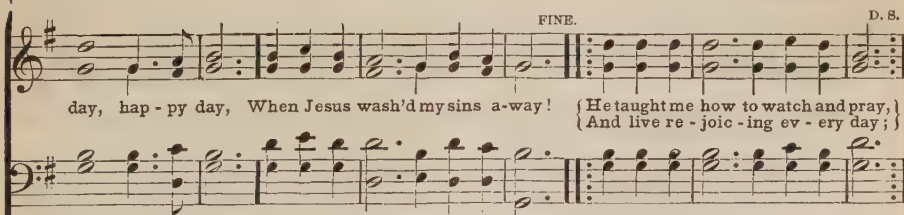
HAPPY DAY. L. M.

FROM E. F. RIMBAULT.
♩ CHORUS.

1. { Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
Well may this glowing heart re-joice,

On thee, my Sav-our, and my God!
And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }

Hap-py



day, hap-py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins a-way! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
{ And live re-joic-ing ev-ery day; }

813

"Happy Day."

F. DODDRIDGE.

Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

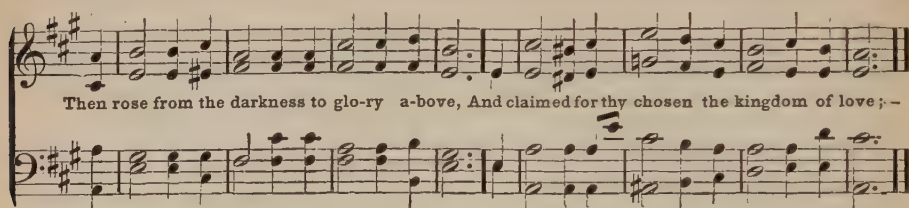
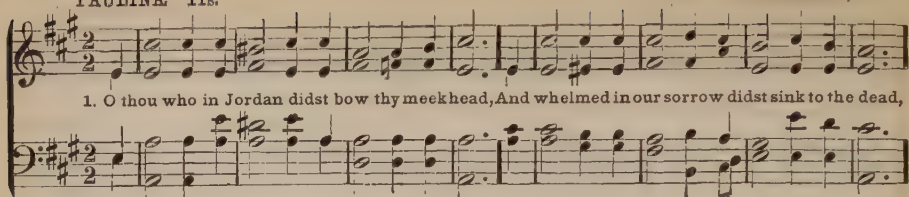
CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day:

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.—CHO.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.—CHO.

PAULINA. 11s.

L. W. BACON, *arr.*

814

Following Jesus. G. W. BETHUNE.

O thou who in Jordan didst bow thy meek
head,
And whelmed in our sorrow didst sink to
the dead,
Then rose from the darkness to glory above,
And claimed for thy chosen the kingdom
of love;—

2 Thy footsteps we follow, to bow in the tide,
And are buried with thee in the death thou
hast died,
Then wake with thy likeness to walk in the
way
That brightens and brightens to shadow-
less day.

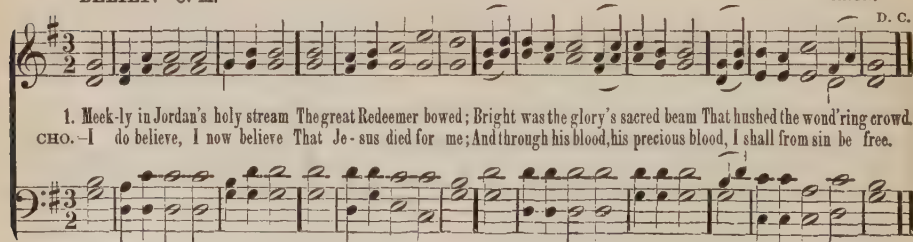
3 O Jesus, our Saviour, O Jesus, our Lord,
By the life of thy passion, the grace of thy
word,
Accept us, redeem us, dwell ever within,
To keep, by thy Spirit, our spirits from sin;—

4 Till, crowned with thy glory, and waving
the palm,
Our garments all white from the blood of
the Lamb,
We join the bright millions of saints gone
before,
And bless thee, and wonder, and praise
evermore.

BELIEF. C. M.

ANON.

D. C.



815

Jesus' Baptism.

S. F. SMITH.

MEEKLY in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.

CHO.—I do believe, I now believe
That Jesus died for me;
And through his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

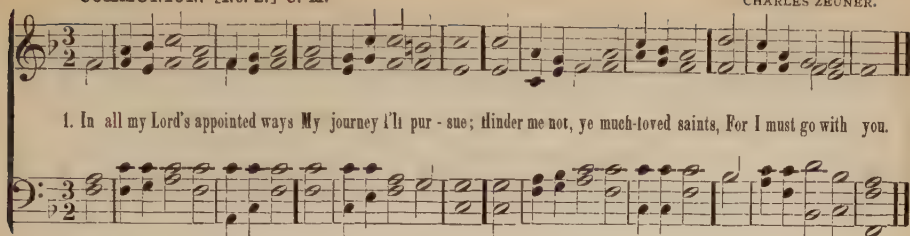
*

2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.—CHO.

3 So, blessed Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene;
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.—CHO.

COMMUNION. [No. 2.] C. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.



1. In all my Lord's appointed ways My journey I'll pur - sue; hinder me not, ye much-loved saints, For I must go with you.

816

Gen. 24: 56.

J. RYLAND.

- IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not! shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not! come, welcome death;
I'll gladly go with thee!

818

"All righteousness."

B. BEDDOME.

- BURIED beneath the yielding wave,
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus do his willing saints, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain;
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 Now we, blest Saviour, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall be thy praise.

817

"This is my Son."

ENG. BAP. COLL.

- 'TIS God the Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'Tis he whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaimed the Son divine.
- 2 The Father owned him; let our breath
In answering praise ascend,
As in the image of his death
We own our heavenly Friend.
- 3 We seek the consecrated grave
Along the path he trod;
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God.
- 4 Let earth and heaven our zeal record,
And future witness bear;
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.



819

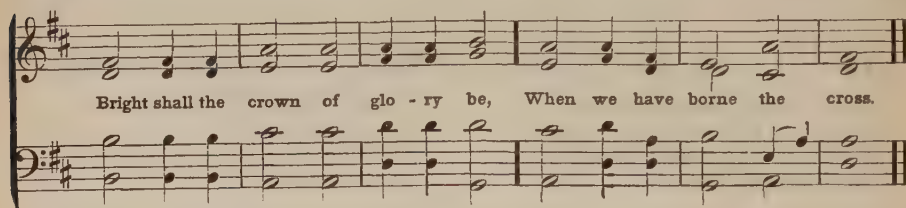
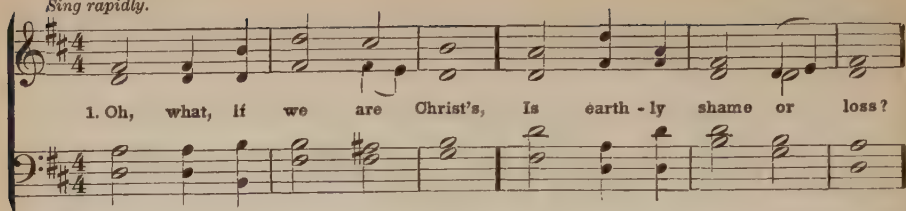
Consecration.

B. BEDDOME.

- WITNESS, ye men and angels, now
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:—
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That with returning wants the Lord
Will all our need supply.
- 4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

OWEN, S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.

Sing rapidly.

820

"Via crucis, via lucis." H. W. BAKER.

OH, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours!
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here!

5 Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live!

821

"I can do all things."

ANON.

O SAVIOUR, who didst come
By water and by blood;
Confessed on earth, adored in heaven,
Eternal Son of God!

2 Jesus, our life and hope,
To endless years the same;
We plead thy gracious promises;
And rest upon thy name.

*

3 By faith in thee we live,
By faith in thee we stand,
By thee we vanquish sin and death,
And gain the heavenly land.

4 O Lord, increase our faith;
Our fearful spirits calm;
Sustain us through this mortal strife,
Then give the victor's palm!

822

"I have peace."

H. BONAR.

I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as his steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky;
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

4 I change—he changes not;
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place;
His truth, not mine, the tie.

5 My love is oft-times low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love: The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.

823

"Christian Love."

J. FAWCETT.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

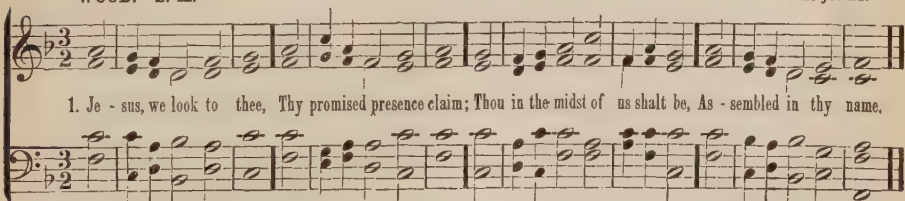
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

WOOD. S. M.

D. E. JONES.



1. Je - sus, we look to thee, Thy promised presence claim; Thou in the midst of us shalt be, As - sembled in thy name.

824

Christ's Presence.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

3 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

4 Present we know thou art,
But, oh, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

5 Oh, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

825

Christian Union.

B. HEDDOME.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

HEAVENLY FOLD. C. M. D.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Let saints be - low in con-cert sing With those to glo - ry gone; For all the servants
of our King In earth and heaven are one. One fam - i - ly— we dwell in him— One
church a - bove, be - neath, Though now di - vid - ed by the stream, The narrow stream of death;—

826

"One Family."

C. WESLEY.

LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.
One family—we dwell in him—
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;—

2 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
Ev'n now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

3 Ev'n now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed, blessed bands
Upon the eternal shore.
Lord Jesus! be our constant guide:
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

*

827

Hebrews, 12: 18-24.

I. WATTS.

Nor to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—
But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And speak his love abroad.

2 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold, the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!
Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

3 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.
In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest

BELMONT. C. M.

S. WEBB.

1. Lord, thou on earth didst love thine own, Didst love them to the end;
Oh, still from thy celestial throne, Let gifts of love descend.

828

"One as we are one." RAY PALMER.

LORD, thou on earth didst love thine own,
Didst love them to the end;
Oh, still from thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend.

2 The love the Father bears to thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

3 As thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all that bear thy name.

4 One blessed fellowship of love,
Thy living church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at thy right hand.

5 Oh, glorious day, when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
Then, robed in beauty at his side,
She shall forget her tears!

829

1 John 4:21.

J. SWAIN.

How SWEET, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from every eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL, *arr.*

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord In one another's peace delight, And so fulfill his word!

EASTON. L. M.

FROM MOZART.

1. My God, and is thy ta - ble spread, And doth thy cup with love o'er - flow?

Thith-er be all thy chil - dren led, And let them all its sweetness know.

830

"Thou preparest a table." P. DODDRIDGE.

MY God, and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Oh, let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyous guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men, and from the angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore!

831

"Our exalted Lord." A. STEELE.

TO JESUS, our exalted Lord,
That name in heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
Oh, let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

*

832

At the Cross.

ANON.

DEAR Lord, amid the throng that pressed
Around thee on the cursed tree,
Some loyal, loving hearts there were,
Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.

2 Like them may we rejoice to own
Our dying Lord, tho' crowned with thorn;
Like thee, thy blessed self, endure
The cross with all its cruel scorn.

3 Thy cross, thy lonely path below,
Show what thy brethren all should be;
Pilgrims on earth, disowned by those
Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.

833

The day of Espousals.

I. WATTS.

JESUS, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute that we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

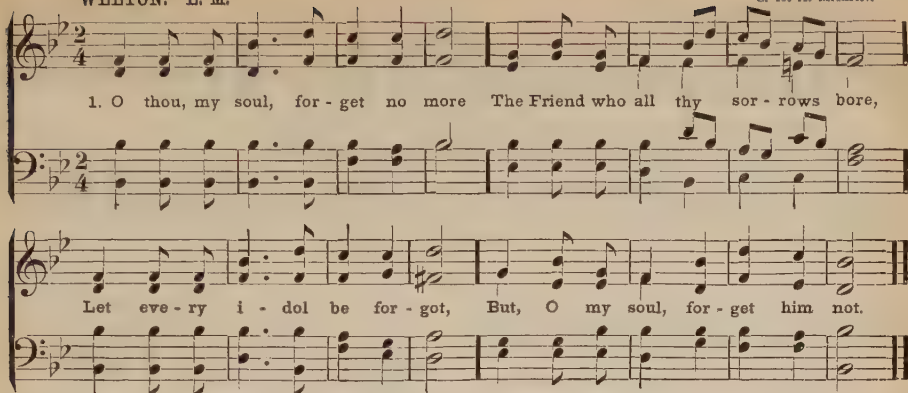
2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord! to thee;
Like the dear hour, when, from above,
We first received thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day—
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

WELTON. L. M.

C. H. A. MALAN.



1. O thou, my soul, for - get no more The Friend who all thy sor - rows bore,
Let eve - ry i - dol be for - got, But, O my soul, for - get him not.

834

"Forget him not." J. MARSHMAN, tr.

O THOU, my soul, forget no more,
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore,
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget him not.

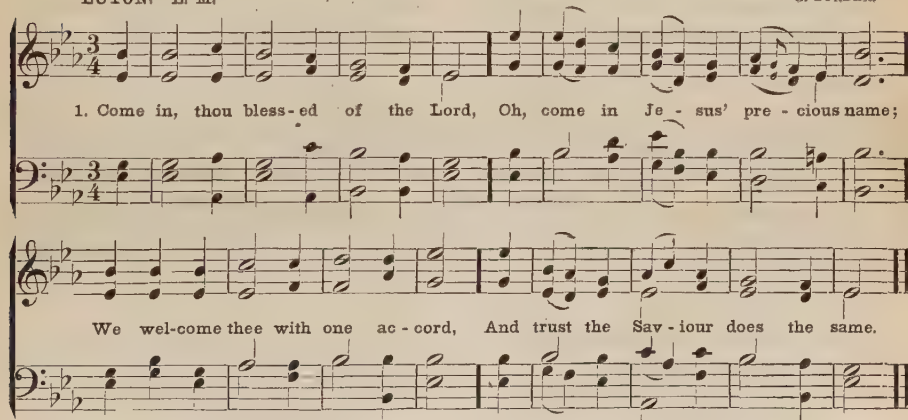
2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

4 Oh, no: till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

LUTON. L. M.

G. BURDER.



1. Come in, thou bless-ed of the Lord, Oh, come in Je - sus' pre - cious name;
We wel-come thee with one ac - cord, And trust the Sav - iour does the same.

835

"Come in!"

T. KELLY.

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Oh, come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.
2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove;
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

*

836

"At thy command."

L. WATTS.

At thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.
2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s, D.

ANON.

1. {Come, thou Fount of ev-ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
Streams of mercy, nev-er ceasing. Call for songs of loudest praise; } Teach me some melodious
D. C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!—Mount of thy redeeming love.

son-net, Sung by flaming tongues above:

837

"Eben-ezer."

R. ROBINSON.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Eben-ezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

NAUFORD. P. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, We keep the mem-o - ry a-dored, And show the death of our dear Lord, Un - til he come.

838

"Till he come."

G. RAWSON.

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until he come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until he come.

2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until he come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

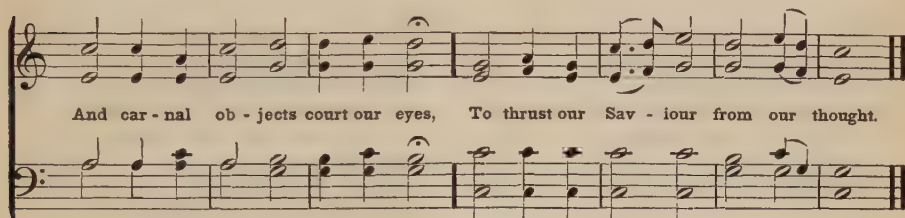
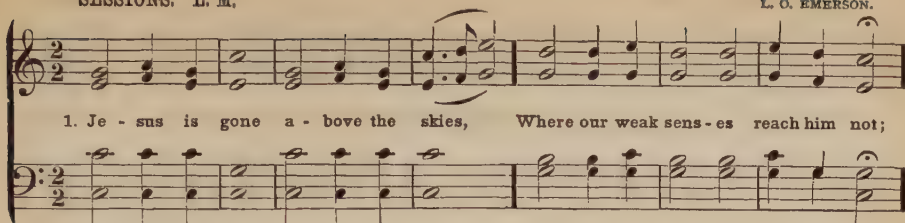
3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until he come.

6 Oh, blessed hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until he come!



SESSIONS, L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



839

The Memorial of our Lord. I. WATTS.

- JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought;
And faith and hope be fixed on him.
- 4 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

840

"We would see Jesus." I. WATTS.

- HERE let us see thy face, O Lord,
And view salvation with our eyes,
And taste and feel the living Word,
The Bread descending from the skies.
- 2 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.
- 3 Jesus, our Light! our Morning-star!
Shine thou on nations yet unknown;
The glory of thy people here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

*

841

Feeding on Christ. J. MONTGOMERY.

- I FEED by faith on Christ; my bread,
His body broken on the tree;
I live in him, my living Head,
Who died, and rose again for me.
- 2 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine:
Jesus, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.
- 3 From thy dear hand, may I receive
The tokens of thy dying love,
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with thee above.

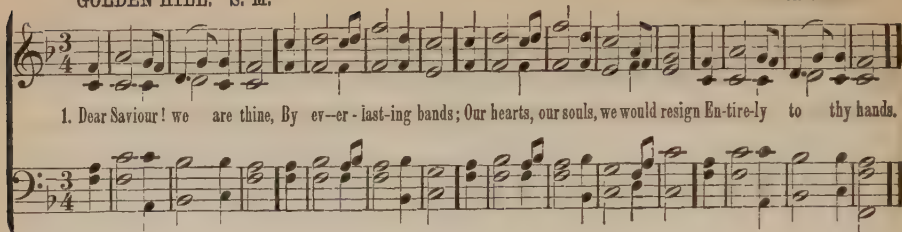
842

"Eat, O friends." A. R. WOLFE.

- DRAW near, O Holy Dove, draw near,
With peace and gladness on thy wing;
Reveal the Saviour's presence here,
And light, and life, and comfort bring.
- 2 "Eat, O my friends—drink, O beloved!"
We hear the Master's voice exclaim:
Our hearts with new desire are moved,
And kindled with a heavenly flame.
- 3 No room for doubt, no room for dread,
Nor tears, nor groans, nor anxious sighs:
We do not mourn a Saviour dead,
But hail him living in the skies!
- 4 While this we do, remembering thee,
Dear Saviour, let our graces prove
We have thy blessed company,
Thy banner over us is love.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.



843

"We are thine."

P. DODDRIDGE.

- DEAR Saviour! we are thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail!
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form in us thine image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

844

At closing.

A. R. WOLFE.

- A PARTING hymn we sing,
Around thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.
- 2 Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here;
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.
- 3 The purchase of thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.
- 4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

*

845

The invitation.

I. WATTS.

- JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.
- 3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We, the young children of his love,
And he, the first-born Son.
- 4 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind
And every voice be praise.
- 5 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As was, and is, and shall remain
Through all eternity!

846

Great wishes.

C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind
The lures of pleasing ill;—
- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;—
- 4 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

ADRIAN, S. M.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, That soared the earth a - round,
But not a rest - ing - place a - bove The cheer-less wa - ters found;—

847

The Ark of God. W. A. MUHLENBERG.

- LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;—
- 2 Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

848

"This is my blood." E. DENNY.

- BLEST feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee.
- 2 That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within,
That we are loved of thee.
- 3 Oh, if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet!

*

849

Christ, our Righteousness. C. WESLEY, alt.

- FOR ever here my rest!
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea—
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My Saviour, and my God!
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood!
And cleanse and keep me clean.

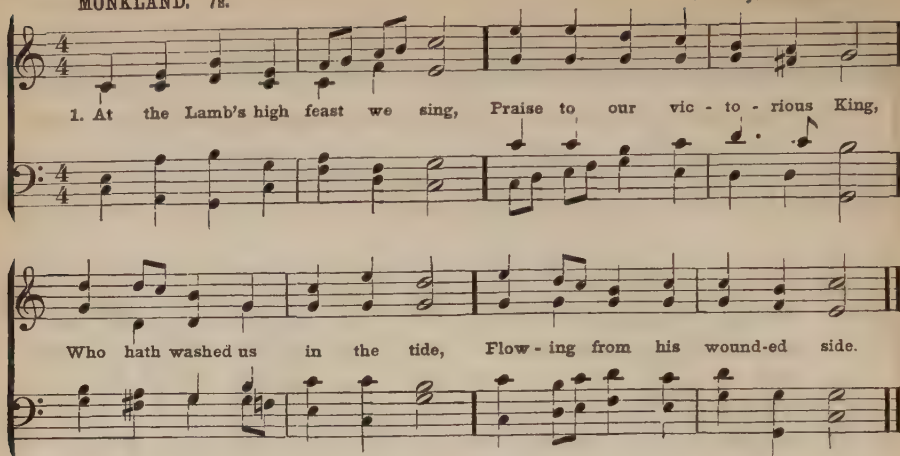
850

"The banqueting house." C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in thine own appointed way
We come to meet thee, Lord!
- 2 Thus we remember thee,
And take this bread and wine
As thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.
- 3 Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,—
The joy unspeakable!
- 4 With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And thou hast brought us here.
- 5 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

MONKLAND. 7s.

JOHN B. WILKES.



851

"Christ, our Passover." R. CAMPBELL, tr.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide,
Flowing from his wounded side.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

3 Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
Holy victim, without stain;
Death and hell defeated lie,
Heaven unfolds its gates on high.

4 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
With the Spirit ever be.

852

"This is my Body."

J. CONDER.

BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord! thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day, with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died:
Lord of life! oh, let us be,
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

*

853

Wounded for us.

ANON.

JESUS, Master! hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me!

854

"Thine for ever."

M. F. MAUDSL.

THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above!
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity!

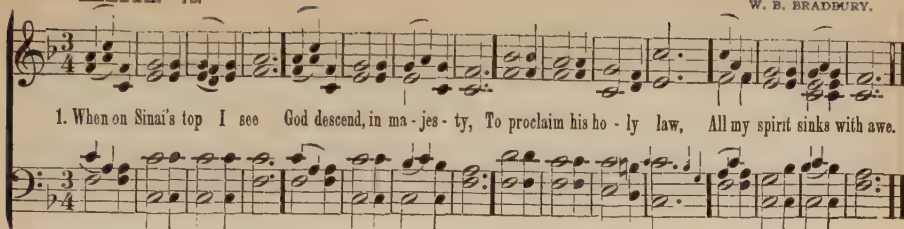
2 Thine for ever! oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

3 Thine for ever! Saviour keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

4 Thine for ever! thou our Guide,—
All our wants by thee supplied,—
All our sins by thee forgiven,—
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven!

ALETTA. 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. When on Sinai's top I see God descend, in ma-jes-ty, To proclaim his ho-ly law, All my spirit sinks with awe.

855

Three Mountains. J. MONTGOMERY.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my Spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be!
Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;—
Oh, for grace to love thee more.

857

"Thy people shall be my people." J. MONTGOMERY

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;—

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

856

"Lovest thou me?" W. COWPER.

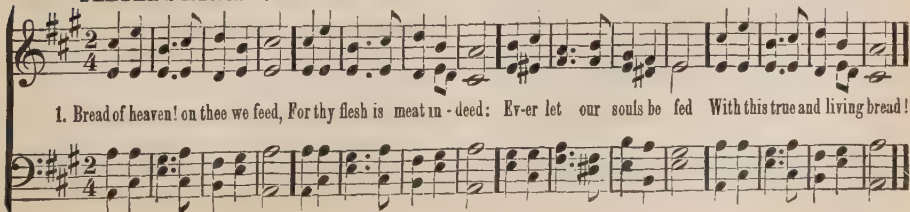
HARK! my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour—hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound:
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

I. PLEYEL.



1. Bread of heaven! on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in-deed: Ev-er let our souls be fed With this true and living bread!

OXFORD, C. M.

WILLIAM COOMBS.

1. To - geth - er with these sym - bols, Lord, Thy bless - ed self im - part;

And let thy ho - ly flesh and blood Feed the be - liev - ing heart.

858

Feeding on Christ.

J. CENNICK.

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be washed
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love,
Prepare us for this feast;
Oh, let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

859

"Friend of Sinners."

R. BURNHAM.

JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

860

"Prepare us, Lord."

T. COTTERILL.

PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced—
To look on thee and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice;
And as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

861

Persistent Love.

I. WATTS.

HOW SWEET and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,—
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

DEDHAM, C. M.

WM. GARDINER.

1. Ac - cord - ing to thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber thee.

862

"I will remember thee." J. MONTGOMERY.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!

863

"The cup of blessing." C. WESLEY.

JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

3 Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
Commemorate our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

4 The cup of blessing, blessed by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The broken bread thy body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

864

"Greater love hath no man." G. T. NOEL.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie:
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

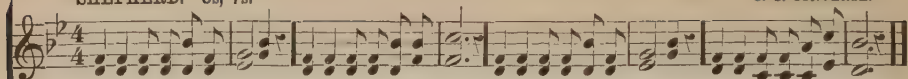
2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died our fears to quell—
Who bore our guilt and woe!

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
"Meet and remember me!"

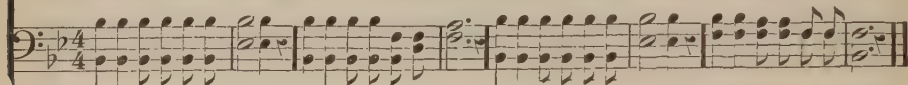
4 Remember thee—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!—
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s.

C. C. CONVERSE.



1. While in sweet communion feeding On this earthly bread and wine, Saviour, may we see thee bleeding On the cross, to make us thine.



865

"In remembrance."

E. DENNY.

WHILE in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us thine.

2 Though unseen, now be thou near us,
With the still small voice of love;

Whispering words of peace to cheer us—
Every doubt and fear remove.

3 Bring before us all the story,
Of thy life, and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

866

"His banner."

R. PARK.

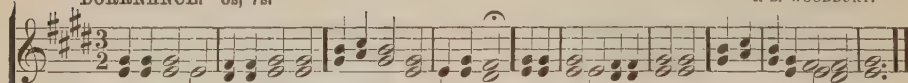
JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.

2 Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given
In remembrance, Lord, of thee!

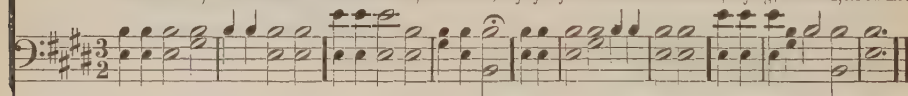
3 In thy trial and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee!

DOREENANCE. 8s, 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, Christian, follow me!



867

"Follow me."

C. F. ALEXANDER.

JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,—
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

868

"Take my heart."

ANON.

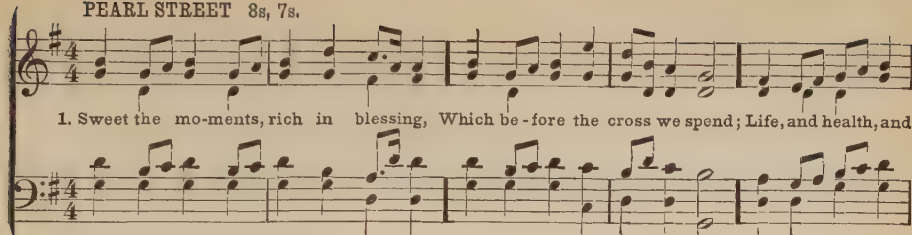
TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

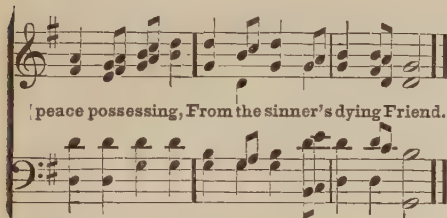
3 Ever let thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

PEARL STREET 8s, 7s.



1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross we spend; Life, and health, and



peace possessing, From the sinner's dying Friend.

869

Before the cross.

J. ALLEN.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blesséd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion,
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

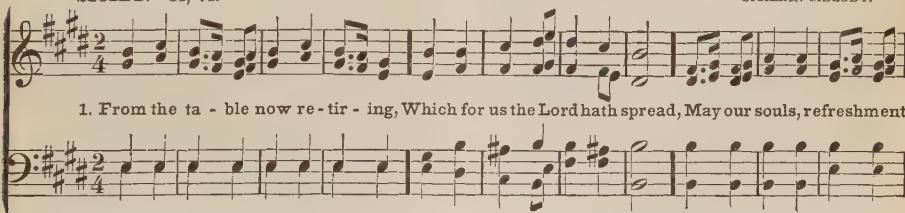
4 For thy sorrows we adore thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace,
Gracious Saviour! we implore thee
In our souls thy love increase.

5 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.

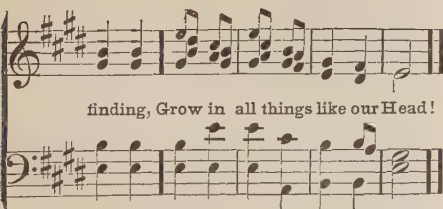
6 Still in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy full salvation,
And, unvailed, thy glories see.

SICILY, 8s, 7s.

SICILIAN MELODY.



1. From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing, Which for us the Lord hath spread, May our souls, refreshment



finding, Grow in all things like our Head!

870

Parting Hymn.

J. ROWE.

FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head!

2 His example while beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

4 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6l.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee;
 D. C.—Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed,

FINE.
D. C.

871

The Rock of Ages. A. M. TOPLADY.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side that flowed,
 Be of sin the perfect cure;
 Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eye-lids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me!
 Let me hide myself in thee.

872

"Manifest thyself."

R. MANT.

Son of God! to thee I cry:
 By the holy mystery
 Of thy dwelling here on earth,
 By thy pure and holy birth,
 Lord, thy presence let me see,
 Manifest thyself to me.

2 Lamb of God! to thee I cry:
 By thy bitter agony,
 By thy pangs to us unknown,
 By thy spirit's parting groan,
 Lord, thy presence let me see,
 Manifest thyself to me.

3 Prince of Life! to thee I cry:
 By thy glorious majesty,
 By thy triumph o'er the grave,
 Meek to suffer, strong to save,
 Lord, thy presence let me see,
 Manifest thyself to me.

4 Lord of glory, God most high,
 Man exalted to the sky!
 With thy love my bosom fill,
 Prompt me to perform thy will;
 Then thy glory I shall see,
 Thou wilt bring me home to thee.

873

"Till he come." E. H. BICKERSTETH.

"TILL He come:" oh, let the words
 Linger on the trembling chords;
 Let the little while between
 In their golden light be seen;
 Let us think how heaven and home
 Lie beyond that—"Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
 Enter on their rest above,
 Seems the earth so poor and vast,
 All our life joy overcast?
 Hush, be every murmur dumb;
 It is only—"Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
 Drink the wine, and break the bread;
 Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
 Call us round his heavenly board;
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only—"Till he come."

DYKES, 7s. 6l.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee;
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side that flowed,
 Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

874

"Wash me, Saviour."

A. M. TOPLADY.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side that flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfill the law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace;
 Vile, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
 Let me hide myself in thee.

875

"Take my Heart."

C. WESLEY.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done;
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

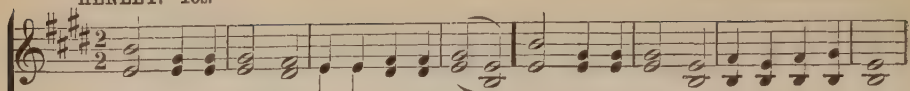
2 Vilest of the fallen race,
 Lo, I answer to thy call;
 Meanest vessel of thy grace,
 Grace divinely free for all;
 Lo, I come to do thy will,
 All thy counsel to fulfill.

3 If so poor a worm as I
 May to thy great glory live,
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive;
 Claim me for thy service, claim
 All I have, and all I am.

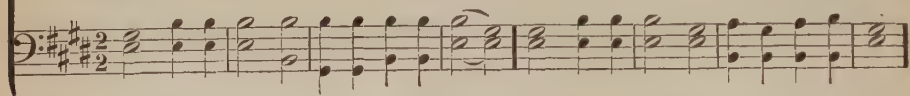
4 Take my soul and body's powers,
 Take my memory, mind and will,
 All my goods, and all my hours,
 All I know and all I feel,
 All I think, or speak, or do;
 Take my heart, but make it new.

HENLEY, 10s.

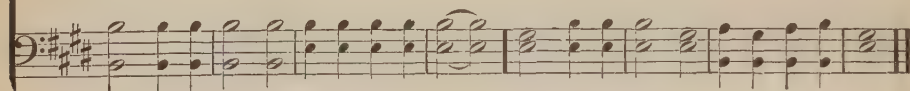
LOWELL MASON.



1. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle things unseen;



Here grasp with firmer hand th'eternal grace, And all my weariness up-on thee lean.



876

Sweet Foretastes.

H. BONAR.

A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
 HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; To plead thy promise and obey thy call.
 Here would I touch and handle things
 unseen;
 Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
 And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child;
 Here would I feed upon the bread of God; Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;
 Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven; Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load, I only ask one reconciling word.
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven. And with that treasure in my heart could
 brook

3 One word from thee, my Lord! one
 The feast, though not the love, is passed smile, one look, [again,
 and gone; And I could face the cold, rough world
 The bread and wine remove, but thou art And with that treasure in my heart could
 here—brook
 Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun. The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

4 And is not mercy thy prerogative—
 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by; I come, I kneel, I clasp thy piercé feet;
 Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above; Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome
 Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy, guest,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.
 and love.

877

Penitent Prayer. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

5 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
 NOT worthy, Lord! to gather up the crumbs Dwell thou for ever in my heart, and there,
 With trembling hand, that from thy table Lord! let me sup with thee; sup thou
 fall, with me.

RAYNOLDS. 11s, 10s.

FROM MENDELSSOHN.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shadows lengthen A-cross this lit - tle landscape of our life;

We would see Je - sus our weak faith to strengthen, For the last wea-ri-ness—the fi - nal strife.

878

'We would see Jesus.'

ANON.

WE would see Jesus—for the shadows
lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to
strengthen
For the last weariness—the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock
Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign
grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see his face.

3 We would see Jesus—other lights are pal-
ing,
Which for long years we have rejoiced
to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go
to thee.

4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're
needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with
the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal
night!

879

Trust, strength, calmness. S. JOHNSON, alt.

SAVIOUR, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling
love;
For we are weak, and need some deep re-
vealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from
above.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through
doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an on-
ward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown mor-
row,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and
holy
Abides, and when pain seems to have its
will,
Or we despair,—oh, may that peace rise
slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

4 Now, Saviour, now, in thy dear presence
kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;
Now make us strong, we need thy deep re-
vealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from
above.

880

7s, 6s, 8s.

"Calvary."

C. WESLEY.

LAMB of God, whose dying love

We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release;

Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release;

Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

881

P. M.

Cant. 5: 1.

T. HASTINGS.

FORGET thyself! Christ bade thee come
To think upon his love,

Which could reverse the sinner's doom,
And write his name above;
Bid the returning rebel live,
And freely all his sins forgive.

2 Forget thyself! and think what pain,
What agony he bore,

To wash away each guilty stain,
To bless thee evermore:

To fit thee for his high abode,
The temple of the living God.

3 Forget thyself! but let thy soul
With memories o'erflow,

Rejoice in his supreme control,
And seek his will to know:
With thankful heart approach the feast,
And thou wilt be a welcome guest.

882

C. M.

Long-suffering.

A. STEELE.

DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!

By earth's low cares so oft betrayed,
From Jesus to depart.

3 But he for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

4 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The deep repentant sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

5 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

883

7s, 6l.

"In remembrance."

T. HASTINGS.

SAVIOUR of our ruined race,
Fountain of redeeming grace,
Let us now thy fullness see,
While we here converse with thee;
Hearken to our ardent prayer,—
Let us all thy blessing share.

2 While we thus, with glad accord,
Meet around thy table, Lord,
Bid us feast with joy divine,
On the appointed bread and wine:
Emblems may they truly prove,
Of our Saviour's bleeding love.

3 Weak, unworthy, sinful, vile,
Yet we seek thy heavenly smile:
Canst thou all our sins forgive?
Dost thou bid us look and live?
Lord, we wonder and adore!
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

884

C. M.

"Planted in Christ."

S. F. SMITH.

PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord!

2 Joined in one body may we be:
One inward life partake;
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine!

885

7S, 6S, D. *Ancient Hymn.* RAY PALMER, *tr.*

O BREAD, to pilgrims given,
O Food, that angels eat,
O manna, sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet !
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled ;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart !
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art ;
Oh, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage !
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus! this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore ;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more ;
Give us, thou true and loving!
On earth to live in thee ;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

886

7S, 6S, D. *Hope at the Cross.*

ANON.

WHEN human hopes all wither,
And friends no aid supply,
Then whither, Lord, ah! whither
Can turn my straining eye?
'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
'Midst darker, deadlier shade,
That cross where thou didst suffer,
On Calvary was displayed.

2 On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make ;
Though sorely thou mayst chasten,
Thou never canst forsake :
Thou, on that cross didst languish,
Ere glory crowned thy head !
And I, through death and anguish,
Must be to glory led.

887

L. M. *Crucifying Afresh.* C. F. ALEXANDER.

O JESUS! bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,
The Life of life within our souls,
The Cup of our salvation sweet ;—

2 We come to show thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, thy broken flesh ;
And still the blood is warm to save,
And still the fragrant wounds are fresh.

3 O Heart! that, with a double tide
Of blood and water, maketh pure ;
O Flesh! once offered on the cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure ;—

4 Let never more our sinful souls
The anguish of thy cross renew ;
Nor forge again the cruel nails,
That pierced thy victim body through.

888

L. M. *Consecration.* J. MONTGOMERY.

JESUS! our best beloved Friend,
On thy redeeming name we call ;
Jesus! in love to us descend,
Pardon and sanctify us all.

2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands ;
Oh, take our hearts, our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Our Master's voice will we obey,
Toil in the vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

4 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at thy right hand prepare ;
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

889

L. M. *"Our Lord is Crucified."* F. W. FABER.

Oh, come, and mourn with me awhile ;
Oh, come ye to the Saviour's side ;
Oh, come, together let us mourn ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

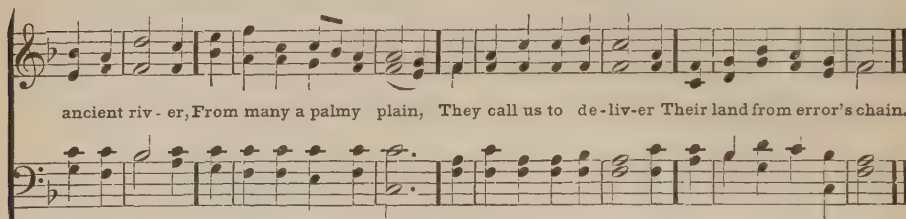
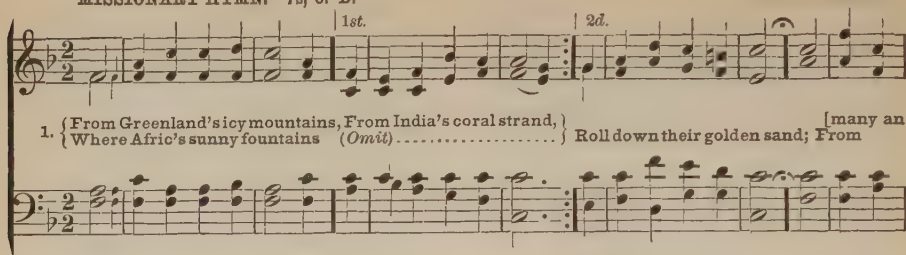
2 Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah, look how patiently he hangs ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Come, let us stand beneath the cross ;
So may the blood from out his side
Fall gently on us drop by drop ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since thou for us art crucified.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6, D.

LOWELL MASON.



890

"Come over, and help us."

R. HEBER.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,—
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,—
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation, oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign!

891

The day of Jubilee.

B. GOUGH.

HOW BEAUTEIOUS on the mountains,
 The feet of him that brings,
 Like streams from living fountains,
 Good tidings of good things;
 That publisheth salvation,
 And jubilee release,
 To every tribe and nation,
 God's reign of joy and peace!

2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman!
 And shout, from Zion's towers,
 Thy hallelujah chorus,—
 "The victory is ours!"
 The Lord shall build up Zion
 In glory and renown,
 And Jesus, Judah's lion,
 Shall wear his rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness;
 O waste Jerusalem!
 Let songs, instead of sadness,
 Thy jubilee proclaim;
 The Lord, in strength victorious,
 Upon thy foes hath trod;
 Behold, O earth! the glorious
 Salvation of our God!

MUNICH, 7s, 6s. D.

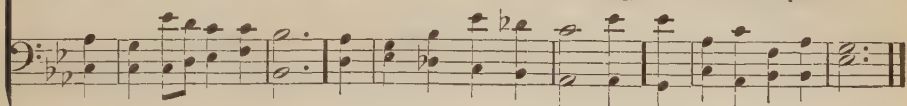
FROM MENDELSSOHN.



1. { Our country's voice is pleading. Ye men of God, a - rise! }
 { His providence is lead - ing, The land be - fore you lies; } Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,



And promise clothes the soil; Wide fields, for har - vest whitening, In - vite the reaper's toil.



892

Home Missions. M. F. ANDERSON.

- OUR country's voice is pleading.
 Ye men of God, arise!
 His providence is leading,
 The land before you lies;
 Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
 And promise clothes the soil;
 Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
 Invite the reaper's toil.
- 2 Go, where the waves are breaking
 On California's shore,
 Christ's precious gospel taking,
 More rich than golden ore;
 On Alleghany's mountains,
 Through all the western vale,
 Beside Missouri's fountains,
 Rehearse the wondrous tale.
- 3 The love of Christ unfolding,
 Speed on from east to west,
 Till all, his cross beholding,
 In him are fully blest.
 Great Author of salvation,
 Haste, haste the glorious day,
 When we, a ransomed nation,
 Thy sceptre shall obey.

- When all shall dwell together,
 One shepherd and one fold?
 Shall every idol perish,
 To moles and bats be thrown,
 And every prayer be offered
 To God in Christ alone?

- 2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
 From many a distant shore,
 Around one altar kneeling,
 One common Lord adore?
 Shall all that now divides us
 Remove and pass away,
 Like shadows of the morning
 Before the blaze of day?

- 3 Shall all that now unites us
 More sweet and lasting prove,
 A closer bond of union,
 In a blest land of love?
 Shall war be learned no longer,
 Shall strife and tumult cease,
 All earth his blessed kingdom,
 The Lord and Prince of Peace?

- 4 O long-expected dawning,
 Come with thy cheering ray!
 When shall the morning brighten,
 The shadows flee away?
 O sweet anticipation!

- It cheers the watchers on,
 To pray, and hope, and labor,
 Till the dark night be gone.

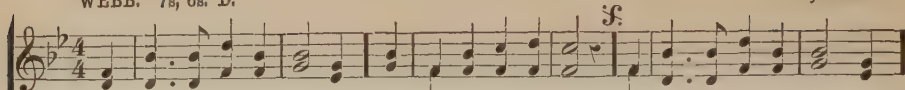
893

Christian Union. J. BORTHWICK.

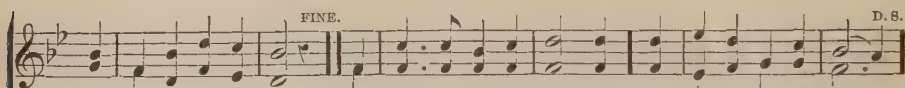
- AND is the time approaching,
 By prophets long foretold,

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

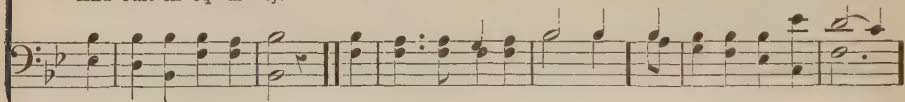
G. J. WEBB.



1. Hail to the Lord's anointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time ap - pointed,
D. s.—To take a - way transgression,



His reign on earth begun! He comes to break oppres - sion, To set the captive free,
And rule in eq - ui - ty.



894

Psalm 72.

J. MONTGOMERY.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!

Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!

He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:

With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

5 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore him;
His praise all people sing;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

6 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

7 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of Love!

895

7s, 6s. *The morning light.*

S. F. SMITH.

THE morning light is breaking;
 The darkness disappears!
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

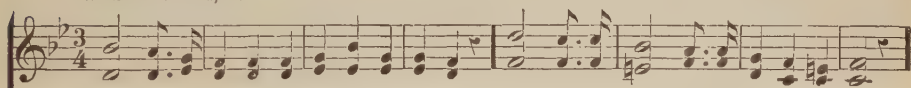
2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing—
 A nation in a day.

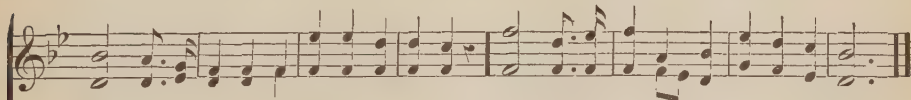
3 Blest river of salvation!
 Pursue thine onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home:
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

WESLEY, 11s, 10s.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!



Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning; Zi - on in tri-umph begins her mild reign.



896

The Promise.

T. HASTINGS.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad
 morning!
 Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
 Hushed be the accents of sorrow and
 mourning;
 Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad
 morning,
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
 Gentile and Jew the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
 Streams ever copious are gliding along;
 Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are
 ringing,
 Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in
 song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the
 ocean,
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
 Fallen are the engines of war and commo-
 tion,
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

I. CONKEY.

1. Sav-iour, vis - it thy plant - a - tion! Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain:

All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.

897

Revival Implored.

J. NEWTON.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation!
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed:
Help can only come from thee.

5 Let our mutual love be fervent:
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snare.

6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

2 See celestial radiance beaming,
Lighting up the midnight sky;
'Tis the promised day-star gleaming,
'Tis the day-spring from on high.

3 Westward, all along the ages,
Trace its pathway clear and bright;
Star of hope to Eastern sages,
Radiant now with gospel light.

4 Angels from the realms of glory,
Peace on earth delight to sing;
Christian, tell the wondrous story,
Go proclaim the Saviour King!

899

Home Missions.

ANON.

WHERE the woodman's axe is ringing,
Where the hunter roams alone,
Where the prairie-flowers are springing,
Make the great Redeemer known.

2 While, from California's mountains,
Pure and sweet the anthem swells;
Oregon's dark wilds and fountains
Hail the sound of Sabbath-bells.

3 Like an armed host with banners,
Terrible in war array,
Zion comes with glad hosannas,
To prepare her Monarch's way.

4 Unto him all power is given,
All the world his sway shall own,
And on earth, as now in heaven,
Shall his will be done alone.

898

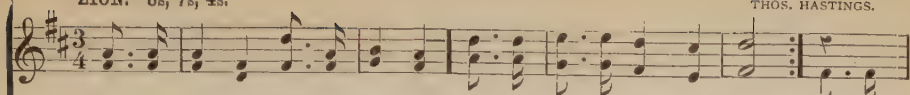
"Westward."

ANON.

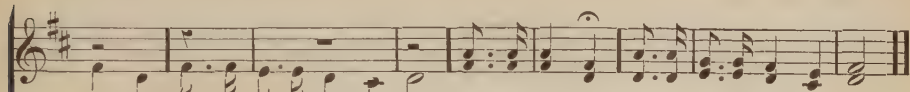
HARK! the sound of angel-voices,
Over Bethlehem's star-lit plain;
Hark! the heavenly host rejoices,
Jesus comes on earth to reign.

ZION. 8s, 7s, 4s.

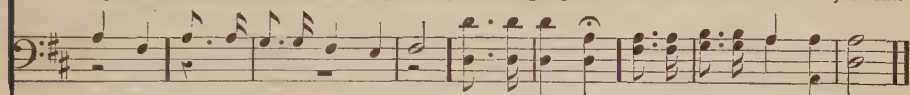
THOS. HASTINGS.



1. { On the mountain's top ap - pear-ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands, }
 { Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing— Zi - on long in hos - tile lands: } Mourning



cap - tive! God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands.



900

The gospel herald.

T. KELLY.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing—
 Zion long in hostile lands:
 Mourning captive!
 God himself shall loose thy bands.

901

Sun of Righteousness.

W. WILLIAMS.

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Cheered by no celestial ray,
 Sun of righteousness! arising,
 Bring the bright, the glorious day;
 Send the gospel
 To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.

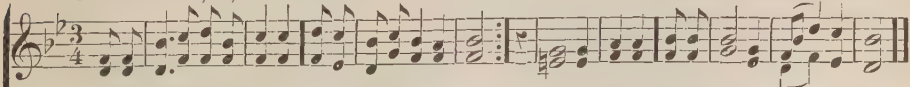
2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
 Grant them, Lord! the glorious light:
 And, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He himself appears thy Friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King will surely send.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 May thy lasting, wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour! all the world around.

HAMDEN. 8s, 7s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



1. { O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Cheered by no celestial ray, }
 { Sun of righteousness! a-ris-ing. Bring the bright, the glorious day; } Send the gospel To the earth's re - mot - est bound.



PERRY. 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK, arr.

1. Hark! the song of Ju-bi-lee, Loud as might-y thunders roar, Or the full-ness
of the sea, When it breaks up-on the shore! Hal-le-lu-jah! for the Lord
God om-nip-o-tent shall reign! Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word Ech-o round the earth and main.

902 "The Lord God reigneth." J. MONTGOMERY.

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!

See Jehovah's banners furled!
Sheathed his sword! he speaks—'tis done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son!

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away
Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all!

ELTHAM. 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Hasten, Lord! the glorious time When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime, Shall the gospel's call obey. } Nightiest kings his power shall own, Heathen tribes his name adore;
D.C.—Satan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

903

The World's Conversion. H. AUER.

HASTEN, Lord! the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel's call obey.
Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record;
All his wondrous love proclaim.

LONG. L. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Arm of the Lord! a - wake, a - wake: Put on thy strength, the nations shake; And let the world, a -
dor - ing, see Triumphs of mercy, wrought by thee, Triumphs of mer - cy, wrought by thee.

904

Awake, arm of the Lord. W. SHRÜSOLE.

ARM of the Lord! awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy, wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In every clime, of every name,
Till adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—Lord of all.

MENDON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. Tho' now the nations sit beneath The darkness of o'erspreading death, God will arise, with light divine On Zion's holy towers to shine.

905

"O Light of Zion."

L. BACON.

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise, with light divine
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendor of the day.

906

Zion's Glory.

W. SHRÜSOLE.

ZION! awake, thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
And let the admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

2 Church of our God! arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine;
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,
And shall admire and love thee too;—
They come, like clouds across the sky,
As doves that to their windows fly.

GROSTETTE. L. M.

H. W. GREATORREK.

1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise Through all the mill - ions of the skies—

That song of tri - umph which re - cords That all the earth is now the Lord's!

907

The last song.

MRS. VOKE.

Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave thou the sceptre of thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

908

Missionary Convocation. W. B. COLLYER.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshaled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise;
Our counsels aid, to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

909

Christ's coming.

W. H. BATHURST.

JESUS! thy church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 Ev'n now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 Oh, come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled;
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

910

"Ascend thy throne."

B. BEDDOME.

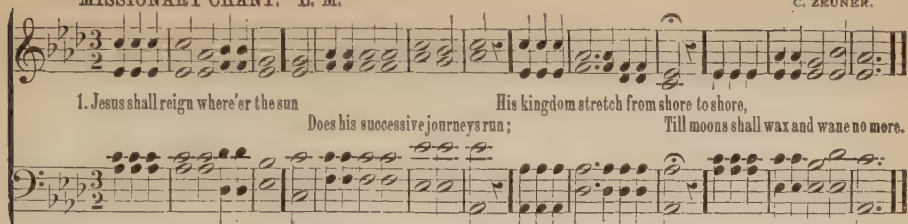
ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord!
Let saints and angels praise thy name.
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

C. ZEUNER.



911

Psalm 72.

L. WATTS.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning-sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

912

Conversion of the World.

MRS. VOKE.

SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,—
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,—
And make the nations all thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

913

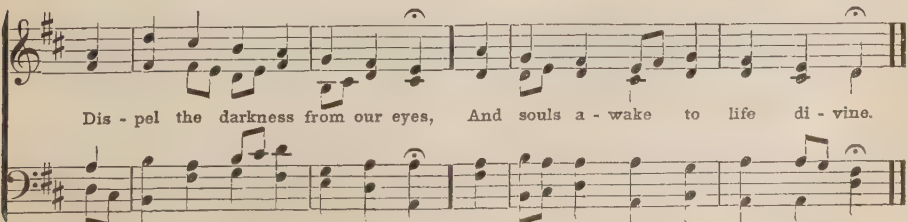
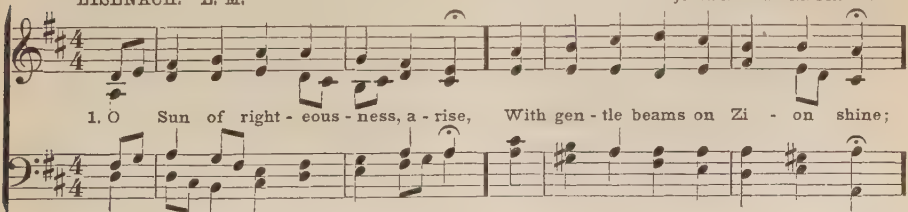
"Sun of Righteousness." P. DODDRIDGE; alt.

O SUN of righteousness, arise,
With gentle beams on Zion shine;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.

2 On all around, let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers:
That we may call our God our friend;
That we may hail salvation ours.

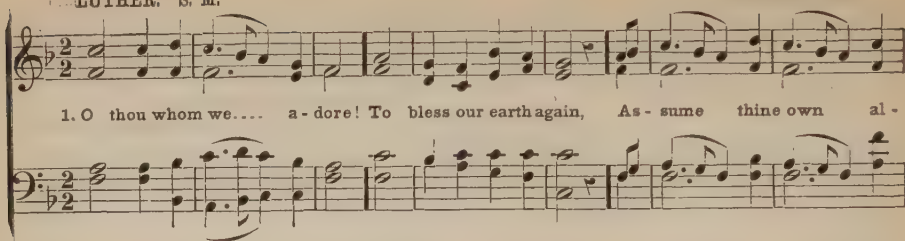
EISENACH. L. M.

JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN.

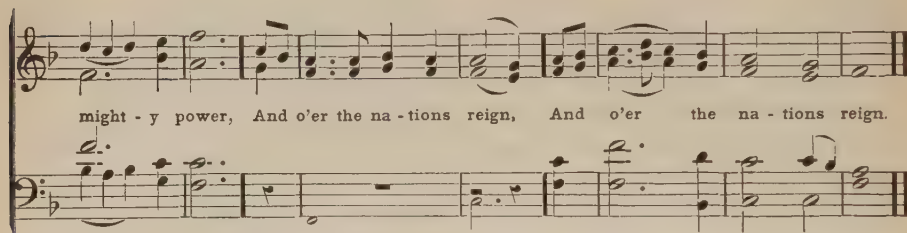


LUTHER. S. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. O thou whom we... a-dore! To bless our earth again, As-sume thine own al-



might-y power, And o'er the na-tions reign, And o'er the na-tions reign.

914

Philippians 2: 10, 11.

C. WESLEY.

O THOU whom we adore!
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.

2 The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!

3 A gracious Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
And every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.

4 According to thy word,
Now be thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the earth be filled.

915

"Thy kingdom come!"

H. B. JOHNS.

COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

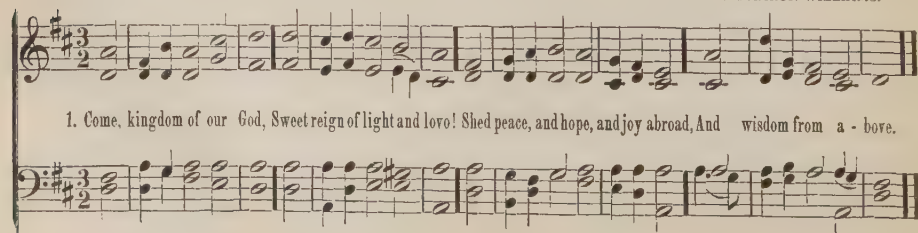
2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

DOVER. S. M.

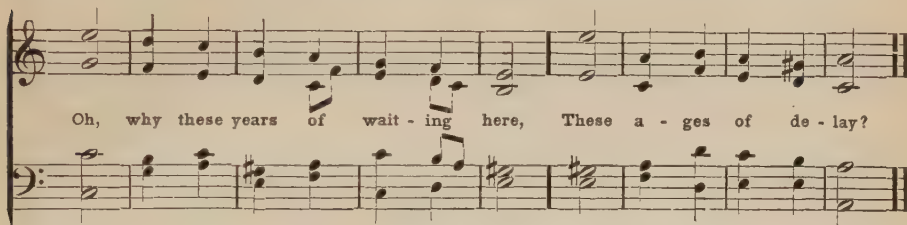
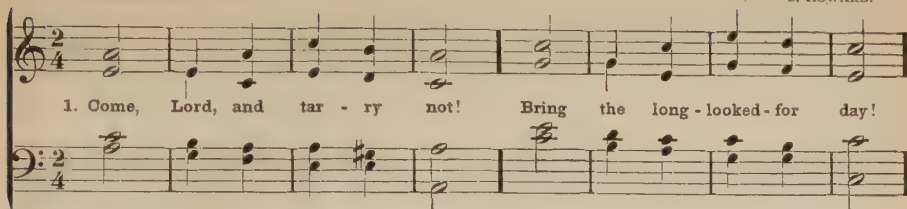
FROM AARON WILLIAMS.



1. Come, kingdom of our God, Sweet reign of light and love! Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad, And wisdom from a-bove.

ST. BRIDE. S. M.

S. HOWARD.



916

"Come, Lord Jesus."

H. BONAR.

Come, Lord, and tarry not!

Bring the long-looked-for day;

Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.4 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,—
Creation's second birth.5 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!3 While many crowd thy house,
How few, around thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows,
And bless thee as their Lord!4 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.5 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall this people all be thine,
This church like that above.

917

Declension.—

G. W. BETHUNE.

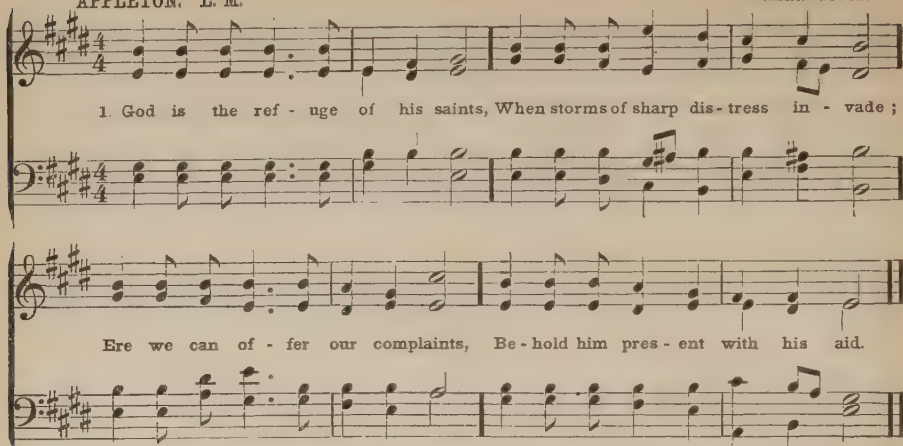
Oh, for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.2 We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the word,
In vain;—we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.

918

"Revive thy work." P. H. BROWN, *alt.*O Lord, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make her dying graces live
By thy restoring power.2 Awake thy chosen few
To fervent earnest prayer;
Again may they their vows renew,
Thy blessed presence share.3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.4 Lord, lend thy gracious ear;
Oh, listen to our cry;
Oh, come and bring salvation here:
Our hopes on thee rely.

APPLETON. L. M.

WILLIAM BOYCE.



1. God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade ;

Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be - hold him pres - ent with his aid.

919

Psalm 46.

L. WATTS.

God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

920

Psalm 72.

L. WATTS.

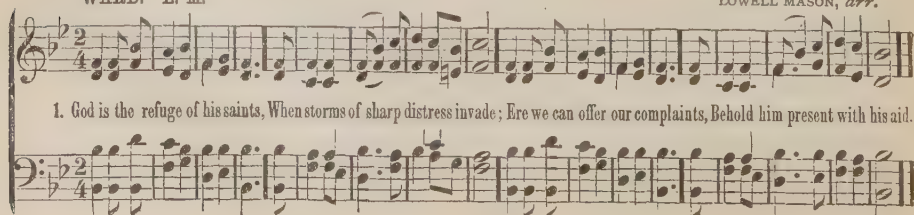
GREAT God ! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey ;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son ;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down ;
His grace, on fainting souls, distills
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

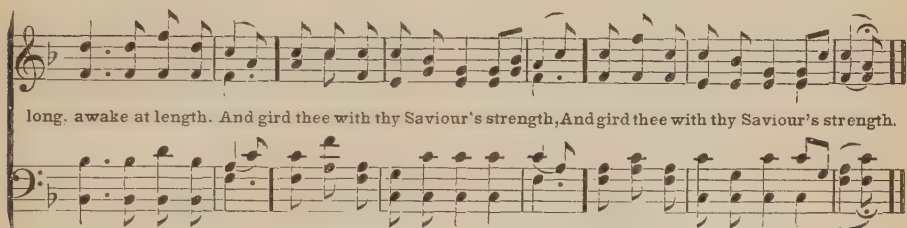
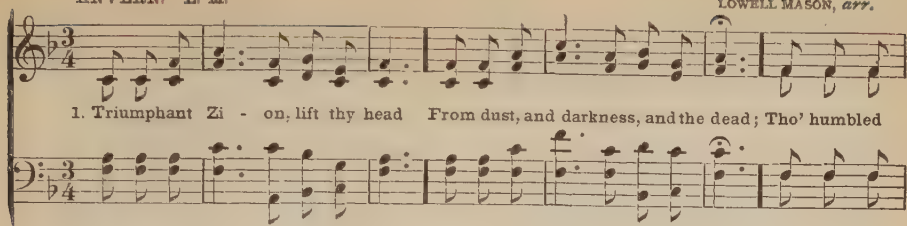
4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

WARD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*


1. God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress invade ; Ere we can offer our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.

ANVERN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

921

"Triumphant Zion." P. DODDRIDGE.

TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known:
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

922

Ancient Israel.

J. JOYCE.

WHY on the bending willows hung,
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?—
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his sceptre sways:
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

3 No taunting foes the song require:
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumphs share:

A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

923

Home Missions.

W. C. BRYANT.

Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

924

L. M.

Psalms 87.

I. WATTS.

GOD, in his earthly temple, lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise ;
He likes the tents of Jacob well ;
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows,
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old !
What wonders are of Zion told !
Thou city of our God below !
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew ;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'T will be an honor to appear,
As one new-born, or nourished there.

925

L. M.

Psalms 80.

I. WATTS.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel !
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep ; —

2 Thy Church is in the desert now ;
Shine from on high and guide us through ;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore ;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Hast thou not planted, with thy hand,
A lovely vine in this our land ?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground ?

4 Return, almighty God ! return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn :
Turn us to thee, thy love restore ;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

926

8s, 7s, 6l.

"Alleluia."

ANON.

HALLELUJAH ! song of gladness,
Song of everlasting joy ;
Hallelujah ! song the sweetest
That can angel-hosts employ ;
Hymning in God's holy presence
Their high praise eternally.

2 Hallelujah ! church victorious,
Thou mayst lift this joyful strain :
Hallelujah ! songs of triumph

Well befitted the ransomed train :
We our song must raise with sadness,
While in exile we remain.

3 Hallelujah ! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn ;
Hallelujah ! notes of sadness
Best befitted our state forlorn :
For, in this dark world of sorrow,
We, with tears, our sin must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee ;
Bring us to thy blissful presence,
Make us all thy joys to see ;
Then we'll sing our Hallelujah,—
Sing to all eternity.

927

7s, 6s, D.

Psalms 14.

H. F. LYTR.

Oh, that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home !
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane ?

Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart ;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart ;
Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see ;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy Church to thee.

928

7s, 6s, D.

The Gospel Banner.

T. HASTINGS.

Now be the gospel banner,
In every land unfurled ;
And be the shout,—“ Hosanna ! ”
Re-echoed through the world ;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes,—thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings !
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings :
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

929

75, D.

Gospel Increase.

C. WESLEY.

SEE! how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,—
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;
Fire to bring on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is;
Oh, that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

- 2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,—
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
- 3 Sons of God! your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified;
Jesus, mighty to redeem—
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,—
Him who spake a world from naught.

930

C. M.

Psalm 102.

I. WATTS.

LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt his power.

- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemned to death;
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

931

C. M.

Isaiah 52: 1, 2.

J. MONTGOMERY.

DAUGHTER of Zion! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,—
He calls thee from the dead.

- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,—
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,—
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south,—“Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!”
- 4 They come! they come! thine exiled
bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs, the ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

932

75, D. “Tell us of the Night.”

J. BOWRING.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;—
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!—
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?—
Traveler! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel:—

- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends;—
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends;—
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?—
Traveler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!—
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;—
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn;—
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!—
Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come!

FREDERICK. 11s.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1st. 2d.

1. { I would not live alway; I ask not to stay }
 { Where storm af-ter storm rises (Omit)..... } dark o'er the way: The few lu-rid
 mornings that dawn on us here Are e-nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer.

933

"I would not live alway." W. A. MUHLENBERG.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
 the way;

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
 its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin—
 Temptation without and corruption within:
 Ev'n the rapture of pardon is mingled with
 fears,

And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
 tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the
 tomb;
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
 gloom;

There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his
 God,

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
 bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
 meet,

Their Saviour and brethren transported to
 greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
 roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
 the soul.

934

(See also SCOTLAND, p. 152.) R. HEBER.

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will
 not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass
 the tomb;

The Saviour hath passed through its portals
 before thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide
 through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no
 longer behold thee,

Nor tread the rough paths of the world by
 thy side;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
 enfold thee,

And sinners may hope, for the Sinless hath
 died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its
 mansion forsaking,

Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered
 long;

But the sunshine of glory beamed bright
 on thy waking,

And the sound thou didst hear was the
 seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we
 will not deplore thee,

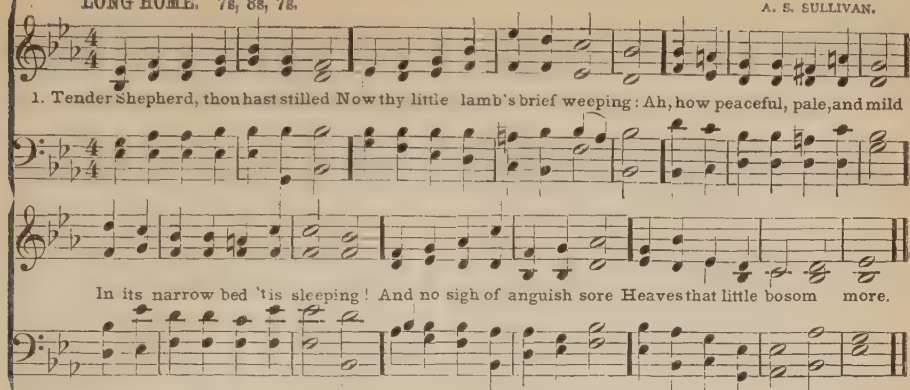
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
 and guide:

He gave thee, he took thee, and he will re-
 store thee,

And death has no sting, since the Saviour
 hath died.

LONG HOME. 7s, 8s, 7s.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled Now thy little lamb's brief weeping: Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping! And no sigh of anguish sore Heaves that little bosom more.

935

Death of a little child. C. WINKWORTH, tr.

TENDER Shepherd, thou hast stilled
Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain.
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

936

"I shall live also." F. E. COX, tr.

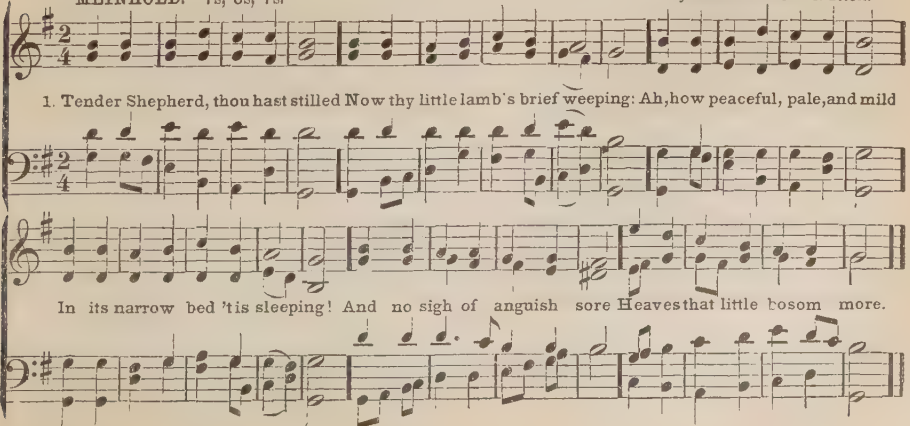
JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall me;
Jesus lives! and well I know,
From the dead he will recall me;
Better life will then commence—
This shall be my confidence.

2 Jesus lives! to him the throne
Over all the world is given;
I shall go where he is gone,
Live and reign with him in heaven:
God is pledged; weak doubtings, hence!
This shall be my confidence!

3 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance into life immortal;
Calmly I can yield my breath,
Fearless tread the frowning portal;
Lord, when faileth flesh and sense,
Thou wilt be my confidence!

MEINHOLD. 7s, 8s, 7s.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.



1. Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled Now thy little lamb's brief weeping: Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping! And no sigh of anguish sore Heaves that little bosom more.

ST. ASAPH. C. M. D.

J. M. GIORNOVICH.

1. Behold the western evening light! It melts in deepening gloom: So calm-ly Christians
sink a - way, De-scending to the tomb. The winds breathe low, the withering leaf Scarce
whispers from the tree: So gent-ly flows the parting breath, When good men cease to be.....

937

Life's Sunset.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

2 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

3 And now above the dews of night
The rising star appears:
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.
But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

938

"Number our days."

R. HEBER.

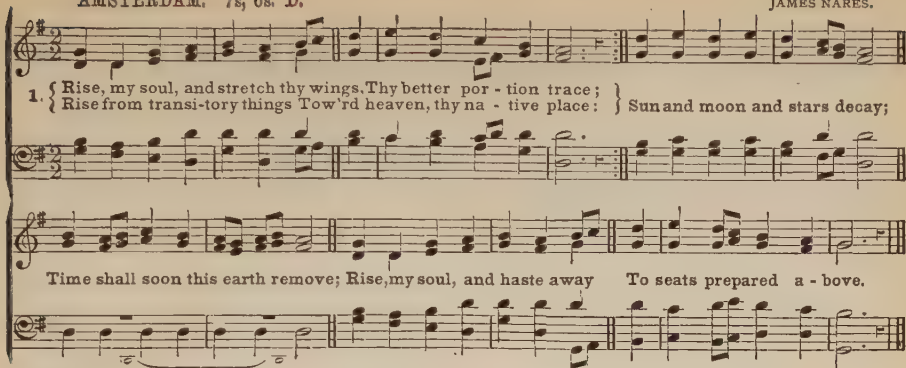
BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!
Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season hath its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

2 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay;
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

3 Then, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!
Turn, mortal, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The dead, who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven!

AMSTERDAM, 7s, 6s. D.

JAMES NARES.



1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings. Thy better por - tion trace; } Sun and moon and stars decay;
 { Rise from transi-tory things Tow'rd heaven, thy na - tive place: }
 Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared a - bove.

939

The better portion.

R. SEAGRAVE.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things
 Toward heaven, thy native place:
 Sun and moon and stars decay;
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source:
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies:

Yet a season,—and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

940

"Our earthly house."

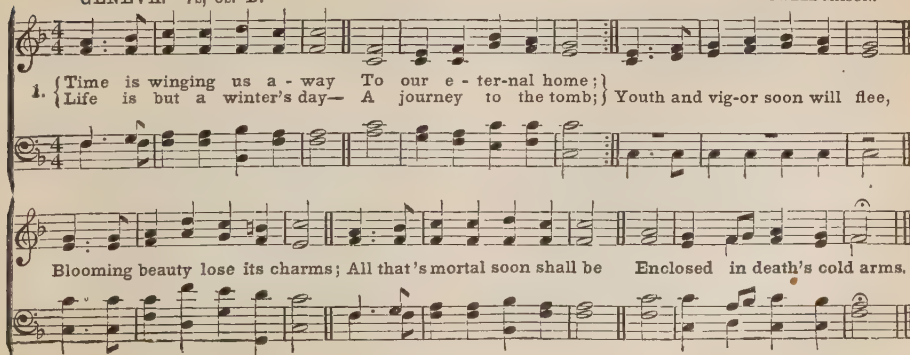
J. BURTON.

Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home;
 Life is but a winter's day—
 A journey to the tomb;
 Youth and vigor soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms;
 All that's mortal soon shall be
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home;
 Life is but a winter's day—
 A journey to the tomb;
 But the Christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty, soon, above,
 Far beyond the world's annoy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

GENEVA, 7s, 6s. D.

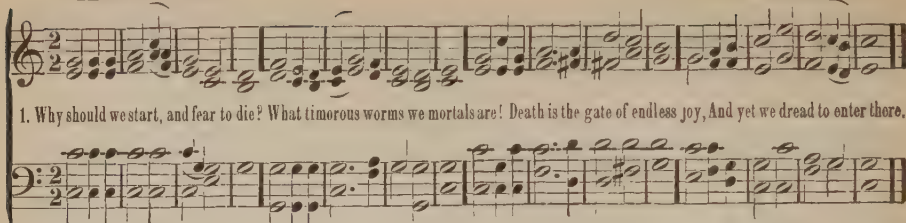
LOWELL MASON.



1. { Time is winging us a - way To our e - ter - nal home; }
 { Life is but a winter's day— A journey to the tomb; } Youth and vig - or soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms; All that's mortal soon shall be Enclosed in death's cold arms.

ZEPHYR, L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY



1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What timorous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

941

"His beloved sleep."

I. WATTS.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?

What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

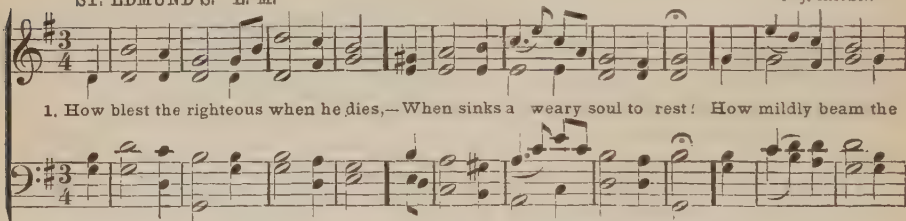
2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

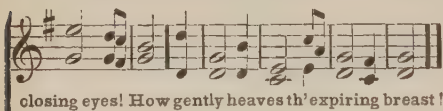
4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there!

ST. EDMUND'S. L. M.

F. J. HAYDN.



1. How blest the righteous when he dies,—When sinks a weary soul to rest! How mildly beam the



closing eyes! How gently heaves th'expiring breast!

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,—
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

943

Psalm 90.

I. WATTS.

THROUGH every age, eternal God!
Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode;
High was thy throne, ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned, ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down, and withered in an hour.

4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till thine own grace, so rich, so free,
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

942

Death of the Righteous. A. L. BARBAULD.

HOW BLEST the righteous when he dies,—
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer-cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep;

A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.

944

"Asleep in Jesus."

M. MACKAY.

- ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. So fades the love - ly, bloom - ing flower,—Frail, smiling sol - ace of an hour!

So soon our tran - sient com - forts fly, And pleasure on - ly blooms to die.

945

Death of an Infant. A. STEELE.

- SO FADES the lovely, blooming flower,—
Frail smiling solace of an hour!
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace! be ever nigh,
Thy comforts are not made to die.
- 3 Thy powerful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns thy kind control;
While we peruse the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.
- 4 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, *arr.*

1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" So, Je - sus! let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word; 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - - ty.

946

"For ever." J. MONTGOMERY.**"For ever with the Lord!"**

So, Jesus! let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word;
 'Tis immortality.

2 Here, in the body pent,
 Absent from thee I roam:
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul! how near,
 At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
 Thy golden gates appear!

4 "For ever with the Lord!"
 Father, if 'tis thy will,
 The promise of thy gracious word
 Ev'n here to me fulfill.

5 So, when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

6 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "For ever with the Lord!"

947

Resurrection.

S. F. SMITH.

Oh, for the death of those
 Who slumber in the Lord!
 Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
 Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
 In silent hope may lie,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
 Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
 On wings of faith and love,
 To meet the Saviour they adore,
 And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
 Through long succeeding years,
 Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
 Our praises and our tears.

948

"I will wait."

H. BONAR.

A FEW more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come;
 And we shall be with those that rest,
 Asleep within the tomb;—

2 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore;
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more:—

3 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.

4 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that glad day;
 Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away!

DAWN, S. M.

E. P. PARKER.

1. One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—

Near-er my home, to-day am I Than e'er I've been be-fore.

949

"Nearer."

F. CARY.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
Nearer my home, to-day, am I
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer to-day the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

DUNBAR S. M.

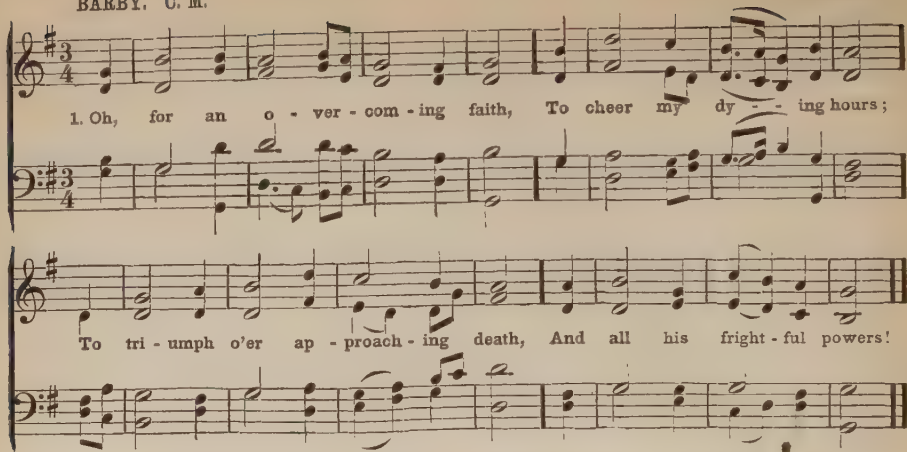
E. W. DUNBAR.

1. One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
CHO.—There'll be no sor-row there, There'll be no sor-row there;

Near-er my home, to-day, am I Than e'er I've been be-fore.
In heav'n a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

BARBY. C. M.

W. TANSUR.



950

"Where is thy sting?"

I. WATTS.

- OH, for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er approaching death,
And all his frightful powers!
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lip should sing,—
"Where is thy boasted victory, grave;
And where, O death, thy sting?"
- 3 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid;—
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head!

951

"I shall go to him."

H. K. WHITE.

- THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of earth shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus buried or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie:
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

- 5 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

952

Resurrection sure.

RAY PALMER.

- WHEN downward to the darksome tomb
I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
And anxious fears arise.
- 2 Why shrinks my soul?—in death's embrace
Once Jesus captive slept:
And angels, hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.
- 3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Saviour rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.
- 4 My Lord, before to glory gone,
Shall bid me come away;
And calm and bright shall break the dawn
Of heaven's eternal day,
- 5 Then let my faith each fear dispel,
And gild with light the grave;
To him my loftiest praises swell,
Who died, from death to save.

CHINA. C. M.

T. SWAN.

1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?
'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.

953

"We are confident."

I. WATTS.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

J. B. DYKES

1. When downward to the dark - some tomb I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail na - ture trem - bles at the gloom, And anxious fears a - rise.

NUNDA. L. M. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. {How vain is all beneath the skies! How slender all the fondest ties That bind us to a world like this!} 2. {The evening cloud, the morning dew, grass, the fading flower,} Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—The glory of a passing hour.

954

Heaven alone unfading. • D. E. FORD.

How VAIN is all beneath the skies!
 How transient every earthly bliss!
 How slender all the fondest ties
 That bind us to a world like this!
 2 The evening-cloud, the morning dew,
 The withering grass, the fading flower,
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—
 The glory of a passing hour.
 3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
 And all beneath the skies is vain,
 There is a land whose confines lie
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.
 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares and chase our fears:
 If God be ours, we're traveling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.

955

Psalm 17.

I. WATTS.

WHAT sinners value I resign;
 Lord! 'tis enough that thou art mine;
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.
 2 This life's a dream—an empty show;
 But the bright world, to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;
 When shall I wake, and find me there?
 3 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
 I shall be near, and like my God;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
 Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise!

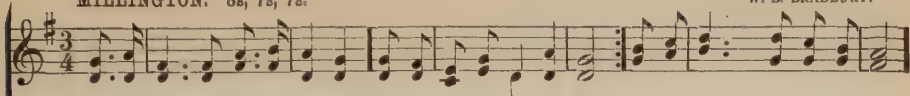
MERIBAH. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.

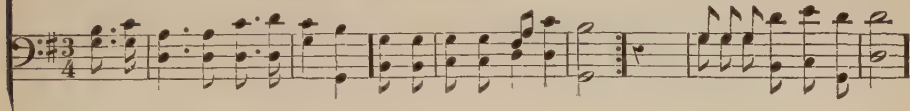
1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To bring thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand? {Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die,} Be found at thy right hand?

MILLINGTON. 8s, 7s, 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. {What is life? 'tis but a vapor, Soon it van-ish-es a-way; }
 {Life is but a dy-ing taper— O my soul, why wish to stay? } Why not spread thy wings and fly



Straight to yonder world of joy? Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy?



956

"What is your life?"

T. KELLY.

WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapor,
 Soon it vanishes away;

Life is but a dying taper—

O my soul, why wish to stay?

Why not spread thy wings and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!

Brighter far than fancy paints;

There, in majesty transcendent,

Jesus reigns—the King of saints.

Why not spread, etc.

3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
 Sing with rapture of his love;

Through the heavens his praise resounding,
 Filling all the courts above.

Why not spread, etc.

4 Go, and share his people's glory,

'Midst the ransomed crowd appear;

Thine a joyful wondrous story,

One that angels love to hear.

Why not spread, etc.

957

C. P. M. *The Tribunal.* LADY HUNTINGTON.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come

To take thy ransomed people home,

Shall I among them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,

Who sometimes am afraid to die,

Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,

Before thy feet with them to bow,

Though vilest of them all;

But, can I bear the piercing thought,

What if my name should be left out,

When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,

Be thou my only hiding-place,

In this the accepted day;

Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,

To still my unbelieving fear,

Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,

Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound

To see thy smiling face;

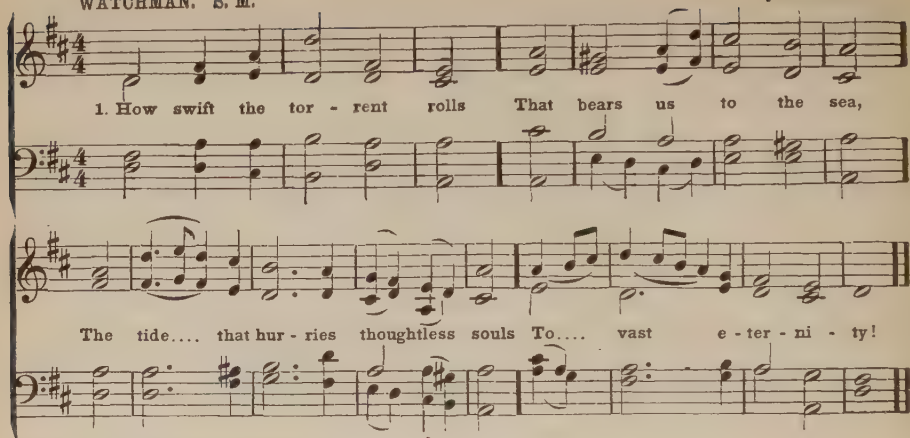
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,

While heaven's resounding mansions ring

With shouts of sovereign grace.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

JAMES LEACH.



958

Our fathers; where are they. P. DODDRIDGE.

How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea,
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

959

"How long, O Lord!" H. BONAR.

THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

2 How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?

3 Saint after saint on earth,
Has lived and loved and died;
And as they left us, one by one,
We laid them side by side.

4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

5 We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.

6 Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

960

The Pious Dead.

R. MANT.

For all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And yearned for him to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With him, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

GREENWOOD, S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.

1. It is not death to die— To leave this wea-ry road,
And 'mid the broth-er-hood on high, To be at home with God.

961

"Where is thy victory?" G. W. BETHUNE.

- It is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain,—to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

- 3 His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.
- 4 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
- 5 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

963

"With thy might."

H. BONAR.

- MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!
- 2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth—
This, this is not to live.
- 3 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.
- 4 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away—
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

962

Death of a Minister. J. MONTGOMERY.

- SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy!
- 2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

964

C. M. D.

Psalm 90.

I. WATTS.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home:—
 Under the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

2 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight,
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.

3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

965

P. M.

Death is Transition. R. P. DUNN, *tr.*

No, no, it is not dying
 To go unto our God;
 This gloomy earth forsaking,
 Our journey homeward taking,
 Along the starry road.

2 No, no, it is not dying
 Heaven's citizen to be;
 A crown immortal wearing,
 And rest unbroken sharing,
 From care and conflict free.

3 No, no, it is not dying
 To wear a heavenly crown;
 Among God's people dwelling,
 The glorious triumph swelling,
 Of him whose sway we own.

4 Oh, no! this is not dying,
 Thou Saviour of mankind!
 There, streams of love are flowing,
 No hindrance ever knowing;
 Here, only drops we find.

966

L. M.

Burial of Believers.

I. WATTS.

UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,

And give these sacred relics room
 To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invade thy bounds;—no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
 Passed thro' the grave and blessed the
 bed!
 Rest here, blest saint! till, from his throne,
 The morning break, and pierce the
 shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
 Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
 Restore thy trust;—a glorious form
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

967

IRR. M.

The Soul Departing.

A. POPP.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame;
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
 Oh, the pain!—the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life!

2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 "Sister spirit, come away;"
 What is this absorbs me quite?—
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?—
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes—it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring!
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 "O Grave! where is thy victory?
 O Death! where is thy sting?"

968

L. M.

John 17: 24.

C. ELLIOTT.

LET me be with thee where thou art,
 My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
 Then only will this longing heart
 Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with thee where thou art,
 Thine unvailed glory to behold;
 Then only will this wandering heart
 Cease to be false to thee and cold.

3 Let me be with thee where thou art,
 Where none can die, where none remove;
 There neither death nor life will part
 Me from thy presence and thy love.

969

C. M.

Job 3: 17-20.

R. BLAIR.

How still and peaceful is the grave!

Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.

2 The wicked there from troubling cease;
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 There servants, masters, small and
Partake the same repose; [great,
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

4 All, leveled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth
To meet their final doom.

970

C. M.

To die is gain.

W. H. BATHURST.

Why should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not ev'n death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest:
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
God has recalled his own;
And let our hearts in every woe,
Still say,—“Thy will be done!”

971

P. M.

The Cemetery.

J. MONTGOMERY.

This place is holy ground!

World, with its cares, away!
A holy, solemn stillness, round
This lifeless, mouldering clay;
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.

2 Behold the bed of death,
The pale and mortal clay!
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eye's last ray?
No! life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

3 Bury the dead, and weep
In stillness o'er the loss!
Bury the dead! in Christ they sleep
Who bore on earth his cross;
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image to the skies.

972

IOS.

Death at Prime.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime!
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's
hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor
cease; [done;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is
Come from the heat of battle, and in
peace, [won.
Soldier! go home; with thee the fight is

3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour
lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow
way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave? no, take thy seat
above!
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast per-
fect love,
And open vision for the written Word.

973

L. M.

Be Pitiful, O God.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

O SON of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead!
O Son of man, so pitying found
For all the tears thy people shed!

2 Be with us in this darkened place,—
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
And teach, oh, teach us by thy grace,
To struggle onward into light!

3 And since, in God's recording book,
Our sins are written, every one,—
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew, and left undone;—

4 Lord, ere the last dread trump be
heard,
And ere before thy face we stand,
Look thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with thy bleeding hand.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s, 4s.

C. LOCKHART.

1. { See th' e - ter - nal Judge de - scend - ing! View him seat - ed on his throne! }
Now, poor sin - ner, now la - ment - ing, Stand and hear thine aw - ful doom; }

Trum - pets call thee, Trum - pets call thee, Stand and hear thine aw - ful doom.

974

"They shall look on him."

ANON.

SEE the eternal Judge descending!
View him seated on his throne!
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thine awful doom;
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thine awful doom!

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again—
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move!"

975

"Day of wonders."

J. NEWTON.

DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark!—the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

BREST. 8s, 7s, 4s.

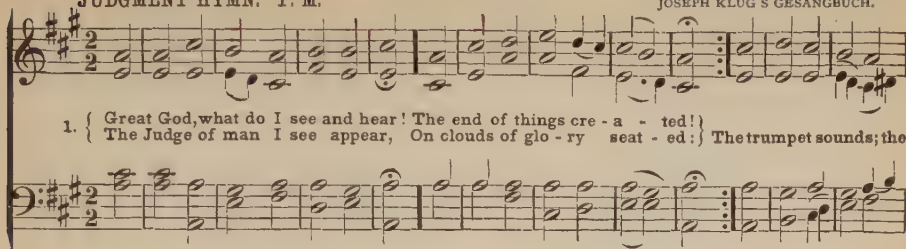
LOWELL MASON.

1. Day of judgment! day of wonders! Hark!—the trumpet's aw-ful sound, Loud-er than a

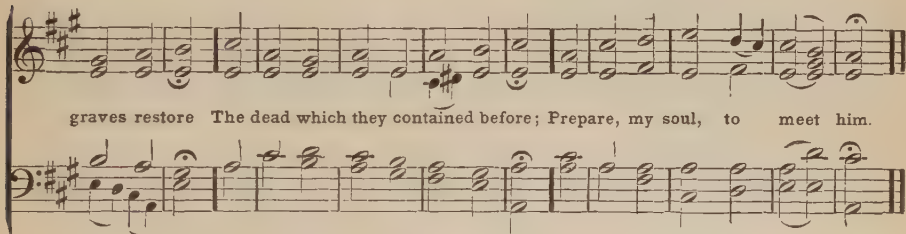
thousand thunders, Shakes the vast creation round: How the summons Will the sinner's heart con-found!

JUDGMENT HYMN. P. M.

JOSEPH KLUG'S GESANGBUCH.



1. { Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted! }
 { The Judge of man I see appear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed: } The trumpet sounds; the



graves restore The dead which they contained before; Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

976

Prepare to meet God. W. B. COLLYER, Jr.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated:
 The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding—
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing:
 The day of grace is past and gone;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated:
 Beneath his cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet him.

977

"Into thine hand."

GERMAN.

WHEN my last hour is close at hand,
 My last sad journey taken,
 Do thou, Lord Jesus! by me stand;
 Let me not be forsaken:
 O Lord! my spirit I resign
 Into thy loving hands divine;
 'Tis safe within thy keeping.

2 Countless as sands upon the shore,
 My sins may then appall me;
 Yet, though my conscience vex me sore,
 Despair shall not enthrall me;
 For as I draw my latest breath,
 I'll think, Lord Christ! upon thy death,
 And there find consolation.

3 I shall not in the grave remain,
 Since thou death's bonds hast severed:
 By hope with thee to rise again,
 From fear of death delivered,
 I'll come to thee, where'er thou art,—
 Live with thee, from thee never part;
 Therefore I die in rapture.

4 And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,
 My longing arms extending;
 So fall asleep, in slumber deep,
 Slumber that knows no ending;
 Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
 Opens the gates of bliss, leads on
 To heaven, to life eternal.

978

75.

All over and gone.

H. ALFORD.

EARTH is past away and gone,
All her glories, every one,
All her pomp is broken down;
God is reigning, God alone!

2 All her high ones lowly lie,
All her mirth hath passed by,
All her merry-hearted sigh;
God is reigning, God on high!

3 No more sorrow, no more night;
Perfect joy and purest light!
With his spotless saints and bright,
God is reigning in the height!

4 Blessing, praise and glory bring;
Offer every holy thing;
Everlasting praises sing;
God is reigning, God our King!

979

S. M.

The Last Day.

B. BEDDOME.

BEHOLD, the day is come;
The righteous Judge is near;
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 How awful is the sight!
How loud the thunders roar!
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.

3 The whole creation groans;
But saints arise and sing:
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And he their God and King.

980

S. M.

Now is the time.

P. DODDRIDGE.

AND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonished shrink away?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners! seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

981

L. M. "The Day of the Lord."

W. SCOTT.

THE day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day!—

2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

982

8s, 7s, 4s. "The Mighty God."

W. GOODE.

Lo! the mighty God appearing—
From on high Jehovah speaks!
Eastern lands the summons hearing,
O'er the west his thunder breaks:
Earth beholds him:
Universal nature shakes.

2 Zion, all its light unfolding,
God in glory shall display:
Lo! he comes,—nor silence holding,
Fire and clouds prepare his way:
Tempests round him
Hasten on the dreadful day.

3 To the heavens his voice ascending,
To the earth beneath he cries—
"Souls immortal now descending,
Let the sleeping dust arise!
Rise to judgment;
Let my throne adorn the skies.

4 "Gather first my saints around me,
Those who to my covenant stood;
Those who humbly sought and found me,
Through the dying Saviour's blood:
Blest Redeemer!
Choicest sacrifice to God!"

5 Now the heavens on high adore him,
And his righteousness declare:
Sinners perish from before him,
But his saints his mercies share:
Just his judgment!
God, himself the Judge, is there.

983

7s. 3l.

"Dies Ira."

H. ALFORD.

DAY of anger! that dread day
Shall the sign in heaven display,
And the earth in ashes lay!

2 Oh, what trembling shall appear,
When his coming shall be near,
Who shall all things strictly clear!

3 When the trumpet shall command,
Through the tombs of every land,
All before the throne to stand!

4 What shall I before him say?
How shall I be safe that day—
When the righteous scarcely may?

5 King of awful majesty,
Saving sinners graciously,—
Fount of mercy! save thou me!

6 Leave me not, my Saviour! one,
For whose soul thy course was run!
Lest I be that day undone!

7 Though unworthy is my prayer,
Make my soul thy mercy's care,
And from death eternal spare!

8 When thy voice in wrath shall say,
Cursèd one, depart away!
Call me with thy blest, I pray!

984

L. M.

The Lord Coming.

R. HEBER.

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall
quake!

The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,—
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!

4 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come!"

985

L. M. 7l.

Isa. 57: 15.

C. WINKWORTH, *tr.*

ETERNITY! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity!
And yet to thee time hastes away,
Like as the war horse to the fray,
Or swift as couriers homeward go,
Or ships to port, or shafts from bow;
Ponder, O man, eternity!

2 Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity!
As long as God is God, so long
Endure the pains of hell and wrong,
So long the joys of heaven remain;
Oh, lasting joy! oh, lasting pain!
Ponder, O man, eternity!

3 Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity!
O man, full oft thy thoughts should dwell
Upon the pains of sin and hell,
And on the glories of the pure,
That do beyond all time endure;
Ponder, O man, eternity!

986

8s. 7s. 4s. "Lo! he comes!"

C. WESLEY.

Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah!

Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

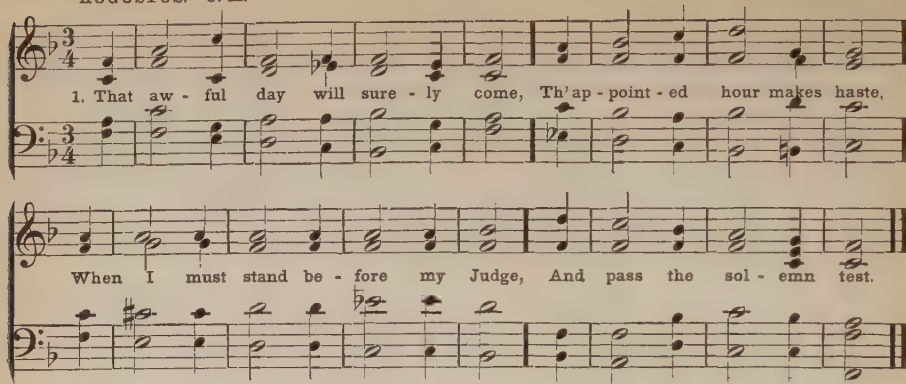
2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 Lo! the last long separation,
As the cleaving crowds divide,
And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side!
Lord of mercy!
How shall I that day abide?

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known!
Men and angels
Kneel and bow to thee alone!

AUGUSTUS. C. M.

W. M. F. SHERWIN.



987

"That awful day."

I. WATTS.

THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast:

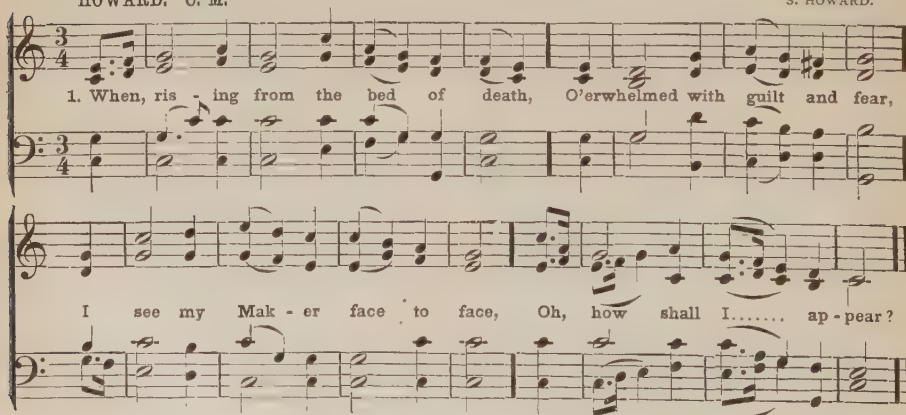
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

4 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

5 Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

HOWARD. C. M.

S. HOWARD.



988

The Test.

J. ADDISON.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear?

2 If yet while pardon may be found
And mercy may be sought,

My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;—

2 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear?

TAPPAN, C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. On Jor-dan's rug - ged banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my pos-ses - sions lie.

989

"Let me go over!"

S. STENNETT.

On Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

990

Jesus exalted.

I. WATTS.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head!

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

991

"A building of God."

I. WATTS.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

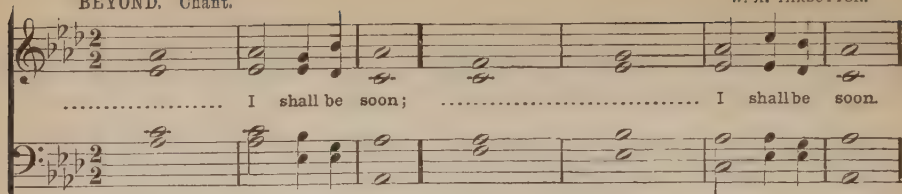
2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

4 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

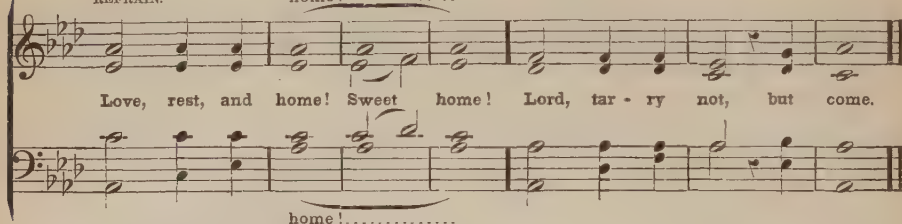
BEYOND. Chant.

W. A. TARBUTTON.



REFRAIN.

home!



992

"Lord, tarry not."

H. BONAR.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping, |
I shall be soon; ||

BEYOND the waking and the sleeping, |
BEYOND the sowing and the reaping, |
I shall be soon.

REF.—Love, rest and home! Sweet home! |
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 BEYOND the blooming and the fading, |
I shall be soon; ||

BEYOND the shining and the shading, |
BEYOND the hoping and the dreading, |
I shall be soon. ||—REF.

3 BEYOND the rising and the setting, |
I shall be soon; ||

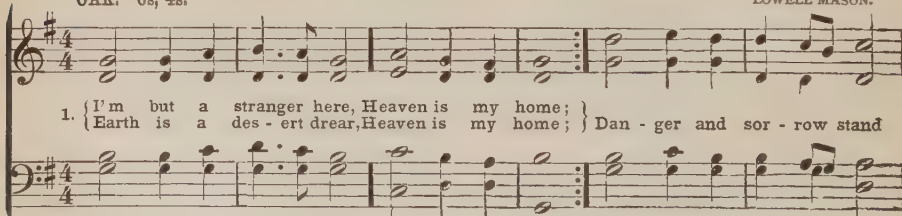
Beyond the calming and the fretting, |
Beyond remembering and forgetting |
I shall be soon. ||—REF.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting, |
I shall be soon; |
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever beating, |
I shall be soon. ||—REF.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the rock-waste and the river, |
Beyond the ever and the never, |
I shall be soon. ||—REF.

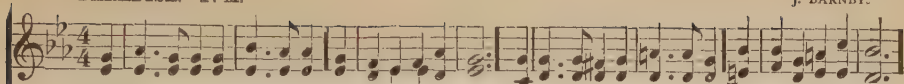
OAK. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

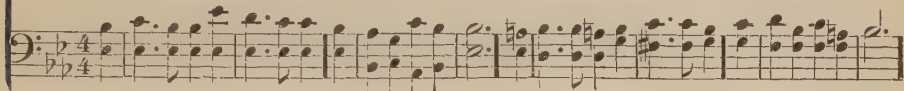


PARADISE. P. M.

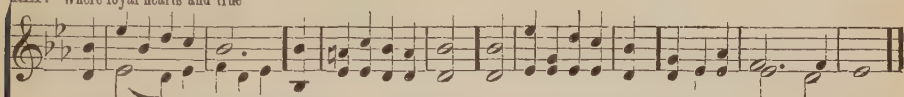
J. BARNBY.



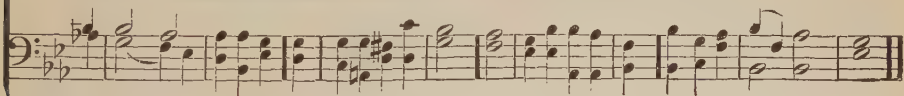
1. O Par-a-dise, O Par-a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the happy land, Where they that loved are blest?



REF.—Where loyal hearts and true



Where loyal hearts and true Stand ever in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most holy sight.



993

"O Paradise."

F. W. FABER.

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

994

6s, 4s. "Heaven is home."

T. R. TAYLOR.

I'M but a stranger here,—
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,—
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

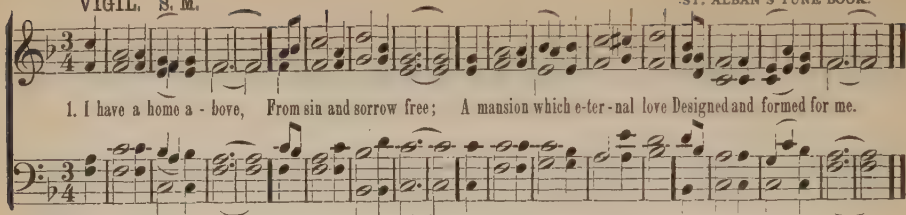
2 What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;

And time's wild, wintry blast,
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last,—
Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not,—
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There, at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

VIGIL. S. M.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.



1. I have a home a - bove, From sin and sorrow free; A mansion which e - ter - nal love Designed and formed for me.

995

"A place for you."

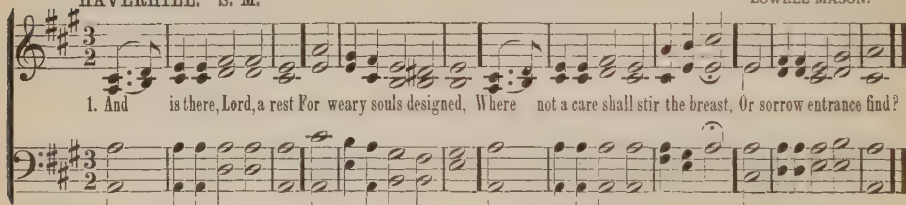
H. BENNETT.

I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.
2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned—
My dwelling-place with God.

HAVERHILL. S. M.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He passed thro' death's dark raging flood
To make my rest secure.
4 The Comforter has come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

LOWELL MASON.



1. And is there, Lord, a rest For weary souls designed, Where not a care shall stir the breast, Or sorrow entrance find?

996

"A rest."

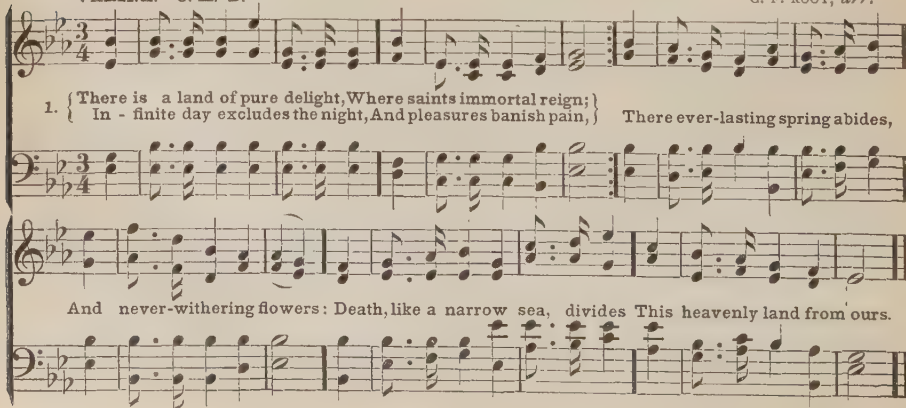
RAY PALMER.

AND is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?
2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

VARINA. C. M. D.

3 For ever blessed they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!
4 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven!

G. F. ROOT, arr.



1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
In - finite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain, } There ever-lasting spring abides,

And never-withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

JORDAN. C. M. D.

W. BILLINGS.
1st. 2d.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; } And
 { In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, (Omit) } And
 pleas-ures ban-ish pain. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-
 with'ring flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.

997

"Go over this Jordan."

L. WATTS.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea;
 And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
 These gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unobscured eyes:—
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

998

"Hold fast."

C. F. ALEXANDER.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
 The brightness of the day,
 The crimson of the sunset sky,
 How fast they fade away!
 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
 Oh, for the golden floor!
 Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
 That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How soon they tire and faint!
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint!
 Oh, for a heart that never sins!
 Oh, for a soul washed white!
 Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher;
 But there are perfectness and peace,
 Beyond our best desire.
 Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord,
 And by thy life laid down,
 Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
 Nor fail to reach our crown!

BEULAH. 7s. D.

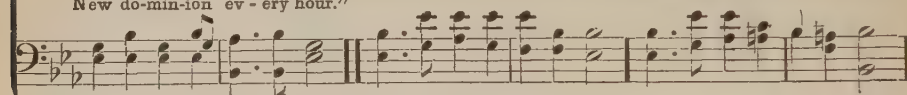
E. IVES.



1. Who are these in bright array This in-numer-a - ble throng Round the altar, night and day
D. S.—Wis-dom, riches, to ob-tain,



Hymning one triumph-ant song?—"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honor, glo-ry, power,
New do-min-ion ev-ery hour."



999

'Who are these?'

J. MONTGOMERY.

Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng
Round the altar, night and day
Hymning one triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came:
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs—
Perfect love dispel all fears—
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

I'M A PILGRIM. P. M.

ANON.

D. C.



1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night! { Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing }
D. C.—I'm a pilgrim, &c. { To where the fountains are ever flow-ing: }



1000

Pilgrimage.

M. S. B. DANA.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing:
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

2 There the glory is ever shining!
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is
there!

Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary:
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer, is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

ST. JAMES. 7s, 6s. D.

FROM LINDEMAN'S KORAL BOOK.

1. { He comes in blood-stained garments; Up-on his brow a crown; }
 { The gates of brass fly o - pen, The iron bands drop down; } From off the fettered cap - tive

The chains of Sa-tan fall, While an-gels shout tri-umphant, That Christ is Lord of all

1001

"Mighty to save."

C. L. BANCROFT.

HE comes in blood-stained garments;

Upon his brow a crown;

The gates of brass fly open,

The iron bands drop down;

From off the fettered captive

The chains of Satan fall,

While angels shout triumphant,

That Christ is Lord of all.

2 Oh, Christ, his love is mighty !

Long-suffering is his grace;

And glorious is the splendor

That beameth from his face.

Our hearts up-leap in gladness

When we behold that love,

As we go singing onward

To dwell with him above.

1002

Never separated.

R. MASSIE, tr.

I KNOW no life divided,

O Lord of life, from thee;

In thee is life provided

For all mankind and me:

I know no death, O Jesus,

Because I live in thee;

Thy death it is that frees us

From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,

Since, whatsoe'er it be,

It makes no separation

Between my Lord and me.

If thou, my God and Teacher,
 Vouchsafe to be my own,
 Though poor, I shall be richer
 Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,
 My heart is right and blest,
 Ah, what shall I be yonder,
 In perfect peace and rest?
 Oh, blessed thought ! in dying
 We go to meet the Lord,
 Where there shall be no sighing,
 A kingdom our reward.

1003

Heaven begun below.

R. MASSIE, tr.

I BUILD on this foundation,—

That Jesus and his blood

Alone are my salvation,

The true eternal good.

To mine his Spirit speaketh

Sweet words of soothing power,

How God to him that seeketh

For rest, hath rest in store.

2 My merry heart is springing,

And knows not how to pine:

'Tis full of joy and singing,

And radiancy divine.

The sun whose smiles so cheer me

Is Jesus Christ alone:

To have him always near me

Is heaven itself begun.

BERNARD. 7s, 6s, D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. { For thee. O dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vigils keep; } Thy hap-py name, they weep. The { For ver - y love, be- hold - ing (Omit) }

mention of thy glo - ry Is unction to the breast, And medicine in sickness. And love, and life, and rest.

1004

Paradise of joy. J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

FOR thee, O dear, dear Country,

Mine eyes their vigils keep;

For very love, beholding

Thy happy name, they weep

The mention of thy glory

Is unction to the breast,

And medicine in sickness,

And love, and life, and rest

2 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,

Thy streets with emeralds blaze;

The sardius and the topaz

Unite in thee their rays;

Thine ageless walls are bonded

With amethyst unpriced;

The saints build up its fabric,

The corner-stone is Christ.

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;

Thou hast no time, bright day:

Dear fountain of refreshment

To pilgrims far away:

Upon the Rock of ages

They raise thy holy tower;

Thine is the victor's laurel,

And thine the golden dower.

4 Oh, sweet and blessed Country,

The home of God's elect!

Oh, sweet and blessed Country,

That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us

To that dear land of rest;

Who art, with God the Father,

And Spirit, ever blest.

1005

'Followin' his steps.' J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,

If onward ye will tread,

With Jesus as your Fellow,

To Jesus as your Head.

The cross that Jesus carried,

He carried as your due:

The crown that Jesus weareth,

He weareth it for you

2 The faith by which ye see him,

The hope in which ye yearn,

The love that through all trouble

To him alone will turn:

What are they but forerunners

To lead you to his sight?

What are they save the effluence

Of uncreated light?

3 The trials that beset you,

The sorrows ye endure,

The manifold temptations

That death alone can cure:

What are they, but his jewels

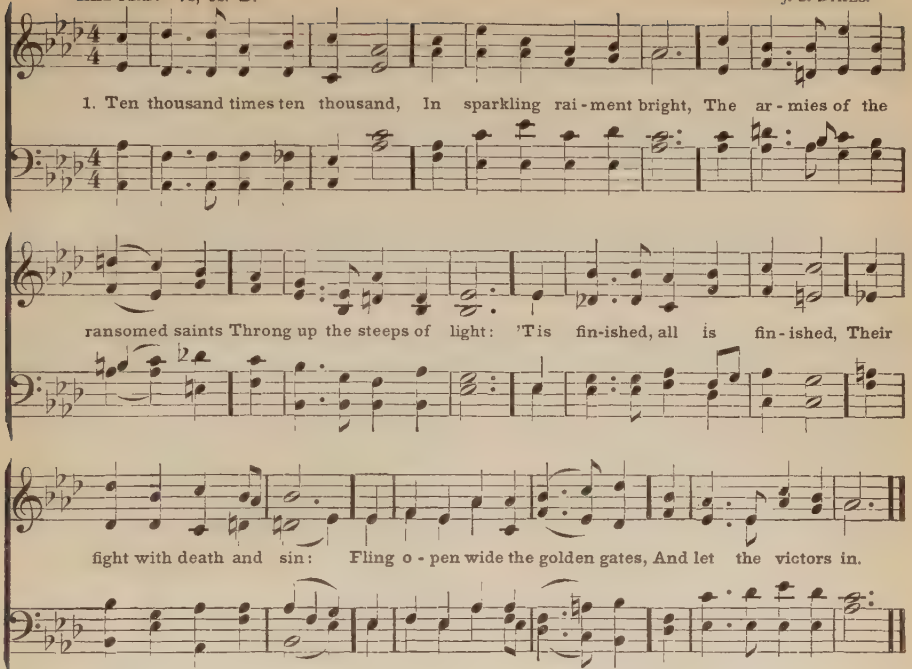
Of right celestial worth?

What are they but the ladder,

Set up to heaven on earth?

ALFORD. 7s, 6s. D.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling rai-ment bright, The ar-mies of the
ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light: 'Tis fin-ished, all is fin-ished, Their
fight with death and sin: Fling o - pen wide the golden gates, And let the victors in.

1006

The armies of God.

H. ALFORD.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph night!

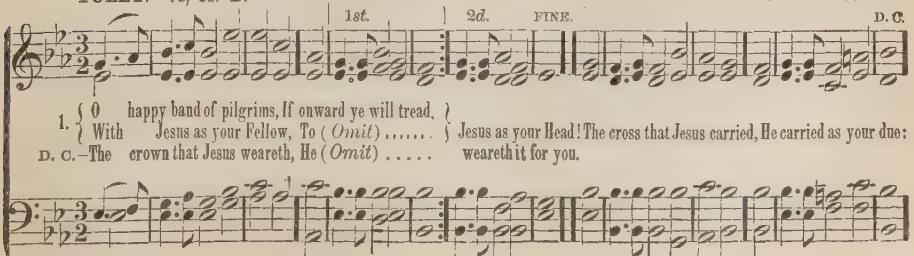
Oh, day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
Oh, joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

TULLY. 7s, 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON.

D. C.



1st. 2d. FINE.

1. { 0 happy band of pilgrims, If onward ye will tread, } { Jesus as your Head! The cross that Jesus carried, He carried as your due: }
1. { With Jesus as your Fellow, To (Omit) } { Jesus as your Head! The cross that Jesus carried, He carried as your due: }
D. C. - The crown that Jesus weareth, He (Omit) weareth it for you.

RHINE. C. M.

GERMAN MELODY.

1. O moth-er dear, Je-ru - sa-lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor-rows

have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? Thy joys when shall I see?

1007

The New Jerusalem.

D. DICKSON.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

1008

Faith and the Future. W. H. BATHURST.

OH, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt;—

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, ev'n here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

SHINING SHORE. P. M.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly,
D. S.—just before, the Shining Shore

PINE.

D. S.

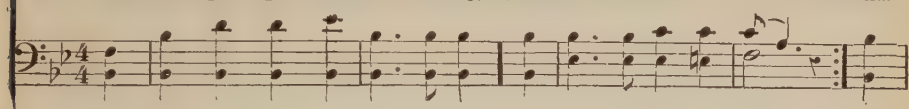
Those hours of toil and danger. For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over; And
We may al-most dis-cov-er.

JOYFUL SOUND. C. M. D.

E. L. WHITE. 2d.



1. { Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me! } In
 D. C.—Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, (Omit)..... And



joy, and peace, in thee? Oh, when, thou cit-y of my God, Shall I thy courts as-cend,
 Sab-baths have no end.



1009

The New Jerusalem.

ANON.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!

Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labors have an end,

In joy, and peace, in thee!

Oh, when, thou city of my God,

Shall I thy courts ascend,

Where congregations ne'er break up,

And Sabbaths have no end?

2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,

Nor sin nor sorrow know:

Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,

I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe!

Or feel, at death, dismay?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view,

And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,

Around my Saviour stand;

And soon my friends in Christ below,

Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem! my happy home!

My soul still pants for thee;

Then shall my labors have an end,

When I thy joys shall see.

1010

"Jordan's Strand."

D. NELSON.

My days are gliding swiftly by,

And I, a pilgrim stranger,

Would not detain them as they fly,

Those hours of toil and danger.

For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,

Our friends are passing over;

And just before, the Shining Shore

We may almost discover!

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,

Our heavenly home discerning;

Our absent Lord has left us word,

Let every lamp be burning.—REF.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,

We need not cease our singing;

That perfect rest naught can molest,

Where golden harps are ringing.—REF.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,

Each cord on earth to sever;

Our King says, Come, and there's our home

For ever, oh, for ever!

For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,

Our friends are passing over;

And just before, the Shining Shore

We may almost discover!

NAUMANN. C. M.

NAUMANN.

1. There is an hour of hallowed peace, For those with cares oppressed, When sighs and sorrow-

ing shall cease, When sighs and sor-row-ing shall cease, And all be hushed to rest:—

1011

"Sown in tears."

W. B. TAPPAN.

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest:—

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts, which here annoy;
Then they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore.

4 There, purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There, they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

COVENTRY. C. M.

ENGLISH MELODY.

1. Oh, could our thoughts and wish-es fly, A-bove these gloom-y shades,

To those bright worlds, be-yond the sky, Which sor-row ne'er in-vades!—

1012

"Things not seen."

A. STEELE.

Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds, beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!—

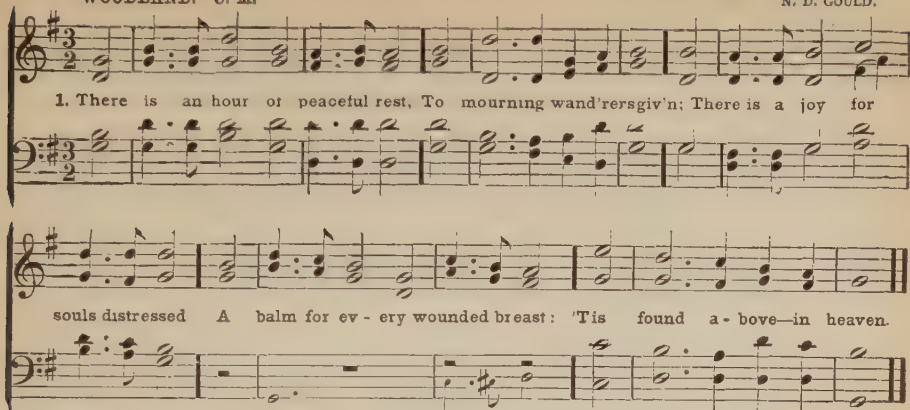
2 There, joys, unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord! send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Oh, then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent hope shall rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.



1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There is a joy for
souls distressed A balm for ev-ery wounded breast: 'Tis found a-bove—in heaven.

1013

"No more death."

W. B. TAPPAN.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found above—in heaven.

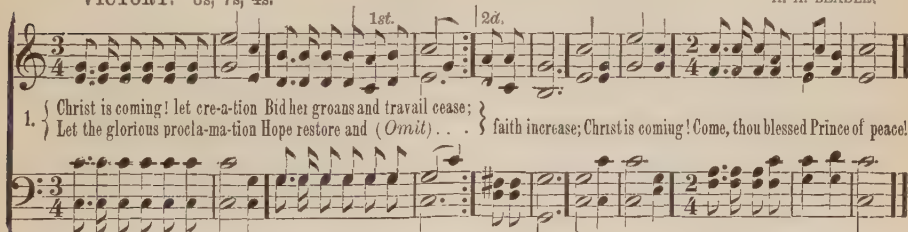
2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven!

VICTORY. 8s, 7s, 4s.

H. H. BEADLE.



1. { Christ is coming! let crea-tion Bid her groans and travail cease; }
Let the glorious procla-mation Hope restore and (Omit) . . . } faith increase; Christ is coming! Come, thou blessed Prince of peace!

1014

"Christ is coming."

J. R. MACDUFF.

CHRIST is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease:
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming!
Come, thou blessed Prince of peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold thy glory
When thou comest back to reign;
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee:
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see;
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that "blesséd hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue;
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

VESPER. 8s, 7s.

E. P. PARKER, *arr.*

1. This is not my place of rest - ing,— Mine's a cit - y yet to come;

On - ward to it I am hast - ing— On to my e - ter - nal home.

1015

Not our Rest.

H. BONAR.

THIS is not my place of resting,—
 Mine's a city yet to come;
 Onward to it I am hasting—
 On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory;
 O'er it shines a nightless day:
 Every trace of sin's sad story,
 All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
 By the streams of life along,—
 On the freshest pastures feeds us,
 Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
 Soon we bid farewell to pain;
 Never more are sad or weary,
 Never, never sin again!

1016

"The sea of glass." C. WORDSWORTH.

HARK! the sound of holy voices,
 Chanting at the crystal sea,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Lord, to thee!

2 Multitudes, which none can number,
 Like the stars in glory stand,
 Clothed in white apparel, holding
 Palms of victory in their hands.

3 They have come from tribulation,
 And have washed their robes in blood,
 Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
 Tried they were and firm they stood.

4 Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
 Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
 They have conquered death and Satan
 By the might of Christ the Lord.

5 Love and peace they taste for ever,
 And all truth and knowledge see
 In the Beatific Vision
 Of the blessed Trinity.

1017

The City.

S. BARING-GOULD.

DAILY, daily sing the praises
 Of the City God hath made;
 In the beauteous fields of Eden
 Its foundation-stones are laid.

2 In the midst of that dear City
 Christ is reigning on his seat,
 And the angels swing their censers
 In a ring about his feet.

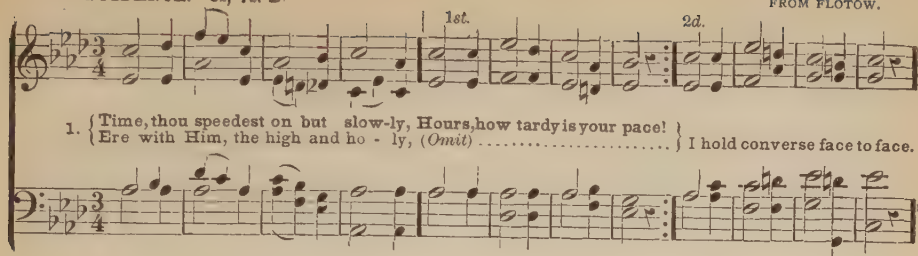
3 From the throne a river issues,
 Clear as crystal, passing bright,
 And it traverses the City
 Like a sudden beam of light.

4 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
 And is laden with the song
 Of the seraphs, and the elders,
 And the great redeemed throng.

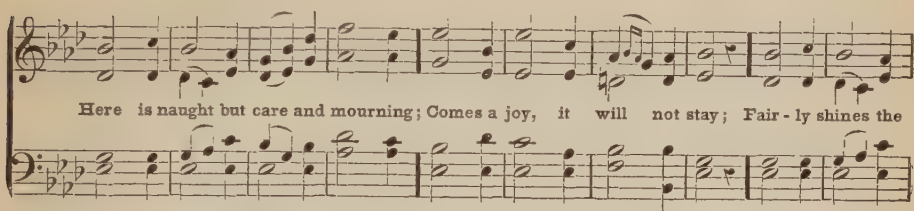
5 Oh, I would my ears were open
 Here to catch that happy strain!
 Oh, I would my eyes some vision
 Of that Eden could attain!

GUIDANCE. 8s, 7s, D.

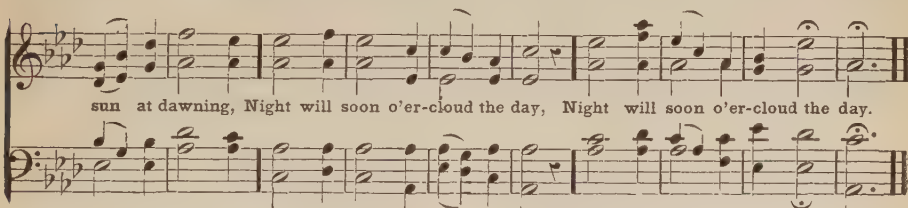
FROM FLOTOW.



1. { Time, thou speedest on but slow-ly, Hours, how tardy is your pace! } { Ere with Him, the high and ho - ly, (Omit) } I hold converse face to face.



Here is naught but care and mourning; Comes a joy, it will not stay; Fair - ly shines the



sun at dawning, Night will soon o'er-cloud the day, Night will soon o'er-cloud the day.

1018 "The King in his beauty." C. WINKWORTH, tr.

TIME, thou speedest on but slowly,
Hours, how tardy is your pace!
Ere with Him, the high and holy,
I hold converse face to face.
Here is naught but care and mourning;
Comes a joy, it will not stay;
Fairly shines the sun at dawning,
Night will soon o'ercloud the day.

2 Onward then! not long I wander
Ere my Saviour comes for me,
And with him abiding yonder,
All his glory I shall see.
Oh, the music and the singing
Of the host redeemed by love!
Oh, the hallelujahs ringing
Through the halls of light above!

1019

The Consummation.

J. CONDER.

JESUS, blessed Mediator!
Thou the airy path hast trod;

Thou the Judge, the Consummator!
Shepherd of the fold of God!
Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O thou merciful All-seeing!
Beam around my spirit there.

2 Blesséd fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their centre,
And their shield—Omnipotence!
Blesséd, for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

3 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder!
Louder chorals shake the skies:
Hadés' gates are burst asunder;
See! the new-clothed myriads rise!
Thought! repress thy weak endeavor;
Here must reason prostrate fall;
Oh, the ineffable Forever!
And the eternal All in All!

MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the glo - rious! The glo - ry of th'e - lect,— O dear and future vis - ion
D. S.—To thee my thoughts are kindled,

That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Ev'n now by faith I see thee, Ev'n here thy walls discern;
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

1020

"A City."

J. M. NEALE, tr.

- JERUSALEM, the glorious!
The glory of the elect,—
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn!
- 2 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;—
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
- 3 O sweet and blessed Country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

1021

"Lamps trimmed." J. BORTHWICK, tr.

- REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear!

- The shades of eve are thickening,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is advancing;
Each hour he draws more nigh;
Up! watch and pray, nor slumber;
At midnight comes the cry.
- 2 See that your lamps are burning,
Your vessels filled with oil;
Wait calmly your deliverance
From earthly pain and toil.
The watchers on the mountains
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go, meet him, as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.
- 3 The saints, who here in patience
Their cross and sufferings bore,
With him shall reign for ever,
When sorrow is no more:
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb shall they behold,
Adoring cast before him
Their diadems of gold.
- 4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou Sun so looked-for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with thee.

EWING, 7s, 6s. D.

ALEX. EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Be - neath thy con - tem -

pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed: I know not, oh, I know not

What social joys are there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light beyond compare.

1022

The New Jerusalem. J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

JERUSALEM, the golden,
 With milk and honey blest!
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed:
 I know not, oh, I know not,
 What social joys are there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng;
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
 And there, from care released,
 The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast:
 And they who, with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

1023

"Short toil." J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

BRIEF life is here our portion;
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
 The life, that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is there:
 Oh, happy retribution!
 Short toil, eternal rest;
 For mortals, and for sinners,
 A mansion with the blest!

2 And there is David's fountain,
 And life in fullest glow;
 And there the light is golden,
 And milk and honey flow;
 The light, that hath no evening,
 The health, that hath no sore,
 The life, that hath no ending,
 But lasteth evermore.

3 There Jesus shall embrace us,
 There Jesus be embraced,—
 That spirit's food and sunshine;
 Whence earthly love is chased:
 Yes! God my King and Portion,
 In fullness of his grace,
 We then shall see for ever,
 And worship face to face.

CANAAN. C. M. D.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. { Bride of the Lamb, a - wake, awake! Why sleep for sorrow now? } A child of glo - ry thou.
D. C. — Hath sighed for one that's far a-way, — (Omit) ... The Bridegroom of thy heart.

Thy spir - it through the lone - ly night, From earth - ly joy a - part D. C.

1024

"The Lamb's Wife." E. DENNY.

BRIDE of the Lamb, awake, awake!
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory thou.
Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for one that's far away,—
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

2 But see! the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
Then weep no more; 'tis all thine own,
His crown, his joy divine;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, he himself is thine!

1025

"Behold, I come quickly." ANON.

Soon will the heavenly Bridegroom come;
Ye wedding-guests, draw near,
And slumber not in sin, when he,
The Son of God, is here!
Come, let us haste to meet our Lord,
And hail him with delight;
Who saved us by his precious blood,
And sorrows infinite!

2 Beside him all the patriarchs old,
And holy prophets stand;
The glorious apostolic choir,
And noble martyr band.

As brethren dear they welcome us,
And lead us to the throne,
Where angels bow their vailed heads,
Before the Three in One;—

3 Where we, with all the saints of God,
A white-robed multitude,
Shall praise the ascended Lord, who deigns
To bear our flesh and blood!
Our lot shall be for aye to share
His reign of peace above:
And drink, with unexhausted joy,
The river of his love.

1026

"Come, Lord Jesus." E. DENNY

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.
No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us—and thee!

2 But, dearest Lord, however bright,
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in thy love?
What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with thee?

NORTHFIELD, C. M.

J. INGALLS.

The

1. Lo! what a glorious sight appears, To our be-lieving eyes!

The earth and seas are earth and seas are passed away, And the old rolling skies.

The earth and seas are passed a - - way, And the old roll - ing skies.

passed away, The earth and seas are passed a - - way,

1027

"Your descending King."

I. WATTS.

Lo! WHAT a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes!

The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven where God resides—
That holy, happy place,—
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—

"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King:—

4 "The God of glory, down to men,
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he their loving God:—

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die!"

6 How long, dear Saviour! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?

Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land:
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

3 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

1029

"Come, blessed Lord?"

E. DENNY.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!

Star of the coming day!

Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blesséd Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

3 Jesus! thy fair creation groans,—
The air, the earth, the sea,—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

4 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine.

1028

Messiah's Reign.

M. BRUCE.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise

IMMORTALITY. 7s, 6s. D.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. There is a land im - mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands; Be - side its an - cient
por - tal A si - lent sen - try stands; He on - ly can un - do it, And
o - pen wide the door; And mortals who pass through it Are mortal nev - er - more.

1030

"They seek a country."

T. MACKELLAR.

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortal nevermore.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message,
To souls that watch and wait:
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die!

1031

The New Paradise.

T. DAVIS.

O PARADISE eternal!
What bliss to enter thee,
And, once within thy portals,
Secure for ever be!
In thee no sin nor sorrow,
No pain nor death, is known;
But pure glad life, enduring
As heaven's benignant throne.

2 There all around shall love us,
And we return their love;
One band of happy spirits,
One family above:
There God shall be our portion,
And we his jewels be;
And gracing his bright mansions,
His smile reflect and see.

3 So songs shall rise for ever,
While all creation fair,
Still more and more revealed,
Shall wake fresh praises there:
O Paradise eternal!
What joys in thee are known!
O God of mercy! guide us,
Till all be felt our own.

LOWRY (or HILLSDALE), L. M.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Now let our souls, on wings sub-lime, Rise from the van-i-ties of time,
 Draw back the part-ing vail, and see The glo-ries of e-ter-ni-ty.

1032

"Eye hath not seen."

T. GIBBONS.

NOW LET our souls, on wings sublime,
 Rise from the vanities of time,
 Draw back the parting vail, and see
 The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
 Why should we grovel here on earth?
 Why grasp at transitory toys,
 So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Should aught beguile us on the road,
 When we are walking back to God?
 For strangers into life we come,
 And dying is but going home.

4 To dwell with God—to feel his love,
 Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
 And the sweet expectation now
 Is the young dawn of heaven below.

1033

"A Rest."

RAY PALMER.

LORD, thou wilt bring the joyful day!
 Beyond earth's weariness and pains,
 Thou hast a mansion far away,
 Where for thine own a rest remains.

2 No sun there climbs the morning sky,
 There never falls the shade of night;
 God and the Lamb, for ever nigh,
 O'er all shed everlasting light.

3 The bow of mercy spans the throne,
 Emblem of love and goodness there;
 While notes to mortals all unknown,
 Float on the calm celestial air.

4 Around that throne bright legions stand,
 Redeemed by blood from sin and hell;
 And shining forms, an angel band,
 The mighty chorus join to swell.

5 O Jesus, bring us to that rest,
 Where all the ransomed shall be found,
 In thine eternal fullness blest,
 While ages roll their cycles round!

1034

"Many mansions."

RAY PALMER.

THY Father's house! thine own bright home!
 And thou hast there a place for me!
 Though yet an exile here I roam,
 That distant home by faith I see.

2 I see its domes resplendent glow,
 Where beams of God's own glory fall;
 And trees of life immortal grow,
 Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall

3 I know that thou, who on the tree
 Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,
 Wilt bring thine own to dwell with thee,
 And waitest to receive me there!

4 Thy love will there array my soul
 In thine own robe of spotless hue;
 And I shall gaze, while ages roll,
 On thee, with raptures ever new!

5 Oh, welcome day! when thou my feet
 Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er;
 A Father's warm embrace to meet,
 And dwell at home for evermore!

MT. BLANC. P. M.

OLD ENGLISH MELODY.

1. We are on our journey home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet around his throne,
When he makes his people one, In the new, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

1035

"The Holy City."

C. BEECHER.

WE are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord is gone;
We shall meet around his throne,
When he makes his people one,
In the new Jerusalem.

2 We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
From the new Jerusalem.

3 Oh, holy, heavenly home!
Oh, rest eternal there!
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem!

4 Our hearts are breaking now
Those mansions fair to see;
O Lord, thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with thee,
To the new Jerusalem.

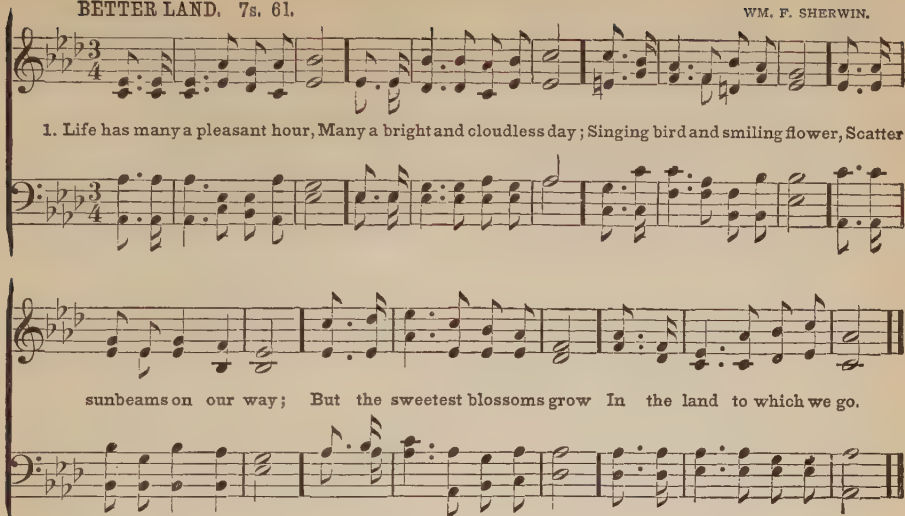
RUTHERFORD. P. M.

CHAS. D'URHAN.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks; The summer morn I've
sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes: Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But
day - spring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In im-man-uel's land.

BETTER LAND. 7s. 6l.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1036

The better land. F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

LIFE has many a pleasant hour,
 Many a bright and cloudless day;
 Singing bird and smiling flower,
 Scatter sunbeams on our way;
 But the sweetest blossoms grow
 In the land to which we go.

2 Earth has many a cool retreat,
 Many a spot to memory dear;
 Oft we find our weary feet
 Linger by some fountain clear;
 Yet the purest waters flow
 In the land to which we go.

3 Like a cloud that floats away,
 Like the early morning dew,
 Here the fairest things decay;
 There, are pleasures ever new.
 Only joy the heart will know
 In the land to which we go.

4 'Tis the Christian's promised land;
 There is everlasting day;
 There a Saviour's loving hand
 Wipes the mourner's tears away;
 Oh! the rapture we shall know
 In the land to which we go.

1037

P. M. Immanuel's Land. A. R. COUSIN.

THE sands of time are sinking,
 The dawn of heaven breaks,
 The summer morn I've sighed for,
 The fair sweet morn awakes;
 Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
 But day-spring is at hand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh, Christ, he is the fountain,
 The deep sweet well of love;
 The streams of earth I've tasted,
 More deep I'll drink above.

There to an ocean fullness
 His mercy doth expand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

3 The bride eyes not her garment,
 But her dear bridegroom's face;
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But on my King of Grace—
 Not at the crown he gifteth,
 But on his pierced hand;—
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Immanuel's land.

1038

C. P. M. *Celestial Praise.*

THY mighty working, mighty God !
Wakes all my powers ; I look abroad,
And can no longer rest ;
I, too, must sing when all things sing,
And from my heart the praises ring
The Highest loveth best.

2 If thou, in thy great love to us,
Wilt scatter joy and beauty thus
O'er this poor earth of ours ;
What nobler glories shall be given
Hereafter in thy shining heaven,
Set round with golden towers !

3 What thrilling joy, when on our sight
Christ's garden beams in cloudless light
Where all the air is sweet ;
Still laden with the unwearied hymn
From all the thousand seraphim
Who God's high praise repeat !

4 Oh, were I there ! oh, that I now
Before thy throne, my God, could bow,
And bear my heavenly palm !
Then, like the angels, would I raise
My voice, and sing thine endless praise
In many a sweet-toned psalm.

1039

L. M. "*The Lamb is the Light.*" A. STEELE.

OH, for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day—
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns !

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall ;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heaven,
their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles,—and seraphs tune their
songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze ;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the followers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir :
Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire !

C. WINKWORTH, *tr.*

1040

S. M. D. "*No night there.*" F. M. KNOLLIS.

THERE is no night in heaven ;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.
There is no grief in heaven ;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

2 There is no want in heaven ;
The Lamb of God supplies
Life's tree of twelve-fold fruitage still,
Life's spring which never dries.
There is no sin in heaven ;
Behold that blessed throng !
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

3 There is no death in heaven ;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.
There is no death in heaven ;
But when the Christian dies,
The angels wait his parted soul,
And waft it to the skies !

1041

C. M. *The New Song.* I. WATTS.

EARTH has engrossed my love too long ;
'T is time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest Man, my Saviour, sits ;
The God, how bright he shines !
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around ;
And move, and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;
Jesus, my love, they sing ;
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me dwell on earth no more,
But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
And sing the Man I love.

1042 7S, 6S, D. "*A Holy City.*"

ANON.

THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love ;
An everlasting temple—
And saints arrayed in white,
There serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

2 The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun ;
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In god-like majesty ?
The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

3 The hosts of saints around him
Proclaim his work of grace ;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way—
They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.

4 And what shall be my journey,
How long my stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know ;
In every day of trouble,
I'll raise my thoughts on high ;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.

1043 6S, D. *The Rest remaineth.* H. W. BAKER.

THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well ;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, ever more.

3 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

1044 8S, 7S, 6 L. "*The Lamb's Wife.*"J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

BLESSED Salem, long expected,
Vision bright of peace and dear !
Who, of living stones erected,
Moulded in the heavenly sphere,
And, by angel-guards protected,
Dost in bridal-pomp appear.

2 From the heaven of heavens descend—
All prepared to meet thy Head, [ing,
In thy robes of light attending,
Thou art to his presence led ;
Golden glories, richly blending,
Round thy streets and walls are shed.

3 Bright with pearls thy gates are beam—
Wide unfolded they remain : [ing,
Thither come, through grace redeeming,
All who wear Christ's lowly chain :
And, his last award esteeming,
Gladly share his cup of pain.

1045 P, M. "*The Golden Shore.*"

ANON.

Lo, the seal of death is breaking ;
Those who slept its sleep are waking,
Heaven opes its portals fair !
Hark ! the harps of God are ringing,
Hark ! the seraph's hymn is flinging
Music on immortal air.

2 There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love ;
There the founts of life are flowing,
Flowers unknown to time are blowing,
In that radiant scene above.

3 There no sigh of memory swelleth ;
There no tear of misery wellet ;
Hearts will bleed or break no more ;
Past is all the cold world's scorning,
Gone the night and broke the morning
Over all the golden shore !

ST. GEORGE. 78. D.

GEORGE J. ELVEY.

1. Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of Harvest-Home! All is safely gathered in, Ere the winter storms begin:

God, our Maker, doth provide For our wants to be supplied: Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

1046

Song for Harvest.

H. ALFORD.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest Home!
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter storms begin:
 God our Maker doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied:
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest Home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
 Fruit unto his praise to yield:
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown:
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear:
 Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be!

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take his harvest home:
 From his field shall in that day
 All offences purge away:
 Give his angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast:
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In his garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church Triumphant, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest Home!
 All are safely gathered in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin:

There, for ever purified,
 In God's garner to abide:
 Come, ten thousand angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest Home!

1047

The close of the year. RAY PALMER.

THOU who roll'st the year around,
 Crowned with mercies large and free,
 Rich thy gifts to us abound,
 Warm our praise shall rise to thee.
 Kindly to our worship bow,
 While our grateful thanks we tell,
 That, sustained by thee, we now
 Bid the parting year—farewell!

2 All its numbered days are sped,
 All its busy scenes are o'er,
 All its joys for ever fled,
 All its sorrows felt no more.
 Mingled with the eternal past,
 Its remembrance shall decay;
 Yet to be revived at last
 At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive!
 Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
 Let thy grace within us live,
 That we spend not years in vain.
 Then, when life's last eve shall come,
 Happy spirits, may we fly
 To our everlasting home,
 To our Father's house on high!

BENEVENTO. 7a. D.

S. WEBBE.

1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted through the formeryear, Many souls their race have run,
D. S.—We a lit - tle longer wait,

Nev - er - more to meet us here: Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;
But how little none can know. D. S.

1048

New Year.

J. NEWTON.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,—
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above!

1049

Independence Day.

N. STRONG.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

2 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

1050

Thanksgiving. A. L. BARBAULD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;—

2 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;
These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

GLASGOW, O. M.

G. F. ROOT.

1. Lord! while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev-ery clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our na-tive land, The land we love the most.

1051

National.

J. R. WRETFORD.

LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee:
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

1052

The Traveler's Hymn.

J. ADDISON.

How ARE thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

1053

Prayer for Seamen. J. SPAULDING.

WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united plea,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.

2 Oh, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow,
Like rain-drops in the sea!

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

NEW YORK TUNE. C. M.

SCOTCH MELODY.

1. Our Fa - ther! through the com - ing year We know not what shall be;
But we would leave with - out a fear Its or - dering all to thee.

1054

New Year.

ANON.

OUR Father! through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain;
And bid us take a farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art Perfect Love.

1055

Close of the Year.

I. WATTS.

THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

3 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet, how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road!
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

1056

Close of the Year. P. DODDRIDGE.

AWAKE, ye saints! and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise the sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

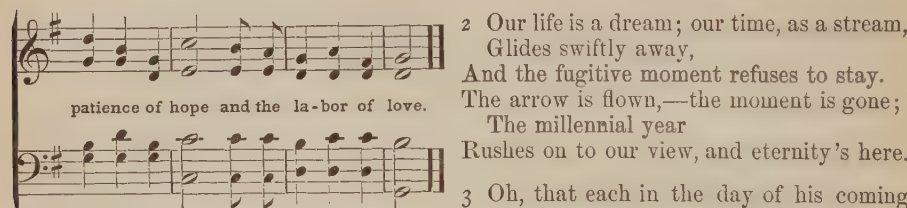
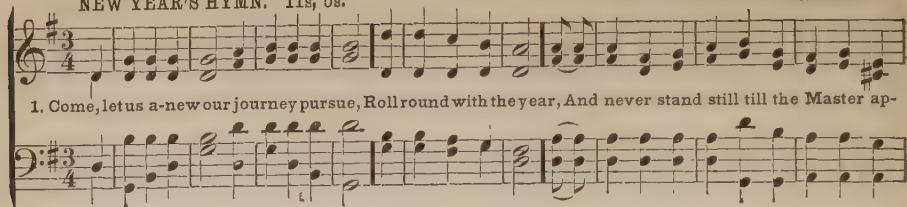
2 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed,
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature! speed your course;
Ye mortal powers! decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN. 11s, 5s.

S. WEBBE.



1057

New Year.

C. WESLEY.

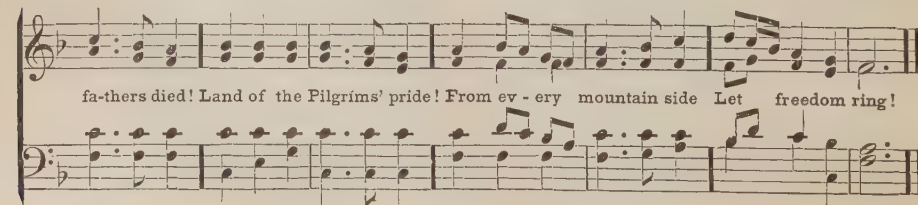
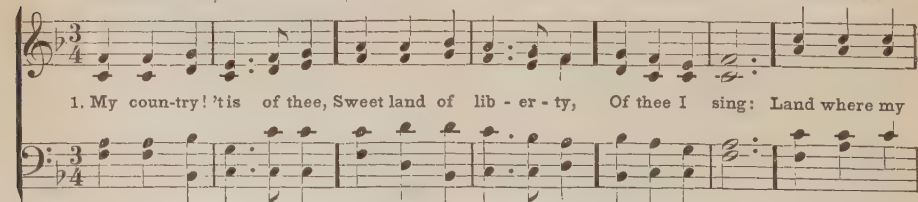
COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 Oh, that each in the day of his coming
may say,
"I have fought my way through:
I have finished the work thou didst give me
to do!"
Oh, that each from his Lord may receive
the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
throne!"

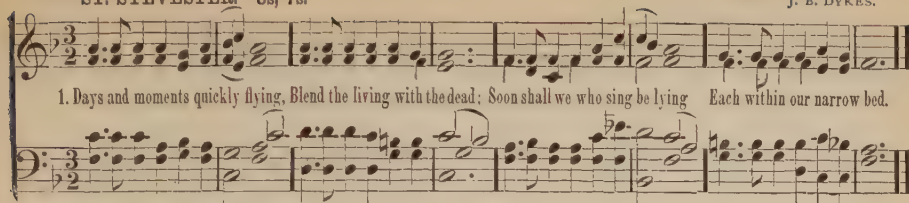
AMERICA. 6s, 4s.

H. CAREY.



ST. SYLVESTER. 8s, 7s.

J. B. DYKES.



1058

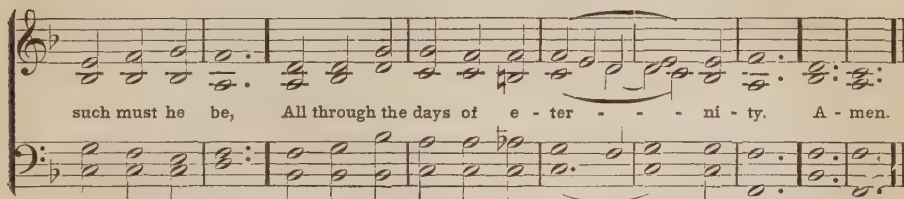
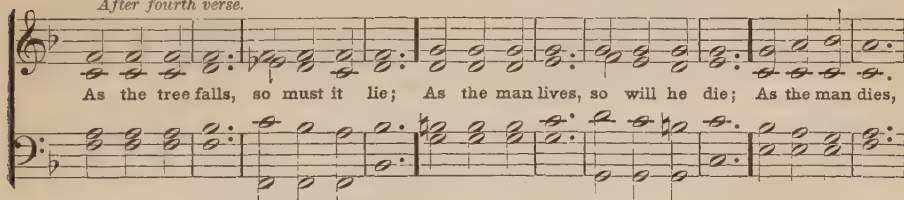
Last Day of the year. E. CASWALL.

DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon shall we who sing be lying,
Each within our narrow bed.

2 Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can we might!

3 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame;
Teach, oh, teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came:—

4 Whence we came, and whither wending;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

After fourth verse.

1059

6s, 4s. *National Song.*

S. F. SMITH.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

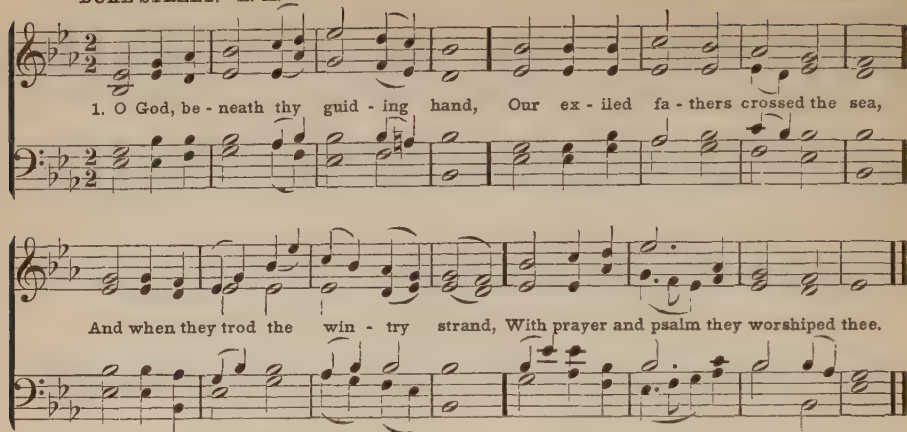
2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.



1060

Forefathers' Day.

L. BACON.

O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

2 Thou heardest, well pleased, the song, the prayer—
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 What change! through pathless wilds
no more
The fierce and naked savage roams:
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.

4 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

5 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

1061

The New Year.

P. DODDRIDGE.

GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;

By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

1062

The New Year.

P. DODDRIDGE.

OUR Helper, God! we bless thy name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

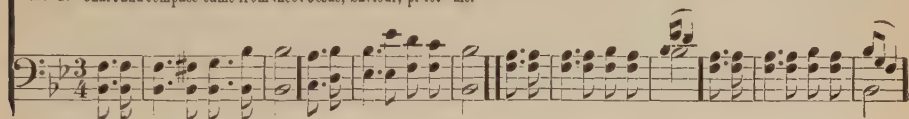
PILOT. 7s. 6l.

J. E. GOULD.
D. C.

FINE.



1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me Over life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
D. C.—Chart and compass came from thee: Jesus, Saviour, pi-lot me.



1063

Life's Sea.

E. HOPPER.

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou caust hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will

When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
"Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

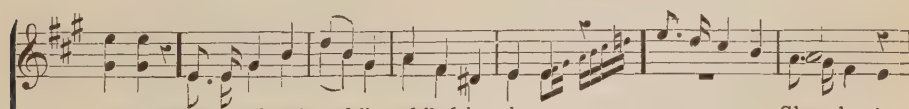
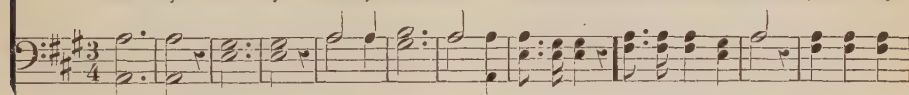
1064

SANCTUS. Irr.

OLD ENGLISH.



Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa-baoth! Heaven and earth are full, full of thy

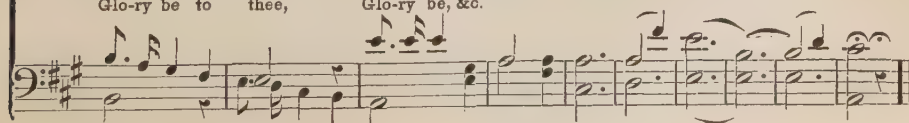


glo - ry; Heaven and earth are full, are full of thy glo - ry;

Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee,

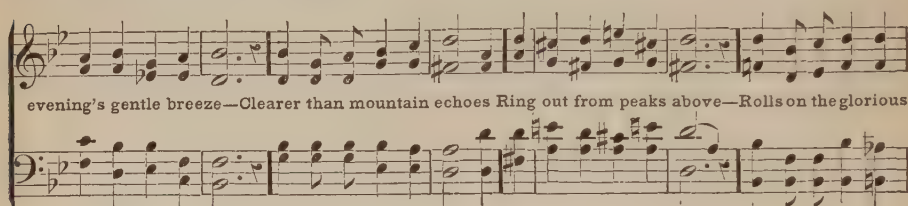
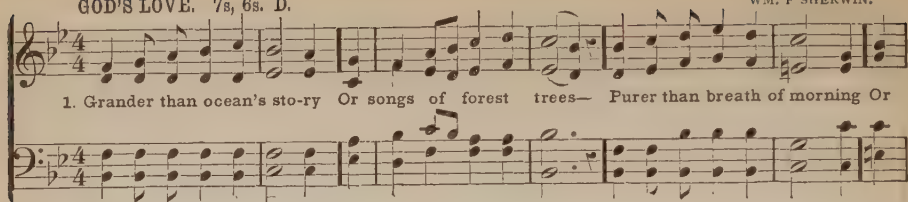


thee, Glo - ry be to thee, to thee, to thee, O Lord... most high.
Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be, &c.



GOD'S LOVE. 7s, 6s. D.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1065

Giving of thanks. W. F. SHERWIN.

GRANDER than ocean's story,
Or songs of forest trees—
Purer than breath of morning,
Or evening's gentle breeze—
Clearer than mountain echoes
Ring out from peaks above—
Rolls on the glorious anthem
Of God's eternal love.

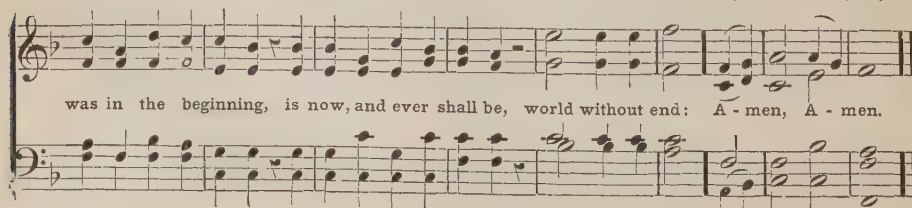
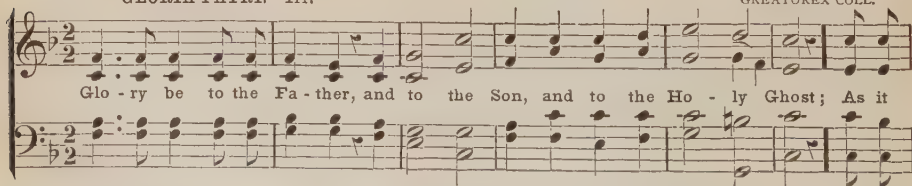
2 Dearer than any lovings,
The truest friends bestow;
Stronger than all the yearnings,
A mother's heart can know;
Deeper than earth's foundations,
And far above all thought;
Broader than heaven's high arches—
The love that Christ has brought.

3 Richer than all earth's treasure,
The wealth my soul receives;
Brighter than royal jewels,
The crown that Jesus gives;
Wondrous the condescension,
And grace beyond degree!
I would be ever singing
The love of Christ to me.

1066

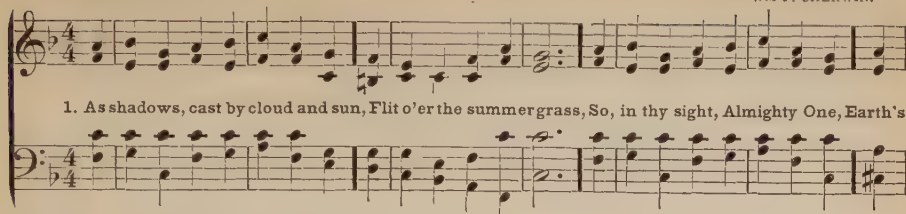
GLORIA PATRI. Irr.

GREATOR EX COLL.

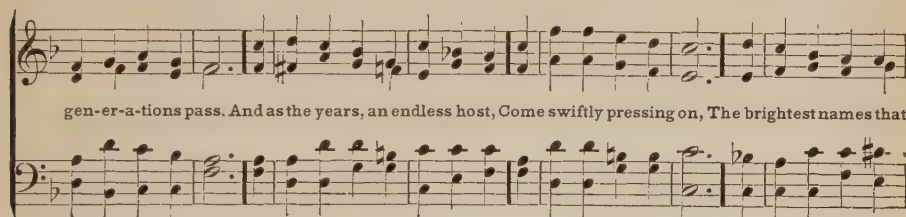


BRYANT. C. M. D.

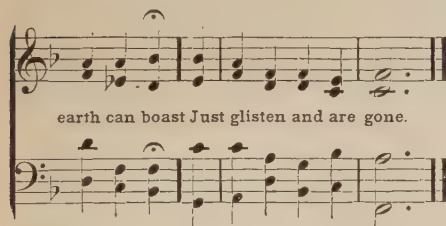
WM F. SHERWIN.



1. As shadows, cast by cloud and sun, Flit o'er the summer grass, So, in thy sight, Almighty One, Earth's



gen-er-a-tions pass. And as the years, an endless host, Come swiftly pressing on, The brightest names that



earth can boast Just glisten and are gone.

1067*Anniversary.*

W. C. BRYANT.

AS SHADOWS cast by cloud and sun,

Flit o'er the summer grass,

So, in thy sight, Almighty One,

Earth's generations pass.

And as the years, an endless host,

Come swiftly pressing on,

The brightest names that earth can boast

Just glisten and are gone.

2 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed

A lustre pure and sweet;

And still it leads, as once it led,

To the Messiah's feet.

O Father, may that holy star

Grow every year more bright,

And send its glorious beams afar

To fill the world with light.

1068*The Seasons.*

I. WATTS.

WITH songs and honors sounding loud

Address the Lord on high;

Over the heavens he spread his cloud,

And waters veil the sky.

His steady counsels change the face

Of the declining year;

He bids the sun cut short his race,

And wintry days appear.

2 He sends his word and melts the snow,

The fields no longer mourn;

He calls the warmer gales to blow,

And bids the spring return.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,

Obeys his mighty word;

With songs and honors sounding loud

Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

1069*God's Mercies.*

H. F. LYTE.

THE mercies of my God and King

My tongue shall still pursue:

Oh, happy they, who, while they sing

Those mercies, share them too!

As bright and lasting as the sun,

As lofty as the sky,

From age to age, thy word shall run,

And chance and change defy.

2 The covenant of the King of kings

Shall stand for ever sure;

Beneath the shadow of thy wings

Thy saints repose secure.

In earth below, in heaven above,

Who, who is Lord like thee?

Oh, spread the gospel of thy love,

Till all thy glories see!

MORNING PRAISE. 10s.
CONGREGATION.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. A - gain the day re - turns of ho - ly rest Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blessed;

ORGAN.

When, like his own, he bade our la - bors cease, And all be pi - e - ty and all be peace.

1070

The Lord's Day.

WM. MASON.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah
blessed;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;

So shall he hear when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father in heaven! in whom our hopes
confide,
Whose power defends us and whose pre-
cepts guide,

In life our Guardian and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

DOMINUS REGIT ME.

LOWELL MASON.

A - men.

1071

Psalms 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; || he maketh me to lie down in green
pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.

2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his |
name's— | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort me.

3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest
my head with oil; my | cup - runneth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall fol-
low me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for- |
ever. || A - | men.

EVENING PRAISE. P. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy-ing in the West; Heav'n is touching earth with rest: Wait and worship while the night

CHORUS.

Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky. Holy, holy, ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts!

Heav'n and earth are full of thee! Heav'n and earth are praising thee, O Lord most high!

1072

"Day is dying." M. A. LATHBURY.

DAY is dying in the West;
 Heaven is touching earth with rest:
 Wait and worship while the night
 Sets her evening lamps alight
 Through all the sky.
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
 Heaven and earth are full of thee!
 Heaven and earth are praising thee,
 O Lord most high!

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
 Of the Universe, thy home,
 Gather us who seek thy face
 To the fold of thy embrace,
 For thou art nigh.
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
 Heaven and earth are full of thee!
 Heaven and earth are praising thee,
 O Lord most high!

DE PROFUNDIS.

ANON.

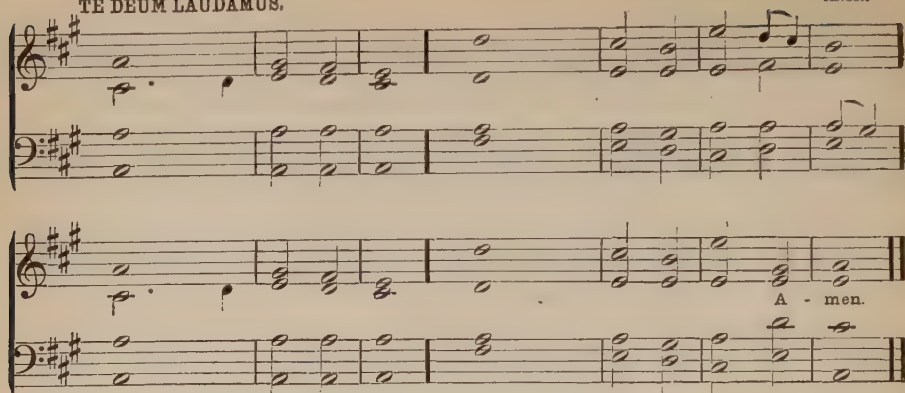
1073

Palm 130.

- 1 Out of the | depths || Have I cried unto thee, O | Lord! ||
- 2 Lord, hear my | voice: || Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my suppli- |
 cations. ||
- 3 If thou, Lord, shouldst mark in- | iquities, || O Lord! who shall | stand? ||
- 4 But there is forgiveness with | thee, || That thou mayest be | feared. ||
- 5 I wait for the Lord, my soul doth | wait, || And in his word do I | hope. ||
- 6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the | morning: || I say,
 more than they that watch for the | morning. ||
- 7 Let Israel hope in the | Lord; || For with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is
 plenteous re- | demption. ||
- 8 And he shall redeem | Israel || From all his in- | iquities. ||

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

ANON.



1074

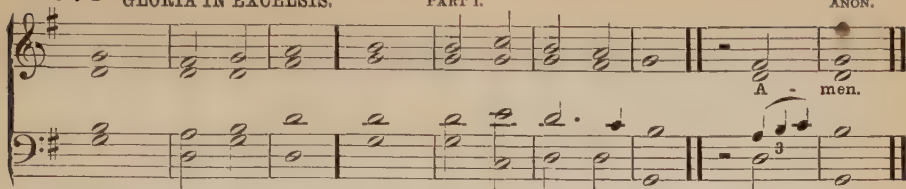
The Ancient "Te Deum."

- 1 We praise thee, | O — | God; || we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord. ||
All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the Father | ever- | last- — | ing. ||
- 2 To thee all angels | cry a- | loud, || the heavens, and | all the | powers there- | in.
To thee cherubim and seraphim, con- | tinually · do | cry, || Holy, holy, holy, Lord |
God of | Saba- | oth; ||
- 3 Heaven and earth are full of the majesty | of thy | glory. || The glorious company
of the apostles praise thee. The goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise — |
thee. ||
The noble army of martyrs | praise — | thee. || The holy church throughout all the |
world · doth ac- | knowledge | thee, ||
- 4 The Father, of an | infi- · nite | majesty; || thine adorable, | true and | only | Son; ||
Also the Holy | Ghost, the | Comforter. || Thou art the King of glory, O Christ, thou
art the everlasting | Son · of the | Fa- — | ther. ||
- 5 When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man, || thou didst humble thyself to be |
born — | of a | virgin. ||
When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · of | death, || thou didst open the kingdom
of | heaven · to | all be- | lievers. ||
- 6 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the | glory · of the | Father. || We believe
that thou shalt | come to | be our | judge.
We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants, || whom thou hast redeemed | with thy |
precious | blood. ||
- 7 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints, || in | glory | ever- | lasting. ||
O Lord, save thy people, and | bless thine | heritage; || govern them and | lift them | up
for- | ever. ||
- 8 Day by day we | magni- · fy | thee; || and we worship thy name ever, | world with- |
out — | end. ||
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this | day with- out | sin; || O Lord, have mercy upon us,
have | mer- cy up- | on — | us. ||
- 9 O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us, || as our | trust — | is in | thee. ||
O Lord, in | thee · have I | trusted; || let me | never | be con- | founded. || A- men. ||

1075 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

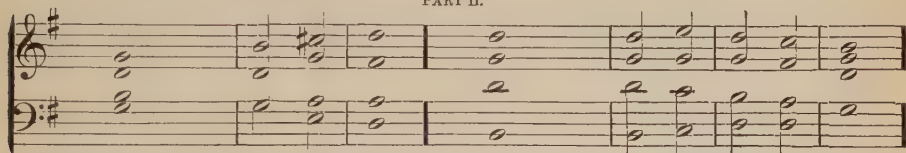
PART I.

ANON.



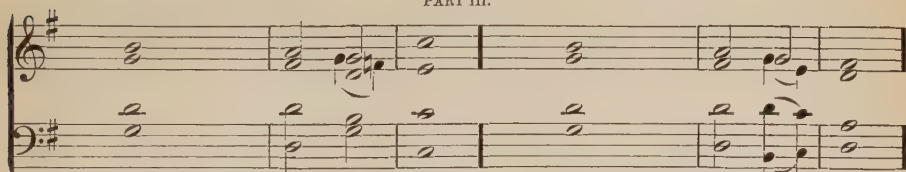
- 1 GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will . . towards | men.
2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks
to | thee for | thy great | glory.

PART II.



- 3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al— | mighty !
4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son |
of the | Father,

PART III.



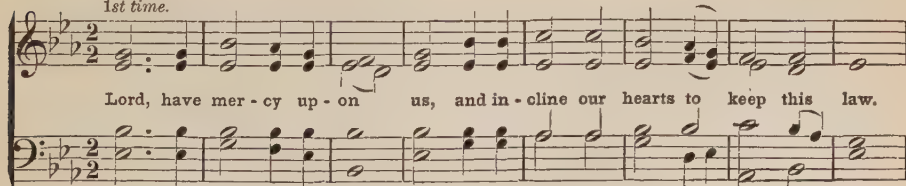
- 5 That takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.
6 Thou that takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.
7 Thou that takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || re-ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy | upon | us.

RETURN TO PART I.

- 9 For thou | only . . art | holy: || thou | only | art the | Lord:
10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory . . of | God
the | Father. || A—men

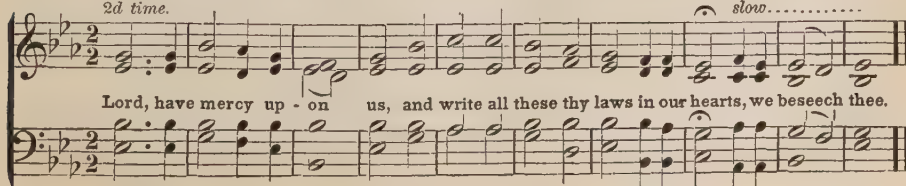
1076 RESPONSE TO THE DECALOGUE.

1st time.



Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

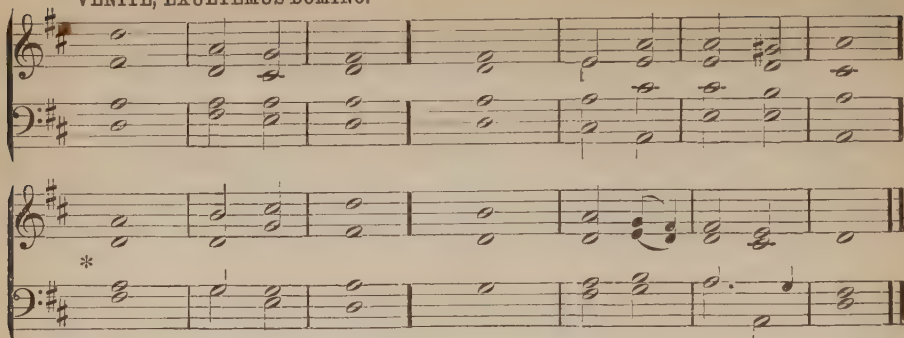
2d time.



Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we beseech thee.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

WILLIAM BOYCE.



1077

Psalm 95.

- 1 OH, come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; || Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength
of | our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving; || And show ourselves | glad
in | him with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great— | God; || And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth; || and the strength of the | hills is |
his— | also.
- 5 The sea is his | and he | made it; || And his hands pre- | pared | the dry | land.
- 6 Oh, come, let us worship | and fall | down; || And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our |
Maker.
- 7 For he is the | Lord our | God; || And we are the people of his pasture, and the |
sheep of | his— | hand.
- 8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty ·· of | holiness; || Let the whole | earth ·· stand
in | awe of | him.
- *9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth; || And with righteousness to
judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.
- 10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
- 11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever ·· shall | be, || World without | end.
A- | men, A- | men.

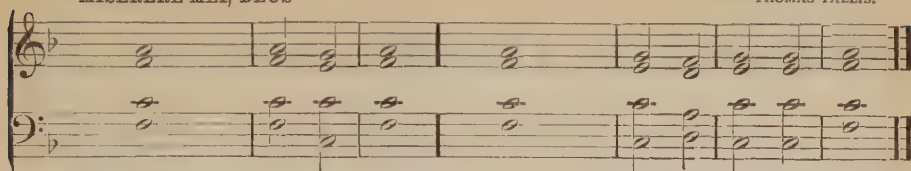
1078

Psalm 122.

- 1 I was glad when they said | unto | me, || Let us go into the | house— | of the |
Lord.
- 2 Our feet shall stand with- | in thy | gates, || O— | —Je- | rusa- | lem!
- 3 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city || That | is com- | pact to- | gether:
- 4 Whither the tribes go up, the | tribes ·· of the | Lord, || Unto the testimony of
Israel, to give thanks unto the | name— | of the | Lord.
- 5 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, || The thrones of the | house of | Da- | vid.
- 6 Pray for the peace of Je- | rusa- | lem: | They shall | prosper ·· that | love— | thee.
- 7 Peace be with- | in thy | walls, || And prosperity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.
- 8 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes, || I will now say, | Peace— | be with- |
in thee.
- *9 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God || I will | seek— | thy— | good.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

MISERERE MEI, DEUS

THOMAS TALLIS.



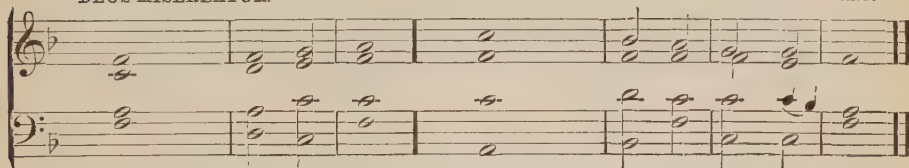
1079

Psalm 51.

- 1 HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: || According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
- 2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, || And cleanse me from my sin.
- 3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: || And my sin is ever before me.
- 4 Hide thy face from my sins, || And blot out all mine iniquities.
- 5 Create in me a clean heart, O God; || And renew a right spirit within me.
- 6 Cast me not away from thy presence; || And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
- 7 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; || And uphold me with thy free Spirit.
- 8 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; || And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
- 9 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: || And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
- 10 O Lord, open thou my lips: || And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.
- 11 For thou desirest not sacrifice; || else would I give it: || Thou delightest not in burnt-offering.
- 12 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: || A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

RICHARD FARRANT.



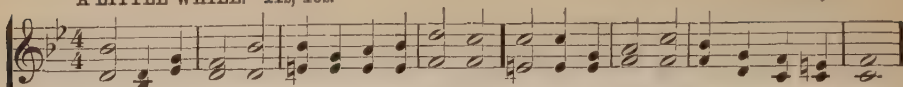
1080

Psalm 67.

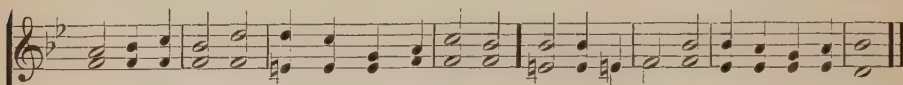
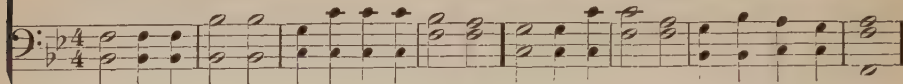
- 1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us; || And show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us.
- 2 That thy way may be known upon earth; || Thy saving health among all nations.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, O God. || Yea, let all the people praise thee.
- 4 Oh, let the nations rejoice and be glad; || For thou shall judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.
- 5 Let the people praise thee, O God; || Yea, let all the people praise thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase; || And God, even our own God shall give us his blessing.
- 7 God shall bless us; || And all the ends of the world shall fear him.
- 8 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, || And to the Holy Ghost; ||
- 9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, || World without end.
Amen.

A LITTLE WHILE. 11s, 10s.

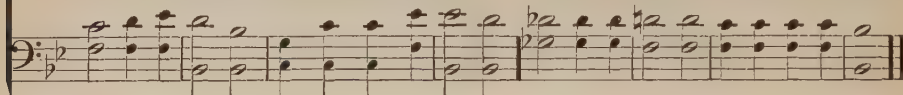
F. L. BENJAMIN.



1. Oh, for the peace which floweth like a riv - er, Making life's desert places bloom and smile!



Oh, for the faith to grasp heav'n's bright "forever," A - mid the shadows of earth's "little while."



1081

"A little while." J. CREWDSON.

Oh, for the peace which floweth like a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and
smile!

Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright
"forever,"

Amid the shadows of earth's "little
while!"

2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm, to battle with the
strong;

A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the har-
vest song!

3 A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to
trim;

And then, the Bridegroom's coming foot-
steps hailing,

To haste to meet him with the bridal
hymn!

4 And he who is himself the gift and
giver,—

The future glory and the present smile,—
With the bright promise of the glad "for
ever"

Will light the shadows of the "little
while!"

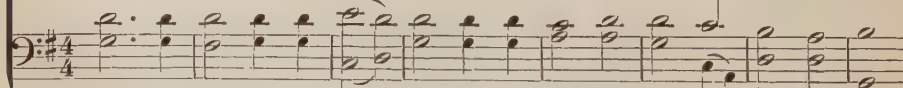
1082

RESPONSE AFTER DECALOGUE.

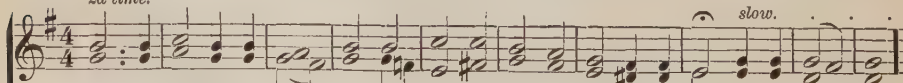
1st time.



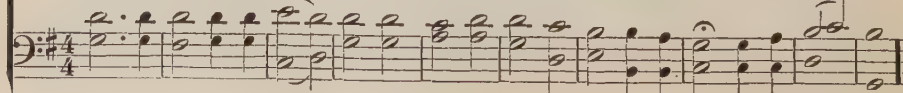
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.



2d time.



Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.



ASSURANCE. 10s.

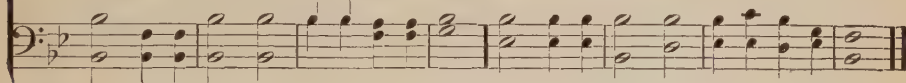
WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. Why is thy faith, O child of God, so small? Why doth thy heart shrink back at du-ty's call?



Art thou o - bey - ing this—"Abide in me," And doth the Mas-ter's word a-bide in thee?



1083

"Abide in me."

W. F. SHERWIN.

WHY is thy faith, O child of God, so small? 3 "Ask what thou wilt," but, oh, remember
Why doth thy heart shrink back at duty's this,—
call? We ask and have not, for we ask amiss

Art thou obeying this—"Abide in me," When, weak in faith, we only half believe
And doth the Master's word abide in thee? That what we ask we really shall receive.

2 Oh, blest assurance from our risen Lord! 4 Increase our faith, and clear our vision,
Oh, precious comfort breathing from the Lord;
Word! Help us to take thee at thy simple word,

How great the promise! could there great- No more with cold distrust to bring thee
er be? [thee!" grief;

"Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done for Lord, we believe! help thou our unbelief.

1084

RESPONSE AFTER DECALOGUE.

1st time.



1. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, And in - cline our hearts to keep this law.



2d time.

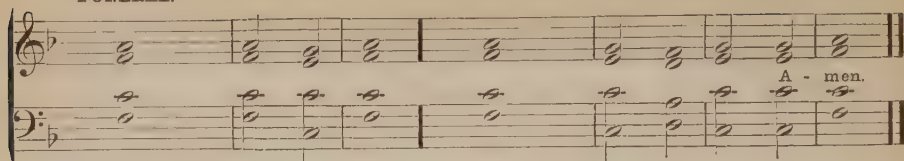


Lord, have mercy up - on us, And write all these thy laws in our hearts, We beseech thee.



FUNERAL.

THOS. TALLIS.



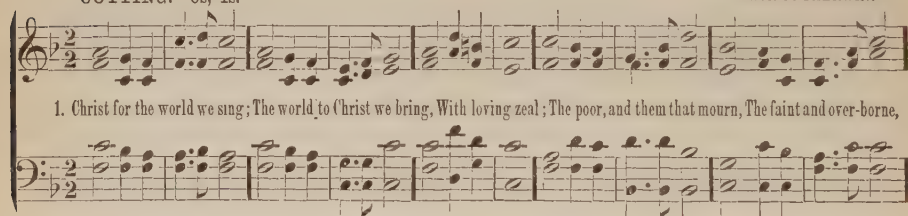
1085

Selections.

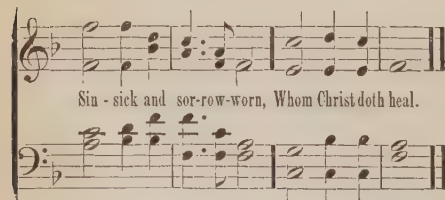
- 1 BLESSED are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth; || Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.
- 2 Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is | none a- | bidding; || We are but of yesterday; there is but a | step .. between | us and | death;
- 3 Man's days are as grass: as a flower of the field, | so he | flourisheth; || He appear-eth for a little time, then | van-ish-| eth a- | way.
- 4 Watch ! for ye know not what hour your | Lord doth | come; || Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the | Son of | Man— | cometh.
- 5 It is the Lord; let him do what | seemeth .. him | good; || The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and | blessed .. be the | name .. of the | Lord.
- 6 Blesséd are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth; || Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.

CUTTING. 6s, 4s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With loving zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and over-borne,



Sin - sick and sor-row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

1086

Christ for the World. S. WOLCOTT.

CHRIST for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;

The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

DOXOLOGIES.

I **L. M.**
 PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
 flow !
 Praise him, all creatures here below !
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host !
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

2 **L. M. 6 l.**
 To GOD the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, three in one,
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.
 As was through ages heretofore,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

3 **L. M. D.**
 ETERNAL Father, throned above,
 Thou fountain of redeeming love !
 Eternal Word ! who left thy throne
 For man's rebellion to atone ;
 Eternal Spirit, who dost give
 That grace whereby our spirits live :
 Thou God of our salvation, be
 Eternal praises paid to thee !

4 **C. M.**
 To FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

5 **C. M.**
 LET God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, be adored,
 Where there are works to make him
 known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

6 **C. M. D.**
 THE God of mercy be adored,
 Who calls our souls from death,
 Who saves by his redeeming word
 And new-creating breath ;
 To praise the Father and the Son
 And Spirit all-divine,—
 The one in three, and three in one—
 Let saints and angels join.

7 **S. M.**
 YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit, too.

8 **S. M.**
 THE Father and the Son
 And Spirit we adore ;
 We praise, we bless, we worship thee,
 Both now and evermore !

9 **H. M.**
 To GOD the Father's throne
 Your highest honors raise ;
 Glory to God the Son ;
 To God, the Spirit, praise ;
 With all our powers, Eternal King,
 Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

10 **7s.**
 SING we to our God above
 Praise eternal as his love ;
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

11 **7s, 6 l.**
 PRAISE the name of God most high,
 Praise him, all below the sky,
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore his praise shall last.

12 **7s, D.**
 PRAISE our glorious King and Lord,
 Angels waiting on his word,
 Saints that walk with him in white,
 Pilgrims walking in his light :
 Glory to the Eternal One,
 Glory to his only Son,
 Glory to the Spirit be
 Now, and through eternity.

13 C. P. M.

TO FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise amid the heavenly host,
 And in the church below;
 From whom all creatures draw their
 breath,
 By whom redemption blessed the earth,
 From whom all comforts flow.

14 8s, 7s.

PRaise the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.

15 8s, 7s. 6l.

PRaise and honor to the Father,
 Praise and honor to the Son,
 Praise and honor to the Spirit,
 Ever Three and ever One;
 One in might and one in glory,
 While eternal ages run.

16 8s, 7s. D.

PRaise the God of all creation;
 Praise the Father's boundless love:
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
 Priest and King enthroned above:
 Praise the Fountain of salvation,
 Him by whom our spirits live:
 Undivided adoration
 To the one Jehovah give.

17 8s, 7s, 4s.

GLORY be to God the Father,
 Glory be to God the Son,
 Glory be to God the Spirit,
 Glory to the Three in One;
 Hallelujah!
 God, the LORD is God alone.

18 8s, 7s, 4s.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, joined in glory
 On the same eternal throne;
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

19 10s.

TO FATHER, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
 Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
 From age to age, ye saints, his name
 adore,
 And spread his fame, till time shall be
 no more.

20 6s. D.

TO FATHER and to Son,
 And, Holy Ghost! to thee,
 Eternal Three in One!
 Eternal glory be;
 As hath been, and is now,
 And shall be evermore:
 Before thy throne we bow,
 And thee, our God, adore.

21 7s, 6s.

TO THEE be praise for ever,
 Thou glorious King of kings!
 Thy wondrous love and favor
 Each ransomed spirit sings:
 We'll celebrate thy glory
 With all thy saints above,
 And shout the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

22 7s, 6s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God, whom we adore,
 Join we with the heavenly host
 To praise thee evermore:
 Live, by heaven and earth adored,
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to thee!

23 11s, OR 5s, 6s.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever
 blest,
 All glory and worship, from earth and
 from heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be
 given.

24 6s, 4s.

TO God—the Father, Son,
 And Spirit—Three in One,
 All praise be given!
 Crown him in every song;
 To him your hearts belong;
 Let all his praise prolong—
 On earth, in heaven.

INDEX OF TUNES.

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PAGE.			PAGE.			PAGE.		
A LITTLE WHILE.	11s, 10s.	410	Bremen.	C. P. M.	217	Easton.	L. M.	314
Admah.	L. M. 6l.	4	Brest.	8s, 7s, 4s.	364	Eckhardtshelm.	C. M.	263
Adrian.	S. M.	319	Bridgman.	C. M.	262	Ein Feste Burg.	P. M.	82
Aletta.	7s.	192, 321	Brown.	C. M.	262	Eisenach.	L. M.	341
Alexander.	S. M.	213	Brownell.	L. M. 6l.	5	Elizabethtown.	C. M.	63
Alford.	7s, 6s, D.	377	Bryant.	C. M. D.	403	Ellacombe.	7s, 6s, D.	85
All Saints.	L. M.	130	Byefield.	C. M.	27	Ellsiebie.	8s, 7s, D.	200
All the Days.	P. M.	201	CADDO.	C. M.	174	El Paron.	L. M.	21
All to Christ.	P. M.	156	Calvary.	8s, 7s, 4s.	120	Eltham.	7s, D.	338
America.	6s, 4s.	398	Cambridge.	C. M.	206	Elvet.	C. M.	137
Amsterdam.	7s, 6s, D.	351	Can.	11s.	218	Emmelar.	6s, 5s.	54
An Open Door.	P. M.	171	Canaan.	C. M. D.	386	Ernan.	L. M.	181
And Can it Be.	L. M. 6l.	265	Capello.	L. M.	61	Essex.	8s, 7s.	200
Antioch.	C. M.	88	Carlisle.	S. M.	230	Evan.	C. M.	191, 313
Anvern.	L. M.	20, 345	Carthage.	8s, 7s.	114	Even Me.	P. M.	171
Apollon.	S. M. D.	286	Caskey.	7s, 6s, D.	214	Evening.	S. M.	47
Appleton.	L. M.	344	Chapel.	7s.	2	Evening Hy.	L. M.	44
Arcadia.	C. M.	207	Chenies.	7s, 6s, D.	66	Evening Praise.	P. M.	405
Ariel.	C. P. M.	241	Chester.	C. M.	136	Eventide.	10s.	48
Arlington.	C. M.	151	Chesterfield.	C. M.	189	Every Day.	P. M.	221
Armenia.	C. M.	234	Chimes.	C. M.	65	Ewing.	7s, 6s, D.	385
Arundel.	C. M.	147	China.	C. M.	357	Exhortation.	C. M.	188
Ashwell.	C. M.	163	Christmas.	C. M.	90, 208	Expostulation.	11s.	165
Assurance.	10s.	411	Church.	C. M.	13	FABEN.	8s, 7s, D.	80
Athens.	C. M. D.	155	Cincinnati.	C. M.	125	Farland.	8s, 7s, 4s.	120
Augustus.	C. M.	368	Clapton.	S. M.	211	Fatherland.	P. M.	216
Aurelia.	7s, 6s, D.	178	Colchester.	C. M.	27	Federal St.	L. M.	232, 353
Austria.	8s, 7s, D.	201	Come, ye Dis.	11s, 10s.	167	Ferguson.	S. M.	267
Autumn.	8s, 7s, D.	121	Comfort.	7s, D.	274	Flemming.	8s, 6s.	279
Avison.	11s, 10s.	95	Communion.	C. M.	106	Forest.	L. M.	72
Avon.	C. M.	106, 174	Communion (No. 2).	C. M.	309	Fountain.	C. M.	150
Azmon.	C. M.	126, 303	Cooling.	C. M.	191	Frederick.	11s.	348
BADRA.	S. M.	276	Corinth.	C. M.	253	Fulton.	7s.	140, 247
Balerma.	C. M.	161	Coronation.	C. M.	127	GALLILEE.	L. M.	93
Barber.	S. M.	37	Coventry.	C. M.	380	Ganges.	C. P. M.	145
Barby.	C. M.	356	Cowper.	C. M.	150	Gaylord.	8s, 7s, D.	177
Bartimeus.	8s, 7s.	228	Crawford.	L. M.	98	Geer.	C. M.	235
Bavaria.	8s, 7s, D.	305	Creation.	L. M. D.	69	Geneva.	C. M.	71
Bayley.	8s, 7s, D.	220	Cutting.	6s, 4s.	412	Geneva.	7s, 6s, D.	351
Beauteous Day.	P. M.	299	DALLAS.	7s.	24	Gerhardt.	7s, 6s, D.	111
Bedan.	S. M.	297	Dalston.	S. P. M.	1	Germany.	L. M.	99
Beethoven.	L. M.	282	Darley.	L. M.	306	Gilead.	L. M.	34
Beethof.	C. M.	308	Dawn.	S. M.	355	Glasgow.	C. M.	154, 396
Belmont.	C. M.	313	Dedham.	C. M.	323	Gloria Patri.	L. M.	492
Bemerton.	C. M.	11	De Fleury.	8s, D.	244	Glory.	S. M.	15
Bemister.	7s.	247	Dennis.	S. M.	211, 276	God's Love.	7s, 6s, D.	402
Benevento.	7s, D.	193, 395	Dependence.	P. M.	177	Golden Hill.	S. M.	318
Benjamin.	S. M. D.	122	Detroit.	S. M.	160	Good Cheer.	S. M.	254
Bennington.	L. M. D.	131	Devizes.	C. M.	65	Gorton.	S. M.	144
Bera.	L. M.	162	Diademata.	S. M. D.	123	Goshen.	11s.	219, 242
Bernard.	7s, 6s, D.	376	Dijon.	7s.	3, 24	Grace.	8s, 7s, 4s.	166
Bethany.	6s, 4s.	186	Dix.	7s, 6l.	25	Grace Church.	L. M.	236
Betherland.	7s, 6l.	391	Dorman.	L. M.	181	Gratitude.	L. M.	256
Beulah.	7s, D.	374	Dorrance.	8s, 7s.	280, 324	Greenport.	C. M. D.	264
Beyond.	Chant	380	Dort.	6s, 4s.	124	Greenville.	8s, 7s, 4s.	53
Blake.	L. M.	180	Dover.	S. M.	342	Greenwood.	S. M.	231, 361
Blumenthal.	L. M.	260	Downs.	C. M.	76	Grigg.	C. M.	101
Blumethal.	7s, D.	84	Doxology.	L. M.	56	Grosette.	L. M.	340
Boardman.	C. M.	137	Duke Street.	L. M.	257, 400	Guidance.	8s, 7s, D.	383
Bond.	C. M.	290	Dunbar.	S. M.	355	Guide.	7s, 6l.	250
Boylston.	C. M.	311	Dundee.	C. M.	77	HADDAM.	H. M.	287
Braden.	S. M.	46	Dwight.	L. M.	237	Halle.	7s, 6l.	8
Bradford.	C. M.	125	Dykes.	7s, 6l.	327	Hamburg.	L. M.	105, 307
Brattle St.	C. M. D.	70	EASTER HY.	7s.	116			
Bread of Life.	6s, 4s.	57						



	PAGE.		PAGE.		PAGE.
Hamden.....	88, 78, 48.....	337	Marlow.....	C. M.....	104
Hamlin.....	78, D.....	30	Martyn.....	78, D.....	193
Handy.....	L. M. 6l.....	271	Mett.....	C. M.....	10
Happy Day.....	P. M.....	80	Meinhold.....	78, 88, 78.....	349
Hark.....	P. M.....	89	Meincombe.....	L. M.....	19
Harmony Grove.....	L. M.....	93	Melody.....	C. M.....	238
Harwell.....	88, 78, D.....	119	Memorial.....	L. M. 6l.....	229
Haslam.....	L. M.....	105	Mendebras.....	78, 68, D.....	9
Haven.....	C. M.....	62	Mendon.....	L. M.....	339
Haverhill.....	S. M.....	372	Mercy.....	78.....	250
Haydn.....	S. M.....	138	Meribah.....	C. M. 145.....	378
Heavenly Fold.....	C. M. D.....	259	Merton.....	C. M.....	36
Hebron.....	L. M.....	45	Messiah.....	78, D.....	294
He Leadeth Me.....	L. M. D.....	283	Middleton.....	88, 78, D.....	289
Helena.....	C. M.....	101	Migdol.....	L. M.....	19
Hendon.....	78.....	2	Miles Lane.....	C. M.....	127
Hewley.....	108.....	328	Millennium.....	H. M.....	6
Henry.....	C. M.....	36	Millington.....	88, 78, 78, 118.....	359
Herald Angels.....	78, D.....	94	Millwaukee.....	88, 78.....	281
Herman.....	C. M.....	25	Miriam.....	78, 68, D.....	67, 81
Herrald.....	78.....	49	Mission Song.....	88, 78, D.....	381
Holley.....	78.....	194	Missionary Ch.....	L. M.....	202, 341
Hollingside.....	C. M.....	239	Missionary Hy.....	78, 68, D.....	382
Holy Cross.....	L. M.....	237	Monkland.....	78.....	320
Horton.....	78.....	164	Monson.....	C. M.....	146
Hosanna.....	C. M.....	103	More Love.....	68, 48.....	186
Houghton.....	108, 118.....	224	Morning Praise.....	108.....	404
Howard.....	C. M.....	368	Mornington.....	S. M.....	138
Hummel.....	C. M.....	147	Mozart.....	78.....	117
Huntington.....	C. M.....	203	Mr. Auburn.....	C. M.....	222
Hursley.....	L. M.....	44, 236	Mr. Blanc.....	P. M.....	390
Hymn.....	78.....	17	My Life Flows.....	P. M.....	225
Hymn of Joy.....	88, 78, D.....	108	Munich.....	78, 68, D.....	333
I AM COMING.....	P. M.....	157	NAOMI.....	C. M.....	253
i'm a Pilgrim.....	P. M.....	374	Natford.....	P. M.....	316
I Need Thee.....	P. M.....	185	Naumann.....	C. M.....	380
Immortality.....	78, 68, D.....	162	Near the Cross.....	P. M.....	176
Ingham.....	L. M.....	162	Nettleton.....	88, 78, D.....	316
Inverness.....	C. M.....	388	Newbold.....	C. M.....	91
Invitation.....	C. M.....	103	Newcourt.....	L. P. M.....	35
Iola.....	C. M.....	64	New Haven.....	68, 48.....	141
Iowa.....	S. M.....	149	New Year's Hy.....	118, 58.....	398
Italian Hy.....	68, 48.....	85	New-York Tune.....	C. M.....	397
JAZER.....	C. M.....	91	Nicea.....	P. M.....	38
Jerusalem.....	C. M. D.....	71	Nightfall.....	118, 58.....	50
Jesus, My All.....	68, 48.....	172	Noel.....	C. M.....	75
Jewett.....	68, D.....	278	None but Jesus.....	P. M.....	166
Jordan.....	C. M. D.....	373	Northfield.....	C. M.....	387
Joyful Sound.....	C. M. D.....	379	Nunda.....	L. M. D.....	358
Judgment Hy.....	P. M.....	365	Nun Danket.....	P. M.....	83
KARL.....	78.....	246	Nuremberg.....	78, 6l.....	184
Knox.....	C. M.....	62	OAK.....	68, 48.....	370
LABAN.....	S. M.....	210	Oaksville.....	C. M.....	12
La Mira.....	C. M.....	234	Oberlin.....	L. M.....	31
Lanesboro'.....	C. M.....	11	Old Hundred.....	L. M.....	32
Lanston.....	S. M.....	129	Old, Old Story.....	78, 68, D.....	158
Laudica.....	P. M.....	178	Oliphant.....	88, 78, 48.....	62
Last Beam.....	P. M.....	51	Olive's Brow.....	L. M.....	104
Laud.....	C. M.....	77	Olivet.....	68, 48.....	233, 304
Lead Me On.....	P. M.....	224	Olmutz.....	S. M.....	213, 351
Leighton.....	S. M.....	212, 296	Olney.....	S. M.....	139
Lenox.....	H. M.....	154	One More Day.....	P. M.....	54
Leoni.....	68, 88, 48.....	38	Onido.....	78, D.....	41
Life.....	88, 78, 78.....	170	Ontario.....	S. M.....	251
Lilwood.....	L. M.....	30	Ortonville.....	C. M.....	102
Lisbon.....	S. M.....	15	Overberg.....	L. M.....	45
Lischer.....	H. M.....	6	Owen.....	S. M.....	160, 310
Long.....	L. M.....	339	Oxford.....	C. M.....	322
Long Home.....	78, 88, 78.....	349	PACKINGTON.....	S. M.....	16
Louvan.....	L. M.....	73	Palestine.....	L. M. 6l.....	270
Love Divine.....	88, 78, D.....	220	Palestrina.....	C. M.....	223
Loving Kindness.....	L. M.....	152	Paradise.....	P. M.....	371
Lowry.....	L. M.....	21, 389	Park St.....	L. M.....	203
Luther.....	S. M.....	296, 342	Pass. Chorale.....	78, 68, D.....	110
Lutzen.....	L. M.....	315	Pass Me Not.....	88, 58.....	170
Lux Benigna.....	108, 48.....	24	Patnah.....	78, 68, D.....	111
Lyons.....	108, 118.....	39	Paulina.....	118.....	308
Lyte.....	68, 48.....	233	Pax Dei.....	108.....	48
MADISON.....	88, D.....	245	Peniel St.....	88, 78.....	325
Magill.....	118.....	243	Peniel.....	C. M.....	298
Mainzer.....	L. M.....	68	Penitence.....	78, 68, 88.....	176
Maitland.....	C. M.....	209	Perry.....	78, D.....	338
Manoah.....	C. M.....	79, 107	Peterboro'.....	C. M.....	13
			Pilot.....	78, 6l.....	401
			Pleyle's Hy.....	78.....	205, 321
			Portuguese Hy.....	L. M.....	128
			Portuguese Hy.....	118.....	218
			Prayer.....	S. M.....	149
			Prince.....	L. M.....	135
			Promise.....	88, 78, D.....	115
			RAKEM.....	L. M. 6l.....	4
			Rathburn.....	88, 78.....	114, 336
			Raynolds.....	118, 108.....	329
			Reden.....	68, 48.....	187
			Redhead.....	78, 6l.....	173
			Refuge.....	78, D.....	185
			Rescue Square.....	88, 78.....	88
			Remsen.....	C. M.....	302
			Renovation.....	S. M.....	210
			Repentance.....	L. M.....	118
			Repose.....	78, 6l.....	251
			Rest.....	L. M.....	353
			Retreat.....	L. M.....	28
			Return.....	C. M.....	161
			Rhine.....	C. M.....	378
			Rialto.....	S. M.....	222
			Righini.....	68, 48.....	124
			Rock of Ages.....	78, 6l.....	326
			Rockingham.....	L. M.....	99
			Rogers.....	C. M.....	209
			Rolland.....	L. M.....	18
			Romberg.....	C. M.....	272
			Rose Hill.....	L. M.....	292
			Rosefield.....	78, 6l.....	250
			Rothwell.....	L. M.....	129
			Rutherford.....	P. M.....	390
			SABBATH.....	78, 6l.....	7
			Samson.....	L. M.....	130
			Sanctus.....	117.....	401
			Savannah.....	108.....	8
			Scotland.....	128.....	152
			Scudamore.....	78.....	117
			Seasons.....	L. M.....	183
			Seaur.....	88, 78, 48.....	52
			Selvin.....	88, 78.....	277
			Serenity.....	C. M.....	189
			Seaside.....	L. M.....	317
			Seymour.....	78.....	49
			Shawmut.....	S. M.....	144
			Shepherd.....	88, 78.....	324
			Shining Shore.....	P. M.....	378
			Shirland.....	S. M.....	29
			Sicily.....	88, 78.....	325
			Siloam.....	C. M.....	273, 303
			Silver St.....	S. M.....	37
			Simpson.....	C. M.....	151
			Solid Rock.....	L. M. D.....	92, 265
			Solitude.....	L. M.....	104
			Solitude.....	78.....	194
			Solney.....	88, 78.....	301
			Something for Je.....	68, 48.....	187
			Southport.....	C. M.....	26, 235
			Spanish Hy.....	78, 6l.....	156, 240
			Spohr.....	L. M.....	260
			Stabat Mater.....	P. M.....	109
			St. Agnes.....	C. M.....	357
			St. Alban.....	L. M.....	92
			St. Alban's.....	68, 58, D.....	198
			St. Ann's.....	C. M.....	74, 291
			St. Asaph.....	C. M. D.....	350
			St. Bride.....	S. M.....	343
			St. Chad.....	88, 78, D.....	81
			St. Edmund's.....	L. M.....	352
			St. George.....	78, D.....	394
			St. Gertrude.....	68, 58, D.....	199
			St. Hilda.....	78, 68, D.....	179
			St. James.....	78, 68, D.....	375
			St. Joseph.....	88, 78, 78.....	163
			St. Martin's.....	C. M.....	291
			St. Matthias.....	L. M. 6l.....	55
			St. Sylvester.....	88, 78.....	399
			St. Thomas.....	S. M.....	14
			State St.....	S. M.....	16
			Stephanos.....	P. M.....	222
			Stephens.....	C. M.....	136
			Still Water.....	118, 108.....	240
			Stillingfleet.....	S. M.....	230
			Stockwell.....	88, 78.....	53, 301
			Stoughton.....	88, 78, D.....	288
			Stover.....	L. M.....	28
			Sweet Hour.....	L. M. D.....	30
			TAMWORTH.....	88, 78, 48.....	364
			Tappan.....	C. M.....	369
			Tell the Story.....	78, 68, D.....	159

	PAGE.
Tharaw	78, 61 184
Thatcher	S. M. 267
The Lord's Prayer	Chant 55
The Ninety and N. P. M.	153
Theodora	78 265
Thy Will	Chant 279
Topaz	P. M. 223
Trent	C. M. 100
Tristo	88, 78, D. 280
Truro	L. M. 72
Trusting	78 192
Tully	78, 68, D. 377
UXBRIDGE	L. M. 60
VALENTIA	C. M. 255
Varina	C. M. D. 78 372
Vernon	88, 78 382
Vesper	88, 78, D. 81
Vesper Hy	88, 78, D. 81

	PAGE.
Victory	88, 78, 48 351
Vienna	78 204
Vigil	S. M. 372
Viola	78, 61 251
WALES	88, 48 198
Ward	L. M. 344
Ware	L. M. 33, 293
Warner	L. M. 175
Warrington	L. M. 261
Warsaw	H. M. 287
Warwick	C. M. 17
Watchman	S. M. 360
Webb	78, 68, D. 215, 334
Weber	78 3
Wells	L. M. 148
Welton	L. M. 315
Wesley	118, 108 335
Westminster	88, 78 300
What a Friend	88, 78, D. 221
Whitefield	S. M. 139

	PAGE.
Wilberforce	78, 61 172
Willington	L. M. 61
Willoughby	C. P. M. 216
Wilmot	88, 78 229
Wilson	88, 78 289
Wimborne	L. M. 131, 202
Wirth	C. M. 206
Wood	S. M. 311
Woodland	C. M. 381
Woodstock	C. M. 26
Woodworth	L. M. 175, 282
Work Song	P. M. 297
YARMOUTH	78, 68, D. 215
Yoskey	L. M. 61 5
York	C. M. 64
ZEPHYR	L. M. 135, 352
Zerah	C. M. 90
Zion	88, 78, 48 387

METRICAL INDEX.

L. M.	PAGE.
All Saints	130
Anvern	20, 345
Appleton	344
Ashwell	163
Beethoven	282
Bera	162
Blake	180
Bloomfield Ch.	260
Cappello	61
Crawford	98
Darley	306
Dorman	181
Doxology	56
Duke St.	257, 400
Dwight	237
Easton	341
Eisenach	344
El Paran	21
Erian	181
Evening Hy	44
Federal St.	232, 353
Forest	72
Galilee	93
Germany	99
Gilead	34
Grace Church	236
Gratitude	256
Groette	340
Hamburg	105, 307
Happy Day	307
Harmony Grove	93
Haslam	105
Hebron	45
Hosanna	227
Hursley	41, 226
Ingham	162
Litwood	30
Long	339
Louvan	339
Loving-Kindness	152
Lowry	21, 389
Luton	315
Mainzer	68
Melcombe	19
Mendon	339
Migdol	19
Missionary Ch.	202, 341
Oberlin	31

	PAGE.
Old Hundred	32
Olive's Brow	104
Overberg	45
Park Street	203
Portuguese Hy	128
Prince	135
Repentance	148
Rest	353
Retreat	28
Rockingham	99
Rolland	18
Rose Hill	292
Rothwell	129
Samson	130
Seasons	163
Sessions	317
Solitude	104
Spohr	260
St. Alban	92
Stowell	28
Truro	72
Uxbridge	60
Ward	344
Ware	33, 293
Warner	175
Warrington	261
Wells	148
Welton	315
Willington	61
Woodworth	175, 282
Zephyr	135, 352

L. M., 6 lines.

Admah	4
And Can It Be	265
Broxwell	5
Handy	271
Memorial	229
Palestine	270
Rakem	4
Solid Rock	265
St. Matthias	55
Yoskey	5

L. M. D.

Bennington	131
Creation	69

	PAGE.
He Leadeth Me	233
Nunda	358
Solid Rock	92
Sweet Hour	30

L. P. M.

Newcourt	35
----------------	----

C. M.

Antioch	88
Arcadia	207
Arlington	151
Armenia	224
Arundel	147
Augustus	368
Avon	106, 174
Azmou	126, 303
Baderma	161
Barby	356
Belief	308
Belmont	313
Bernerton	11
Boardman	187
Bond	290
Bradford	125
Bridgman	272
Brown	262
Byefield	27
Caddo	174
Cambridge	206
Chester	136
Chesterfield	189
Chimes	165
China	357
Christmas	90, 208
Church	13
Cincinnati	125
Colchester	27
Communion	106
Communion (No. 2)	309
Cooling	191
Corinth	253
Coronation	127
Coventry	387
Cowper	150
Dedham	323

	PAGE.
Devizes	65
Downs	76
Dundee	77
Eckhardtshiem	263
Elizabethtown	63
Elvet	137
Evan	191, 313
Exhortation	188
Fountain	150
Geer	235
Geneva	71
Glasgow	154, 396
Grigg	101
Haven	62
Heber	239
Helena	101
Henry	36
Hernon	190
Holy Cross	239
Howard	368
Hummel	147
Huntington	263
Hymn	17
Invitation	103
Iola	64
Jaffar	91
Knox	62
La Mira	234
Lanesboro'	11
Laud	77
Lutzen	74
Maitland	209
Manoah	79, 107
Marlow	10
Mear	10
Melody	238
Merton	36
Miles Laue	127
Monson	146
Mt. Auburn	252
Naomi	253
Naumann	380
Newbold	91
New-York Tune	397
Noel	75
Northfield	387
Oakville	12
Ortonville	102
Oxford	322

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

The dates of decease are given in most instances; sometimes the date of birth. When neither of these is known, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

- ADAMS, Mrs. Sarah Flower, *d.* 1849. *Hymn* 485.
ADDISON, Joseph, *d.* 1719. *Hymns* 8, 183, 187, 988, 1052.
ALEXANDER, Mrs. Cecil Frances, *b.* 1823. *Hymns* 324, 887, 973, 998.
ALEXANDER, Rev. James Waddell, D.D., *d.* 1859. *Hymns* 285, 290.
ALFORD, Rev. Henry, D.D., *d.* 1871. *Hymns* 978, 983, 1006, 1046.
ALLEN, Rev. James, *d.* 1804. *Hymns* 298, 869.
ALLEN, Rev. Jonathan, (1801). *Hymn* 433.
ANDERSON, Mrs. Maria Frances, *b.* 1819. *Hymn* 892.
ANSTICE, Joseph, *d.* 1836. *Hymn* 561.
AUBER, Miss Harriet, *d.* 1862. *Hymns* 54, 373, 791, 903.
AVELING, Rev. Thomas W., *b.* 1815. *Hymn* 786.
BACON, Rev. Leonard, D.D., *b.* 1802. *Hymns* 66, 905, 1053, 1060.
BAILEY, Mrs. Urania Locke, (1870). *Hymn* 447.
BAKER, Rev. and Sir Henry Williams, *d.* 1877. *Hymns* 216, 226, 820, 1043.
BAKEWELL, Rev. John, *d.* 1819. *Hymns* 282, 302.
BALDWIN, Rev. Thomas, D.D., *d.* 1825. *Hymn* 807.
BANCROFT, Mrs. Charitie Lees, *b.* 1841. *Hymn* 1001.
BARBAULD, Mrs. Anna Letitia, *d.* 1825. *Hymns* 53, 426, 674, 797, 942, 1050.
BARING-GOULD, Rev. Sabine, *b.* 1834. *Hymns* 141, 518, 1017.
BARTON, Bernard, *d.* 1849. *Hymn* 655.
BATHURST, Rev. William Hiley, *b.* 1796. *Hymns* 909, 970, 1008.
BAXTER, Rev. Richard, *d.* 1691. *Hymn* 537.
BEDDOME, Rev. Benjamin, *d.* 1795. *Hymns* 68, 160, 182, 352, 363, 416, 680, 712, 765, 818, 819, 825, 910, 979.
BEECHER, Rev. Charles, D.D., *b.* 1819. *Hymn* 1035.
BENNETT, Henry, (1851). *Hymn* 995.
BETHUNE, Rev. George W., D.D., *d.* 1862. *Hymns* 814, 917, 961.
BICKERSTETH, Rev. Edward Henry, *b.* 1825. *Hymns* 476, 873, 877.
BLACKLOCK, Rev. Thomas, D.D., *d.* 1791. *Hymn* 229.
BLAIR, Rev. Robert, *d.* 1746. *Hymn* 969.
BLEW, Rev. William John, (1849). *Hymn* 122.
BONAR, Rev. Horatius, D.D., *b.* 1808. *Hymns* 220, 246, 276, 286, 396, 463, 502, 567, 638, 647, 651, 727, 748, 758, 790, 822, 876, 916, 948, 959, 963, 992, 1015.
BORTHWICK, Miss Jane, *b.* 1825. *Hymns* 422, 449, 726, 893, 1021.
BOWDLER, Rev. John, *d.* 1815. *Hymns* 481, 583.
BOWRING, Sir John, LL.D., *d.* 1872. *Hymns* 132, 163, 223, 257, 300, 578, 730, 932.
BRIDGES, Matthew, *d.* 1852. *Hymns* 320, 322.
BROWN, Mrs. Phoebe Hinsdale, *d.* 1861. *Hymns* 18, 65, 918.
BROWNE, Rev. Simon, *d.* 1732. *Hymns* 354, 511.
BRUCE, Michael, *d.* 1767. *Hymns* 75, 1028.
BRYANT, William Cullen, *d.* 1878. *Hymns* 735, 760, 923, 1067.
BURDER, Rev. George, *d.* 1832. *Hymns* 50, 199.
BURDSALL, Richard, *d.* 1824. *Hymn* 402.
BURCHES, Rev. George, D.D., *d.* 1868. *Hymn* 546.
BURNHAM, Rev. Richard, *d.* 1810. *Hymn* 859.
BURNS, Rev. James Drummond, *d.* 1864. *Hymns* 120, 293.
BURTON, John, *d.* 1822. *Hymns* 379, 940.
CAMPBELL, Robert, *d.* 1868. *Hymn* 551.
CAMPBELL, Thomas, *d.* 1844. *Hymn* 242.
CARLYLE, Rev. Joseph Dacre, *d.* 1804. *Hymn* 22.
CAREY, ———. *Hymn* 572.
CARY, Miss Phoebe, *d.* 1871. *Hymn* 949.
CASWALL, Rev. Edward, *d.* 1878. *Hymns* 351, 614, 637, 1058.
CAWOOD, Rev. John, *d.* 1852. *Hymn* 234.
CENNICK, Rev. John, *d.* 1755. *Hymns* 334, 532.
CHANDLER, Rev. John, *d.* 1876. *Hymns* 40, 751.
CLEPHANE, Elizabeth C., (1870). *Hymn* 403.
CLEVELAND, Benjamin, (1790). *Hymn* 497.
CONDEL, Elizabeth, (1860). *Hymn* 448.
COLES, Abram, M.D., (1875). *Hymn* 523.
COLESWORTHY, D. C., (1857). *Hymn* 153.
COLLYER, Rev. William Bengo, D.D., *d.* 1854. *Hymns* 442, 731, 908, 976.
CONDER, Josiah, *d.* 1855. *Hymns* 175, 178, 227, 261, 451, 852, 1019.
COOPER, John, (1808). *Hymn* 179.
COTTEILL, Rev. Thomas, *d.* 1823. *Hymns* 85, 360.
COUSIN, Mrs. Anne Ross, (1837). *Hymns* 587, 1037.
COWPER, William, *d.* 1800. *Hymns* 52, 74, 77, 173, 209, 398, 493, 555, 626, 659, 720, 754, 856.
COX, Frances Elizabeth, (1841). *Hymns* 627, 936.
COXE, Rev. Arthur Cleveland, D.D., *b.* 1818. *Hymns* 258, 757.
CREWEDSON, Mrs. Jane Fox, *d.* 1863. *Hymns* 709, 1081.
CROWSELL, Rev. William, *d.* 1851. *Hymn* 795.
CUTTING, Rev. Sewall S., D.D., (1876). *Hymn* 462.
DANA, Mrs. Mary S. B., *b.* 1810. *Hymn* 1000.
DAVIES, Rev. Samuel, *d.* 1761. *Hymn* 812.
DAVIS, Rev. Thomas, (1864). *Hymn* 1031.
DECK, James George, (1837). *Hys.* 289, 601, 687, 717, 721.
DE FLEURY, Maria, (1791). *Hymn* 625.
DENNY, Sir Edward, *b.* 1796. *Hymns* 263, 264, 272, 865, 1024, 1026, 1029.
DEXTER, Rev. Henry Martyn, D.D., *b.* 1821. *Hymn* 803.
DICKSON, Rev. David, *d.* 1662. *Hymn* 1007.
DIX, William Chatterton, *b.* 1837. *Hymn* 63.
DOANE, Rev. George Washington, D.D., *d.* 1859. *Hymns* 129, 265.
DOBELL, John, *d.* 1840. *Hymn* 418.
DODDRIDGE, Rev. Philip, D.D., *d.* 1751. *Hymns* 34, 44, 71, 118, 150, 184, 228, 253, 349, 353, 423, 506, 539, 542, 549, 603, 612, 668, 684, 685, 690, 761, 767, 794, 798, 799, 813, 830, 843, 913, 921, 958, 980, 1056, 1061, 1062.
DRYDEN, John, *d.* 1700. *Hymn* 877.
DUFFIELD, Rev. George, D.D., *b.* 1818. *Hymns* 557, 617.
DUNN, Rev. Robinson P., D.D., *d.* 1867. *Hymns* 504, 965.
DWIGHT, Rev. Timothy, D.D., *d.* 1817. *Hymns* 12, 35.
DYER, Rev. Sidney, *b.* 1814. *Hymn* 783.
EDMESTON, James, *d.* 1867. *Hymns* 135, 139, 149, 526, 590, 713, 722, 776.
ELLESTON, Rev. John, *b.* 1826. *Hymn* 128.
ELLIOTT, Miss Charlotte, *d.* 1871. *Hymns* 457, 508, 715, 728, 738, 968.
ELVEN, Rev. Cornelius, *b.* 1797. *Hymn* 456.
ENFIELD, Rev. William, D.D., *d.* 1797. *Hymn* 262.
EVANS, Rev. Jonathan, *d.* 1809. *Hymn* 315.
FABER, Rev. Frederick William, D.D., *d.* 1863. *Hymns* 142, 214, 235, 269, 480, 538, 648, 654, 889, 993.
FANCH, Rev. James, (1794). *Hymn* 321.
FAWCETT, Rev. John, D.D., *d.* 1817. *Hymns* 104, 165, 206, 823.
FELLOWS, John, (1773). *Hymn* 801.
FITCH, Rev. Eleazar T., D.D., *d.* 1871. *Hymn* 124.
FORD, Rev. David Everard, (1828). *Hymn* 954.
FRANCIS, Rev. Benjamin, *d.* 1799. *Hymn* 624.
FRY, Mrs. Caroline (Wilson), *d.* 1846. *Hymn* 622.
GATES, Mrs. Ellen H., (1863). *Hymn* 785.

- GIBBONS, Rev. Thomas, D.D., *d.* 1785. *Hymn* 1032.
 GILL, Rev. Thomas Hornblower, *b.* 1819. *Hymns* 592, 646.
 GILMORE, Rev. J. H., *b.* 1834. *Hymn* 737.
 GOODE, Rev. William, *d.* 1816. *Hymns* 317, 514, 982.
 GOUGH, Benjamin, *b.* 1805. *Hymn* 891.
 GRANT, Sir Robert, *d.* 1838. *Hymns* 98, 161, 222, 501, 708.
 GRIGG, Rev. Joseph, *d.* 1788. *Hymns* 421, 597.
 GURNEY, Rev. John Hampden, *d.* 1862. *Hymn* 266.
 GUYON, Mme. Jeanne M. B. de la M., *d.* 1717. *Hymn* 742.
 HALL, Mrs. E. M., (1870). *Hymn* 410.
 HAMMOND, Rev. William, *d.* 1783. *Hymns* 2, 32, 371, 443.
 HANAFORD, Mrs. J. H., (1852). *Hymn* 792.
 HANKEY, Miss Katharine, (1865). *Hymns* 413, 414.
 HART, Rev. Joseph, *d.* 1768. *Hymns* 117, 126, 361, 432.
 HARTSOUGH, Rev. L., (1872). *Hymn* 411.
 HASTINGS, Thomas, *d.* 1872. *Hymns* 15, 419, 428, 440, 472, 503, 536, 615, 667, 698, 724, 733, 739, 793, 851, 884, 896, 928.
 HAVERGAL, Miss Frances Ridley, (1872). *Hymn* 618.
 HAWES, Rev. Thomas, M.D., *d.* 1820. *Hymns* 412, 455, 639.
 HAWKS, Mrs. Annie Sherwood, *b.* 1835. *Hymn* 484.
 HAYWARD, ——— (1806). *Hymn* 10.
 HEATH, Rev. George, *b.* 1781. *Hymn* 547.
 HEBER, Rev. Reginald, D.D., *d.* 1826. *Hymns* 96, 250, 800, 890, 934, 938, 984.
 HEDGE, Rev. Frederick H., D. D., *b.* 1805. *Hymns* 215, 257.
 HEGINBOTHAM, Rev. Ottiwell, *d.* 1768. *Hymns* 162, 282.
 HEMANS, Mrs. Felicia Dorothea, *d.* 1835. *Hymn* 291.
 HILL, Rev. Rowland, *d.* 1833. *Hymns* 719, 768.
 HILLHOUSE, Augustus L., *d.* 1869. *Hymn* 477.
 HINDSALL, Mrs. Grace W., (1865). *Hymn* 528.
 HOLMES, Oliver Wendell, M.D., *b.* 1809. *Hymns* 191, 609.
 HOPKINS, Rev. Josiah, *d.* 1862. *Hymn* 427.
 HOW, Rev. William Walsham, *b.* 1823. *Hymns* 174, 464, 780.
 HUMPHREYS, Rev. Joseph, *b.* 1720. *Hymn* 640.
 HUNTINGTON, Selina, Countess of, *d.* 1791. *Hymns* 133, 957.
 HURN, Rev. William, *d.* 1829. *Hymn* 239.
 HUTTON, James, *d.* 1795. *Hymn* 46.
 HYDE, Mrs. Ann Beadley, *d.* 1872. *Hymn* 417.
 JERVIS, Rev. Thomas, *d.* 1793. *Hymn* 33.
 JOHNS, Rev. Henry D., (1865). *Hymn* 915.
 JOHNSON, Rev. Samuel, *b.* 1822. *Hymns* 788, 879.
 JONES, Rev. Edmund, *d.* 1765. *Hymn* 420.
 JOYCE, Rev. James, *d.* 1850. *Hymn* 922.
 JUDSON, Rev. Adoniram, *d.* 1850. *Hymns* 809, 810.
 KEBLE, Rev. John, *d.* 1866. *Hymns* 112, 201, 370, 652, 662.
 KEITH, George, (1787). *Hymn* 563.
 KELLY, Rev. Thomas, *d.* 1855. *Hymns* 6, 56, 57, 137, 306, 309, 310, 311, 312, 314, 318, 328, 544, 551, 630, 835, 900, 956.
 KEN, Rev. Thomas, D.D., *d.* 1711. *Hymns* 48, 80, 113.
 KENT, John, *d.* 1843. *Hymn* 692.
 KETHE, Rev. William, (1561). *Hymn* 79.
 KEY, Francis Scott, *d.* 1843. *Hymn* 212.
 KNOLLIS, Rev. Francis Minden, (1860). *Hymn* 1040.
 KNOX, ———. *Hymn* 429.
 LANGER, Rev. Ernest, *d.* 1727. *Hymn* 641.
 LATHBURY, Miss Mary A., (1877). *Hymns* 145, 1072.
 LAURENTI, Laurentius, *d.* 1722. *Hymn* 218.
 LEE, Richard, (1794). *Hymn* 283.
 LELAND, Rev. John, (1799). *Hymn* 123.
 LLOYD, William Freeman, *d.* 1853. *Hymns* 584, 740.
 LOWRY, Rev. Robert, D.D., (1868). *Hymn* 430.
 LUTHER, Rev. Martin, D.D., *d.* 1546. *Hymn* 243.
 LYTE, Rev. Henry Francis, *d.* 1847. *Hymns* 24, 49, 94, 127, 473, 520, 521, 552, 683, 927, 1069.
 MACKAY, Mrs. Margaret, (1832). *Hymn* 944.
 MACDUFF, Rev. John Robert, D.D., (1853). *Hymn* 1014.
 MAC KELLAR, Thomas, *b.* 1812. *Hymn* 1030.
 MADAN, Rev. Martin, *d.* 1790. *Hymn* 533.
 MANT, Rev. Richard, D.D., *d.* 1848. *Hymns* 211, 213, 872, 960.
 MARCH, Rev. Daniel, D.D., *b.* 1816. *Hymn* 784.
 MARRIOTT, Rev. John, *d.* 1825. *Hymn* 369.
 MARSHMAN, Rev. Joshua, *d.* 1837. *Hymn* 834.
 MASON, William, *d.* 1791. *Hymn* 1070.
 MASSIE, Richard, (1859). *Hymns* 1002, 1003.
 MAUDE, Mrs. Mary F., (1848). *Hymn* 854.
 MCCHEENE, Rev. Robert Murray, *d.* 1843. *Hys.* 619, 679.
 MCCOME, ———. *Hymn* 453.
 McDONALD, Rev. William, (1870). *Hymn* 498.
 MEDLEY, Rev. Samuel, *d.* 1799. *Hymns* 254, 393, 399, 404, 470, 616.
 MERRICK, Rev. James, *d.* 1769. *Hymns* 4, 507.
 MILLARD, Rev. James Edwin, D.D., (1848). *Hymn* 101.
 MILMAN, H. H. *Hymn* 716.
 MITCHELL, Rev. William, (1831). *Hymn* 99.
 MONTGOMERY, James, *d.* 1854. *Hymns* 3, 23, 67, 100, 107, 130, 146, 156, 221, 259, 336, 365, 380, 381, 439, 445, 522, 564, 580, 582, 710, 763, 766, 774, 779, 782, 841, 855, 857, 862, 888, 894, 902, 931, 946, 962, 971, 972, 999.
 MOORE, Thomas, *d.* 1852. *Hymn* 431.
 MORRIS, George P., (1858). *Hymn* 495.
 MORRISON, Rev. John, D.D., *d.* 1798. *Hymn* 237.
 MOTE, Rev. Edward, *b.* 1797. *Hymn* 688.
 MOUTRIE, ———. *Hymn* 653.
 MUILENBERG, Rev. William Augustus, D.D., *d.* 1877. *Hymns* 247, 806, 847, 933.
 NASON, Rev. Elias, (1857). *Hymn* 586.
 NEALE, Rev. John Mason, D.D., *d.* 1866. *Hymns* 119, 340, 569, 1004, 1005, 1020, 1022, 1023.
 NEDHAM, Rev. John, (1768). *Hymns* 210, 535.
 NELSON, Rev. David, M.D., *d.* 1844. *Hymn* 1010.
 NETTLESON, Rev. Asahel, D.D., *d.* 1844. *Hymn* 650.
 NEVIN, Rev. Edwin H., D.D., *b.* 1814. *Hymns* 588, 643.
 NEWMAN, Rev. John Henry, D.D., *b.* 1801. *Hymn* 734.
 NEWTON, Rev. John, *d.* 1807. *Hymns* 13, 61, 62, 70, 72, 76, 108, 115, 138, 155, 279, 400, 482, 496, 499, 515, 574, 576, 585, 611, 613, 623, 628, 638, 642, 658, 705, 753, 897, 975, 1048.
 NOEL, Hon. and Rev. Gerard Thomas, *d.* 1851. *Hymns* 714, 864.
 OCCOM, Rev. Samson, *d.* 1792. *Hymn* 383.
 OLIVERS, Rev. Thomas, *d.* 1799. *Hymn* 95.
 ONDERDONK, Rev. Henry Ustick, D.D., *d.* 1868. *Hymns* 441, 802.
 PALMER, Rev. Ray, D.D., *b.* 1808. *Hymns* 17, 193, 281, 294, 330, 332, 368, 460, 465, 598, 600, 604, 606, 608, 621, 828, 885, 952, 966, 1033, 1034, 1047.
 PARK, Rev. Roswell, D.D., *d.* 1869. *Hymn* 866.
 PEARBODY, Rev. William B. O., D.D., *d.* 1847. *Hymn* 937.
 PERRONET, Rev. Edward, *d.* 1792. *Hymn* 329.
 PETERS, Mrs. Mary Bowly, *d.* 1856. *Hymn* 519.
 PHELPS, Rev. Sylvanus Dryden, D.D., (1862). *Hymn* 488.
 PIERPONT, Rev. John, *d.* 1866. *Hymn* 154.
 PIERSON, Rev. Arthur T., D.D., (1873). *Hymn* 219.
 PIRRIE, Rev. Alexander, *d.* 1804. *Hymn* 327.
 POPE, Alexander, *d.* 1744. *Hymn* 967.
 POTTER, Rev. Thomas J., (1867). *Hymn* 517.
 PRENTISS, Mrs. Elizabeth P., *d.* 1878. *Hymn* 486.
 RAFFLES, Rev. Thomas, D.D., *d.* 1863. *Hymns* 55, 686.
 RANKIN, Rev. J. E., (1855). *Hymn* 478.
 RANDOLPH, Anson D. F., (1865). *Hymn* 483.
 RAWSON, George, *b.* 1837. *Hymns* 374, 718, 838.
 REED, Rev. Andrew, D.D., *d.* 1862. *Hymns* 256, 366, 702, 743.
 RIPPON, Rev. John, D.D., *d.* 1836. *Hymn* 376.
 ROBINSON, Rev. Charles S., D.D., (1862). *Hymn* 487.
 ROBINSON, George, (1842). *Hymn* 752.
 ROBINSON, Rev. Robert, *d.* 1790. *Hymns* 316, 837.
 ROSCOR, Rev. J. ———. *Hymn* 736.
 ROWE, Rev. John, *d.* 1832. *Hymn* 870.
 RYLAND, Rev. John, *d.* 1825. *Hymn* 816.
 SANDYS, George, *d.* 1644. *Hymn* 103.
 SCOTT, Elizabeth, (1764). *Hymn* 190.
 SCOTT, Rev. Thomas, *d.* 1776. *Hymn* 297.
 SCOTT, Sir Walter, *d.* 1832. *Hymn* 981.
 SEAGRAVE, Rev. Robert, *b.* 1693. *Hymn* 939.
 SEARS, Rev. Edmund Hamilton, D.D., *d.* 1876. *Hymns* 240, 248.
 SHEPHERD, Thomas, *d.* 1739. *Hymn* 543.
 SHERWIN, William F., (1872). *Hymns* 461, 1065, 1083.
 SHIRLEY, Rev. Walter, *d.* 1786. *Hymns* 136, 704.
 SHRUBOLE, Rev. William, *d.* 1797. *Hymns* 9, 904, 906.
 SIGOURNEY, Mrs. Lydia H. H., *d.* 1865. *Hymns* 362, 706.

SLINN, Sarah, (1779). *Hymn* 251.
SMITH, Mrs. Caroline Sprague, (1855). *Hymn* 747.
SMITH, Rev. Samuel F. D.D., b. 1808. *Hymns* 5, 599, 815, 881, 895, 947, 1059.
SMYTHE, Rev. Edwin, (1793). *Hymn* 148.
STEELE, Miss Anne, d. 1778. *Hymns* 7, 37, 51, 114, 125, 164, 172, 192, 198, 252, 270, 296, 333, 355, 385, 409, 454, 466, 494, 510, 527, 578, 605, 649, 703, 759, 762, 831, 882, 945, 1012, 1039.
STENNETT, Rev. Joseph, D.D., d. 1713. *Hymn* 47.
STENNETT, Rev. Samuel, D.D., d. 1795. *Hymns* 28, 59, 268, 274, 344, 471, 676, 989.
STERNHOLD, Thomas, d. 1549. *Hymn* 331.
STEWART, —, (1803). *Hymn* 366.
STOCKER, John, (1776). *Hymn* 367.
STONE, Rev. Samuel J., (1866). *Hymn* 771.
STOWELL, Rev. Hugh, d. 1865. *Hymn* 69.
STRONG, Rev. Nathan, D.D., d. 1816. *Hymn* 1049.
STRYKER, Rev. Peter, D.D., (1869). *Hymn* 346.
SWAIN, Rev. Joseph, d. 1796. *Hymns* 530, 545, 829.
TAPPAN, Rev. William Bingham, d. 1849. *Hymns* 273, 1011, 1013.
TATE, Nahum, d. 1715. *Hymns* 203, 238, 671.
TAYLOR, Miss Emily, (1864). *Hymn* 60.
TAYLOR, Rev. Thomas R., d. 1835. *Hymn* 994.
THOMPSON, Rev. John, d. 1818. *Hymn* 207.
THURPE, Miss Dorothy Ann, d. 1847. *Hymn* 804.
THURPE, Rev. Joseph F., (1869). *Hymn* 392.
TOKE, Mrs. Emma, b. 1812. *Hymn* 319.
TOPLADY, Rev. Augustus M., d. 1778. *Hymns* 372, 452, 553, 711, 723, 874.
TURNER, Rev. Daniel, d. 1798. *Hymn* 656.
VAN ALSTYNE, Mrs. Fanny Crosby, (1869). *Hymns* 446, 450, 459, 568, 1036.
VOKE, Mrs. —, (1806). *Hymns* 775, 907, 912.
WALFORD, Rev. William W., (1849). *Hymn* 73.
WARDLAW, Rev. Ralph, D.D., d. 1853. *Hymn* 629.

WARING, Miss Anna Letitia, (1850). *Hymn* 556.
WALNEIR, Miss Anna B., —, *Hymn* 140.
WATERBURY, Rev. Jared B., D.D., d. 1876. *Hymn* 444.
WATTS, Rev. Isaac, D.D., d. 1748. *Hymns* 1, 11, 19, 20, 21, 25, 26, 29, 30, 31, 36, 38, 39, 41, 42, 43, 45, 58, 78, 81, 82, 83, 84, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 109, 116, 121, 151, 158, 159, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 186, 188, 189, 195, 196, 197, 200, 202, 204, 205, 208, 230, 233, 236, 244, 260, 275, 277, 278, 280, 295, 325, 326, 331, 335, 337, 338, 341, 342, 345, 347, 348, 350, 357, 359, 382, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 395, 401, 407, 424, 435, 436, 437, 438, 468, 469, 474, 509, 513, 524, 525, 529, 540, 541, 550, 571, 593, 595, 596, 610, 636, 657, 661, 663, 664, 665, 669, 677, 679, 681, 682, 693, 695, 696, 699, 701, 725, 741, 749, 770, 772, 777, 811, 827, 833, 836, 839, 845, 861, 911, 919, 920, 924, 925, 930, 941, 943, 950, 953, 955, 964, 987, 990, 991, 997, 1027, 1041, 1055, 1068.
WESLEY, Rev. Charles, d. 1788. *Hymns* 14, 27, 97, 102, 106, 111, 147, 223, 245, 299, 303, 305, 307, 323, 339, 378, 384, 397, 405, 406, 425, 458, 467, 476, 479, 489, 490, 492, 500, 505, 516, 538, 566, 570, 589, 644, 666, 672, 689, 694, 750, 755, 756, 824, 826, 846, 849, 850, 863, 875, 880, 914, 923, 886, 1057.
WESLEY, Rev. John, d. 1791. *Hymns* 110, 288, 554, 591, 607, 700.
WHITE, Henry Kirke, d. 1808. *Hymns* 194, 241, 951.
WHITTIER, John G., b. 1803. *Hymns* 271, 729.
WILLIAMS, Miss Helen Maria, d. 1827. *Hymn* 185.
WILLIAMS, Rev. William, d. 1791. *Hymns* 134, 901.
WILLIS, Nathaniel P., d. 1867. *Hymn* 764.
WINKWORTH, Miss Catherine, b. 1829. *Hymns* 131, 217, 303, 560, 594, 691, 935, 1018.
WOLFE, Rev. Aaron R., b. 1815. *Hymns* 675, 745, 842, 744.
WOLCOTT, Rev. Samuel, D.D., (1869). *Hymn* 1086.
WOODBURY, Isaac B., d. 1858. *Hymn* 571.
WORDSWORTH, Rev. Christopher, D.D., b. 1807. *Hymns* 16, 313, 526, 1016.
WREFOOT, Rev. John R., D.D., (1837). *Hymns* 645, 1051.
YOUNG, —, *Hymn* 232.
ZINZENDORF, Count Nicholas Ludwig, d. 1760. *Hymn* 562.

INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

GENESIS.		NUMBERS.		2ND SAMUEL.		JOB.		CH. VER.		HYMN.	
CH. VER.	HYMN.	CH. VER.	HYMN.	CH. VER.	HYMN.	CH. VER.	HYMN.	CH. VER.	HYMN.	CH. VER.	HYMN.
1: 1	78, 93, 99, 183	21: 8	9, 287, 470, 288	12: 23	935, 951, 945	1: 21	709, 622, 712	30: 7	482, 496, 502		
1: 2	369, 351, 377	23: 10	942, 947, 678	22: 31	969, 620, 951	3: 17	969, 620, 951	31: 5	552, 703, 726		
1: 3	369, 147, 99	23: 19	189, 161, 208	22: 31	163, 167, 173	7: 16	933, 941, 953	31: 15	740, 712, 727		
1: 20	90, 206, 196			23: 4	555, 735, 111	9: 33	233, 382, 405	32: 7	686, 683, 871		
1: 25	608, 221, 605					11: 7	180, 190, 192	32: 8	600, 487, 737		
2: 3	16, 94, 122	3: 25	997, 989, 1010			13: 15	713, 705, 643	34: 6	671, 185, 732		
3: 8	200, 188, 202	12: 9	1015, 939, 1036	8: 57	1060, 1059, 772	19: 25	323, 333, 304	35: 7	408, 553, 186		
3: 19	351, 943, 963	30: 19	381, 384, 423	18: 21	424, 422, 428	22: 21	429, 27, 648	36: 9	84, 111, 191		
5: 24	493, 487, 556	31: 6	563, 555, 574			23: 10	556, 720, 722	37: 25	563, 933, 747		
6: 3	428, 355, 974	32: 11	709, 187, 525			26: 14	194, 206, 88	39: 12	1060, 728, 958		
7: 1	841, 508, 605	32: 49	989, 997, 1010	2ND KINGS.		35: 10	575, 107, 81	41: 1	797, 785, 807		
16: 13	188, 200, 202	33: 25	706, 455, 584	7: 3	420, 423, 428	37: 21	713, 709, 622	42: 1	473, 71, 29		
17: 7	527, 684, 563	33: 27	531, 529, 747					43: 3	12, 158, 145		
18: 25	182, 193, 195			1ST CHRONICLES.				45: 1	331, 341, 345		
19: 17	422, 428, 424			1: 8	507, 954, 963	14: 2	385, 388, 390	46: 1	919, 215, 560		
22: 14	574, 555, 676					15: 1	394, 7, 9, 22	47: 5	307, 347, 311		
28: 16	485, 64, 56			JOSHUA.		16: 8	258, 260, 266	48: 1	78, 770, 772		
28: 20	734, 808, 737			1: 8	27, 65, 168	17: 15	955, 526, 304	50: 15	522, 563, 671		
32: 26	2, 77, 62, 70			1: 11	941, 952, 989	18: 10	231, 88, 98	51: 2	468, 474, 453		
				23: 14	189, 208, 553	19: 1	158, 175, 183	51: 10	868, 385, 458		
						20: 10	329, 812, 311	53: 2	885, 388, 394		
				JUDGES.		23: 1	595, 564, 636	55: 22	719, 705, 732		
				8: 4	565, 788, 734	23: 2	578, 8, 4, 602	56: 3	636, 643, 554		
						24: 10	389, 812, 311	56: 12	567, 854, 833		
				RUTH.		25: 15	550, 620, 346	60: 4	551, 517, 753		
				1: 16	837, 857, 640	27: 8	91, 27, 12	61: 2	699, 522, 545		
						28: 3	88, 98, 194	63: 1	92, 21, 473		
				1ST SAMUEL.				65: 1	92, 49, 3, 93		
				1: 13	860, 67, 77			66: 16	818, 187, 185		
				3: 18	182, 722, 727			66: 18	22, 664, 505		
				7: 12	818, 705, 576			71: 5	348, 187, 185		
				20: 3	176, 943, 1010						



CH. VER.	HYMN.	CH. VER.	HYMN.	CH. VER.	HYMN.	CH. VER.	HYMN.	GALATIANS.	
72 : 8	894, 911, 920	61 : 10	407, 469, 607	5 : 8	652, 650, 633	11 : 35	272, 294, 708	CH. VER. <th>HYMN.</th>	HYMN.
73 : 24	741, 134, 634	63 : 1	310, 280, 277	5 : 9	823, 825, 264	12 : 21	878, 598, 604	2 : 20	630, 276, 255
73 : 25	593, 222, 466	63 : 3	853, 263, 288	5 : 10	838, 548, 569	12 : 32	287, 280, 288	3 : 28	822, 821, 827
77 : 20	580, 772, 673			5 : 16	664, 640, 670	13 : 7	722, 723, 195	4 : 6	683, 685, 520
84 : 1	925, 918, 897	JEREMIAH.		6 : 9	143, 146, 691	13 : 34	822, 824, 641	4 : 15	499, 493, 496
84 : 19	26, 138, 30	2 : 2	854, 1024, 345	6 : 10	894, 915, 916	14 : 2	1034, 1023, 995	5 : 1	524, 528, 557
84 : 11	39, 753, 655	3 : 4	134, 411, 631	6 : 10	710, 730, 738	14 : 6	265, 334, 502	5 : 6	386, 430, 388
85 : 9	696, 401, 407	8 : 20	428, 422, 974	6 : 11	555, 561, 567	14 : 16	359, 362, 355	6 : 9	546, 565, 782
87 : 3	924, 753, 655	17 : 9	386, 390, 868	6 : 12	264, 266, 800	14 : 26	352, 371, 364	6 : 14	300, 284, 275
89 : 1	1069, 187, 657	23 : 6	688, 607, 390	6 : 13	143, 530, 548	14 : 27	694, 640, 683		
90 : 1	964, 176, 943			7 : 7	70, 76, 72, 567	15 : 4	112, 127, 621	EPHESIANS.	
91 : 1	522, 695, 536	LAMENTATIONS.		7 : 14	392, 389, 381	15 : 5	617, 587, 529	2 : 8	386, 391, 400
92 : 1	43, 54, 103	1 : 4	897, 907, 357	7 : 24	688, 1003, 884	15 : 13	585, 282, 277	3 : 15	880, 822, 826
95 : 1	93, 1077, 31	3 : 26	522, 537, 553	9 : 32	750, 1098, 784	19 : 2	328, 282, 290	4 : 5	752, 771, 526
98 : 1	226, 270, 246			10 : 32	541, 597, 856	19 : 25	285, 833, 281	4 : 30	358, 424, 428
100 : 1	78, 79, 104	EZEKIEL.		10 : 42	806, 795, 801	19 : 30	274, 286, 315	5 : 8	665, 640, 661
102 : 13	930, 236, 1014	11 : 19	868, 458, 385	11 : 25	101, 631, 642	19 : 34	839, 871, 889	5 : 19	31, 575, 107
103 : 13	41, 669, 725	33 : 11	427, 419, 425	11 : 28	426, 431, 411	21 : 15	814, 815, 817	6 : 13	524, 548, 579
107 : 15	100, 1052, 1053	36 : 37	67, 77, 64, 71	13 : 17	749, 891, 413	21 : 17	836, 867, 603		
112 : 6	678, 942, 960			14 : 27	715, 620, 563			PHILIPPIANS.	
116 : 7	186, 594, 527	DANIEL.		16 : 18	757, 771, 688	1 : 11	1196, 1027, 1014	1 : 21	570, 933, 537
117 : 1	82, 86, 86	12 : 2	938, 988, 953	16 : 24	803, 520, 392	2 : 1	370, 368, 355	1 : 29	520, 569, 537
118 : 24	19, 6, 13, 16	12 : 3	762, 804, 802	17 : 8	586, 620, 617	2 : 39	808, 812, 816	2 : 5	880, 270, 342, 794
119 : 9	170, 173, 165	12 : 10	938, 988, 953	17 : 3	642, 631, 480	4 : 12	382, 387, 430	2 : 12	673, 365, 691
119 : 71	167, 168, 169	18 : 11	239, 270, 403	18 : 11	239, 270, 403	7 : 59	977, 965, 968	3 : 14	144, 558, 573
119 : 105	166, 171, 164	HOSEA.		18 : 20	59, 74, 71	14 : 22	998, 1106, 1005	3 : 20	888, 939, 1002
119 : 151	191, 485, 567	11 : 8	500, 836, 471	19 : 14	809, 812, 815	16 : 9	785, 795, 804	4 : 4	653, 594, 654
125 : 2	571, 547, 576	13 : 9	382, 866, 390	21 : 22	70, 61, 76	16 : 31	390, 270, 462	4 : 7	683, 694, 840
126 : 6	793, 1011, 546	14 : 1	419, 427, 411	24 : 44	938, 963, 976	17 : 11	158, 164, 170	4 : 11	659, 742, 642
127 : 1	791, 805, 522			25 : 13	1025, 1024, 1021	24 : 25	428, 422, 424	4 : 13	529, 559, 576
130 : 1	1073, 513, 462	JOEL.		25 : 34	986, 1019, 1018	26 : 28	392, 469, 430		
131 : 1	642, 732, 665	2 : 1	975, 976, 983	25 : 40	780, 801, 806			COLOSSIANS.	
132 : 8	777, 35, 37	3 : 14	384, 424, 392	25 : 41	987, 983, 1058	1 : 16	549, 597, 846	2 : 9	342, 316, 244
135 : 1	42, 101, 97	AMOS.		26 : 50	547, 567	1 : 17	1003, 1002, 661	2 : 10	675, 550, 528
136 : 1	35, 90, 1009	3 : 3	419, 429, 426	26 : 75	458, 447, 430	2 : 4	181, 212, 422	3 : 13	939, 479, 544
137 : 5	43, 1, 20, 753	4 : 12	976, 429, 963	27 : 38	283, 285, 279	3 : 19	388, 386, 390		
138 : 2	233, 163, 167	JONAH.		28 : 6	305, 319, 339	3 : 19	388, 386, 390	4 : 14	944, 953, 966
138 : 2	188, 202, 200	2 : 9	401, 696, 522	28 : 20	523, 588, 563	5 : 8	585, 280, 409	5 : 16	653, 594, 654
139 : 17	207, 187, 185	3 : 10	500, 836, 471	6 : 34	259, 264, 794	6 : 11	387, 275, 278	5 : 18	1046, 1065, 1069
139 : 23	495, 366, 650	MICAH.		8 : 34	803, 520, 892	8 : 1	679, 688, 528	5 : 23	650, 411, 581
145 : 18	89, 197, 213	2 : 10	1015, 1036, 994	8 : 38	549, 597, 846	8 : 14	693, 685, 676		
		6 : 6	382, 386, 396	9 : 24	375, 380, 845	8 : 15	520, 693, 644	2D THESSALONIANS.	
		NAHUM.		10 : 14	812, 809, 815	8 : 33	679, 528, 689	2 : 8	916, 903, 909
		1 : 3	973, 468, 202	13 : 37	547, 550, 557	9 : 20	182, 193, 209	3 : 13	546, 565, 782
		1 : 15	891, 749, 900	LUKE.		10 : 15	749, 801, 900	1ST TIMOTHY.	
		1 : 1	962, 442, 428	1 : 78	14, 111, 755	10 : 20	453, 818, 178	1 : 15	270, 438, 453
		11 : 10	732, 782, 783	2 : 13	234, 235, 238	11 : 33	180, 190, 193	2 : 5	283, 327, 405
		11 : 6	782, 779, 783	9 : 23	803, 520, 392	12 : 1	489, 875, 520	2 : 8	684, 74, 567
		11 : 9	988, 974, 973	9 : 23	541, 597, 856	12 : 2	489, 260, 479	6 : 12	540, 518, 582
		12 : 1	810, 812, 815	10 : 2	750, 798, 784	12 : 5	822, 827, 829		
				10 : 21	101, 631, 642	12 : 15	780, 794, 807	2ND TIMOTHY.	
				10 : 39	785, 702, 631	13 : 11	949, 946, 953	1 : 9	178, 193, 670
				10 : 42	393, 423, 484	14 : 10	976, 957, 973	1 : 12	528, 840, 688
		ZEPHANIAH.		11 : 13	379, 398, 357	1ST CORINTHIANS.		2 : 3	540, 548, 569
		3 : 17	754, 836, 553	12 : 32	753, 754, 766	2 : 9	1022, 993, 1012	2 : 9	563, 545, 567
		HAGGAI.		13 : 6	181, 197, 500	3 : 11	1003, 688, 840	3 : 16	159, 174, 163
		2 : 7	756, 914, 787	15 : 7	403, 321, 427	3 : 20	680, 676, 594		
		ZECHARIAH.		15 : 18	412, 419, 426	5 : 7	831, 282, 287	TITUS.	
		1 : 5	958, 947, 960	18 : 1	70, 62, 77	9 : 26	525, 539, 548	2 : 11	664, 1014, 1013
		4 : 6	353, 380, 755	18 : 13	456, 446, 468	11 : 24	815, 861, 806	3 : 5	391, 936, 385
		4 : 10	796, 662, 802	18 : 16	809, 812, 815	12 : 27	827, 827, 829		
		12 : 10	283, 288, 974	19 : 41	416, 264, 794	13 : 1	641, 822, 663	HEBREWS.	
		13 : 1	398, 402, 445	22 : 44	273, 276, 291	13 : 12	206, 195, 193	1 : 3	369, 335, 342
		13 : 7	395, 437, 335	22 : 34	258, 264, 266	15 : 10	630, 670, 640	1 : 14	788, 235, 248
		14 : 7	707, 937, 942	23 : 42	398, 455, 452	15 : 55	951, 961, 967	2 : 3	356, 402, 428
				24 : 29	127, 621, 112			2 : 10	524, 582, 560
		JOHN.						2 : 18	75, 260, 501
		1 : 1	174, 244, 218					3 : 15	418, 428, 424
		1 : 29	281, 382, 457					4 : 9	996, 1013, 1015
		3 : 3	383, 385, 391					4 : 12	167, 170, 174
		3 : 14	287, 283, 290					4 : 15	75, 260, 501
		3 : 16	438, 237, 270					5 : 8	260, 264, 280
		4 : 35	784, 798, 750					6 : 19	688, 526, 936
		4 : 37	802, 793, 782					7 : 22	405, 691, 684
		5 : 39	164, 172, 174					7 : 25	337, 327, 313
		6 : 30	715, 620, 663					9 : 5	69, 74, 77, 450
		6 : 35	819, 145, 608					10 : 12	301, 302, 312
		6 : 68	526, 568, 630					11 : 1	656, 658, 661
		9 : 4	804, 783, 779					11 : 6	648, 691, 625
		9 : 25	400, 630, 415					11 : 13	1032, 1000, 994
		10 : 11	556, 564, 595					11 : 16	1036, 989, 1004
		11 : 25	526, 977, 936					12 : 1	535, 539, 960

CH.VER.	HYMN.	CH.VER.	HYMN.	2ND PETER.	CH.VER.	HYMN.	CH.VER.	HYMN.
12: 2	600, 620, 590	4: 14	956, 954, 963	CH.VER.	HYMN.	7: 13	990, 1005, 1006	
12: 6	703, 720, 732	5: 8	864, 1023, 1014	1: 21	159, 164, 173	7: 17	1011, 1015, 1019	
12: 11	709, 732, 735	5: 20	804, 800, 781	3: 9	189, 208, 563	11: 15	902, 894, 911	
12: 18	821, 820, 687			3: 10	976, 975, 983	14: 3	414, 336, 625	
13: 5	563, 552, 523	1ST PETER.		3: 11	388, 973, 980	14: 13	942, 947, 961	
13: 13	520, 524, 541	1: 8	604, 596, 626	3: 13	993, 997, 1014	19: 6	1006, 1016, 1018	
13: 14	939, 1017, 1022	1: 19	289, 382, 381	3: 15	181, 212, 648	19: 12	330, 314, 328	
		2: 7	613, 501, 601	3: 18	486, 790, 650	21: 2	1027, 1022, 1044	
		2: 21	264, 590, 260			21: 4	1031, 1034, 1040	
JAMES.		3: 7	77, 68, 496	1ST JOHN.		22: 4	304, 990, 1023	
1: 2, 3.	709, 622, 745	4: 14	838, 284, 543	1: 3	687, 556, 568	22: 16	246, 241, 238	
1: 5	462, 461, 732	4: 18	988, 976, 973	1: 7	874, 498, 398	22: 17	412, 425, 439	
1: 17	187, 185, 657	5: 4	524, 532, 1037	2: 1	303, 333, 859	22: 20	756, 601, 916	
2: 17	806, 805, 789	5: 7	719, 549, 561	2: 17	545, 936, 940			
1: 6	729, 491, 646							

FIRST LINES OF STANZAS

EXCEPT THE FIRST.

HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.
A brighter faith.... 356	All our follies, Lord, 1047	And though this wo 215	As with joyful..... 63
A broken heart, a... 889	All riches are his... 338	And though thy wis 710	Ashamed of Jesus... 597
A cloud of witnesses 539	All that spring with 1050	And thus that dark. 838	Assure my conscien 359
A faith that shines. 1008	All things hasten... 531	And to his green.... 565	"Ask what thou wilt 1083
A Father's chasten. 739	All this for us..... 243	And was his mortal. 291	At cost of all..... 691
A Father's hand we 724	All thy works, O..... 213	And we believe thy. 750	At his call, the dead 975
A few more storms. 943	All to the great.... 761	And what is life.... 536	At his right hand... 345
A few more struggle 948	All-wise, almighty, 710	And what shall be. 1042	At home, by word a 779
A glory gilds the... 173	Almighty God! thy 904	And when before th 410	At last I own..... 467
A gracious Saviour. 914	Almighty God! thy 423	And, when my cheer 355	At the blest mercy- 428
A guilty, weak and. 390	Almighty God! to... 230	And when my Savio 816	Attending angels sh 1007
A hand almighty.... 683	Almighty Lord, the 161	And when my task 737	Awake, awake, put 931
A heart in every.... 489	Almighty Son..... 179	And when our days 123	Awake, lift up..... 48
A heart resigned... 489	Am I a stranger..... 168	And when redeemed 456	Awake thy chosen... 918
A holy quiet reigns. 942	Amazing knowledge 188	And when these fail 862	Awake! thy sweet. 922
A hope so much.... 693	Amen, Lord Jesus... 560	And when these lips 814	A while from thy... 292
A little child, thou. 243	Amid ten thousand. 1062	And when thine awf 686	
A little flock!—so... 758	Amidst a thousand. 233	And when to heaven 9	Bane and blessing... 390
A little while for... 1081	Among thy saints... 957	And when we early 123	Baptize the nations, 380
A little while to... 1081	Among the saints... 825	And when we taste 596	Baptized by John... 807
A pilgrim through... 710	Among the saints th 186	And while at thy... 292	Be Christ our patter 282
A pilgrimage my.... 570	Author and Guardia 52	And why should I... 615	Be darkness at thy... 360
A second look he... 279	And as now I..... 853	And will this glorio 109	Be earth, with all... 509
A song of praise... 523	And as we rise, with 810	Angels and men in 190	Be near to bless.... 112
A spirit still pre... 846	And blest is he.... 538	Angels! assist our... 434	Be near when I.... 290
A thousand seraphs 342	And, bursting throu 583	Angels from the... 898	Be of good cheer... 560
A voice from the... 615	And duty shall ap. 782	Angels, sing out... 235	Be our strength in... 799
A whispered word. 796	And ever on thine... 324	Apostles, martyrs, 1009	Be this my joy.... 193
Abide with me from 112	And every virtue... 373	Archangels leave th 244	Be this world the... 783
Above me and be... 177	And, gracious Lord, 475	Arabia's desert-ran 694	Be thou my pattern 260
According to thy... 914	And he who is him. 1081	Are darkness and... 192	Be thou my shield... 515
Adoring angels tune 252	And here thy name, 1060	Are not thy mercies 166	Be with us in this... 973
Ah! bring a wretch 470	And is not mercy... 877	Are there no foes... 540	Bear—bear the... 256
Ah, grace! into.... 654	And lest the shadow 407	Are we not tending 953	Bear witness I am... 650
Ah, Lord Jesus, gra 935	And Lord, when I... 408	Arm me with jealou 397	Believing we ever-wa 759
Ah, Lord, our sins... 238	And may I hope... 638	Around that throne 1033	Before me place, in 384
Ah, when shall my. 615	And may the holy... 115	Around thy throne 125	Before our Father's 823
Alas! I knew not... 279	And now above the. 937	Art nigh, and yet... 227	Before the hills in... 961
All-bounteous Lord. 198	And now Christ is... 427	Art thou not mine... 527	Before thy throne... 33
"All glory be to... 238	And now my spirit... 729	As a little child... 642	Behold his patience, 199
All hail! atoning... 411	And, oh, from that... 722	As a mother stills h 1063	Behold the ark of... 847
All hallowed be... 40	And, oh, when I... 703	As by the light.... 638	Behold the bed of... 971
All her high ones... 978	And palms shall... 543	As in the heavens... 678	Behold the innume 837
All his creatures... 99	And right is right... 538	As, 'mid the ever... 678	Behold! on flying... 327
All honor to his... 34	And shall my guilty 454	As our steps are... 137	Believing we rejoice 382
All its numbered... 1047	And since, in God's 973	As the brighten'd... 513	Beloved self must... 389
All, leveled by the... 969	And so to Jesus Chr 977	As the seed by... 792	Below he washed... 329
All my captious... 612	And soon, too soon, 800	As the winged ara 1048	Beneath his watchf 549
All my soul, by... 294	And sweet, on earth 606	As they offered... 63	Beside him all the... 1025
All nature sings thy 162	And then, nevermor 626	As rain on meadows 920	Beyond my high... 35
All needful grace... 39	And then was heard 322	As thou for us didst 828	Beyond the bloom 992
All our days direct. 517	And there is David's 1023	As true as God's... 560	Beyond the bounds 558



HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.
Beyond the frost-ch 992	By day, by night... 1061	Could I joy with... 499	Far, far away, like... 235
Beyond the parting 992	By faith in thee... 821	Could my heart so... 499	Far from us drive... 351
Beyond the rising... 992	By foreign streams. 922	Could we be cast... 659	Father and Saviour! 132
Beyond this vale... 381	By the thorn-road... 738	Countless as sands... 977	Father and Son... 495
Bind me stand on... 573	By thee, through life 639	Creatures no more... 638	Father, fill our heart 152
Bind thy people... 786	By thine agonizing... 880	Crown him, ye mart 329	Father, forgive the 736
Bless, O my soul... 41	By thine hour of... 501	Crown the Saviour... 314	Father in heaven! in 1030
Bless thou the truth 145	By thine own eterna 756	Crowns and thrones 518	Father in heaven, oh 133
Bless ye the Lord... 42	By thy deep exprin 501		Father, let me taste 220
Blessed and holy... 369	By thy hands the... 733		Father, make me pu 849
Blessed fold! no foe 1019	By thy helpless... 501	Dark and cheerless... 14	Father, perfect my 969
Blessed fountain, w 630	By thy most severe. 476	Day and night they 309	Father! source of all 101
Blessed Saviour, th 617		Day by day, with... 852	Fear hath no dwell 439
Blessing, praise and 978	Call me away from... 509	Days of trial, days... 584	Fear not, brethren; 592
Blessings abound... 911	Call to mind that... 476	Deal gently, Lord... 571	"Fear not," said he, 238
Blessings for ever... 338	Calm in the hour... 647	Dear Comforter! etc 480	Feast after feast... 876
Blest are the men... 92	Calmer yet and... 581	Dear dying Lamb... 398	Feeble, trembling... 747
Blest are the saints 38	Calmly the day... 66	Dear Lord and Mast 592	Feed me, Saviour... 853
Blest are the souls 38	"Can a woman's ten 856	Dear Lord, and shall 357	Fettered, burdened, 483
Blest be the Lord... 19	Can aught, beneath. 385	Dear Lord! if I deny 623	Fettered by this... 483
Blest hour! for wh 55	Careful without care 516	Dear Lord! while we 296	Fight on, my soul... 547
Blest hour! when... 55	Cast thy bread upon 792	Dear Saviour, let... 37	Fly each breast with 148
Blest is the man... 553	Cast thy guilty... 452	Dear Shepherd, if... 578	Fill us with thy... 153
Blest Jesus, come a 497	Case, ye pilgrims... 1065	Dearest thou art... 943	Filled by thee my 634
Blest river of salva 895	Celestial choir, fro 240	Death, like an over 343	Filled with delight... 989
Blest Saviour, intro 539	Chance and change. 225	Decay them, teneme 257	Finding, following... 569
Blest Saviour! what 58	Cheer up! cheer up! 577	Deep in unfaithomab 209	Finish then thy... 566
Blind unbelief is... 209	Cheered by a signal 685	Deeper, deeper grow 747	Firm as his throne... 541
Bonds and stripes... 284	Cheerful they walk. 38	"Deny thyself and... 392	Firm, faithful, watc 889
Born by a new... 1032	Cheerful we tread... 661	Dependent on thy... 800	Firmly trusting in... 629
Born, thy people to 756	"Chief of ten thousa 56	Descend, celestial D 10	Flow to restore, but 163
Bowed down beneath 515	Choose thou for me. 727	Despairing madness 253	Fly abroad, thou... 901
Break forth in hym 891	Christ, by highest... 245	Did I meet no trials. 720	Foes without and... 293
Break from his thro 946	"Christ is born, the 324	Did the Lord a... 628	For all thy saints... 966
Break off your tears 295	Christ leads me thro 537	Did the solid earth... 99	For all we love... 142
Break the tempter's 897	Christ, our Paschal. 851	Did we in our... 215	For ever blessed the 996
Breathe, breathe on 621	Christ, the Lord is... 343	Direct, control... 48	For ever firm thy... 84
Breathe, oh, breathe 566	Church of our God! 906	Divine Instructor... 172	For ever on thy... 284
Bright garlands of 542	Clothed thou with en 765	Do more than pardo 142	For God has marked 795
Bright heralds of... 477	Clothed with our... 327	Does not my heart... 166	For her my tears... 35
Bright is their glory 820	Cold mountains and 260	Dost thou not dwell 359	For him I count... 611
Bright with pearls 1044	Cold on his cradle... 250	Doth sickness fill... 526	For him shall end... 911
Bring before us all 865	Cold our souls... 130	Down from the shi... 434	For life, without... 894
Butched with sun's 408	Come, all the faithfu 368	Down through the... 251	For lo! the days... 248
Buried in sorrow... 401	Come, all who love... 807		For love like this... 162
Bury the dead, and 971	Come, and begin... 916	Each following min 833	For nights of anxiet 622
But a drought has 897	Come, and make all. 916	Each gift but helps. 646	For not like kingdo 757
But ah! too soon... 164	Come as a message 763	Earth can now but. 1014	For nothing good ha 1010
But all the notes... 831	Come as a shepherd. 763	Earth has a joy... 477	For ten thousand... 404
But all through the 403	Come as a teacher... 763	Earth has many a... 1036	For the blessings... 15
But all was merciful 437	Come, blessed Lord! 1029	E'er once, by friend 338	For the grandeur... 939
But, bowed in lowlin 729	"Come, for our hearts 45	Egypt and Tyre, and 924	For the Lord our Go 1046
But calmly, Lord... 1654	Come, for creation. 508	Erect from every... 771	For the love of... 214
But Christ the heav 382	Come, for thy saints 916	Enlightened by thy 350	For thee, my God... 473
But, dearest Lord... 1026	Come, freely come... 704	Enough, if thou at... 820	For thee our all to... 779
But drops of grief... 277	Come, gracious Lord 510	Enter, incarnate... 322	For this I should... 622
But, ere the trumpet 980	Come, holy Comforte 223	Enter with all thy 777	For this thy name... 960
But fixed for ever... 161	Come, Holy Ghost... 858	Enthroned amid... 229	For thou hast placed 795
But God shall raise 395	Come, Holy Spirit... 361	Ere long that happy 470	For thou, within... 74
But he for his... 882	Come, Holy Spirit... 337	Eternal art thy me 244	For thy rich, thy... 316
But I amid your... 477	Come, join the angel 235	Eternal art thy me 244	For thy sorrow... 809
But, lying dark be... 245	Come, King of o... 915	Eternal Father! the 226	For voice and silene 660
But lo, he leaves... 244	Come, in sorrow and 445	Eternal life thy... 466	For why? the Lord... 79
But no such sac... 471	Come, in this accept 147	Eternal Spirit!... 179	Forbidden, Lord!... 275
But none of the... 403	Come, let us stand... 889	Eternal truth and... 834	Forgive me, Lord... 113
But of all the... 530	Come, light serene! 368	Eternal wisdom... 436	Forgive thou us, as 472
But oh, when gloom 605	Come, Lord, and wip 959	Eternity with all... 204	Forgive us, for our 472
But our earnest... 926	Come, Lord Jesus! 627	Even death, which... 258	Forgive us, O thou... 472
But saints are lovely 87	Come, Lord! thy lov 87	"Ev'n down to old... 563	Forth with thy chos 908
But see! the night is 1024	Come, Lord, when... 537	"Ev'n now, above... 736	Fountain of o'erflow 629
But should the surg 723	Come, sacred Spirit, 685	"Ev'n now, by faith 368	From the garden of... 98
But sinners, filled wi 976	Come, self-existent 218	"Ev'n now, perchanc 949	From angel choir... 330
But the chief voice 758	Come, tenderest Fri 390	"Ev'n now, when tem 909	From busy scenes... 166
But there's a Saviour 390	Come, then, with all 399	"Ev'n the hour that 225	"From dark tempta... 56
But thine illustrious 386	Come, then, with po 917	Ever be thou our Gu 803	From day to day... 85
But thou hast built 513	Come, thou incarnat 223	Ever let thy grace... 868	From heaven he cam 257
But thy compassions 725	Come, thou Spirit of 641	Ever thus in God's... 211	From marble domes 53
But thy soft hand... 444	Come to the house... 60	Every eye shall now 986	From morn till noon 207
But to thy house... 36	"Come, wanderers... 257	Every mournful sin 147	From sorrow, toil... 823
But, though earth's 954	Come, worship at hi 393	Exalt our low desire 368	From strength to... 579
But warm, sweet... 271	Comfort me, I am... 718	Extol the Lamb of... 406	From the dark gray 344
But we have no... 285	Comfort those who 2		From the heaven of 1030
But weaker yet that 193	Complete in thee... 675		From the highest... 316
But what to those... 614	Conscious of the... 287		From the provisions 84
But when he came... 370	Constant to my... 4		From the sword, at 522
But, when we view... 196	Convert and send... 750		From the third heav 1027
But while I thus... 383	Convince us of our... 361		From the throne a... 1017
But who can speak... 89			
But will he prove... 421			

HYMN.

HYMN.

HYMN.

HYMN.

From thee, the over 525
From thy dear hand, 841
From thy house our 3
From thy works our 173
From vainly turn, 171
Fromless years with 460
Full of kindness 213

"Gather first my sal 982
Gentiles and kings 906
Gethsemane can 267
Gethsemane car I 862
Gird him with all 768
Gird on thy sword 341
Give glory to his 101
Give glory to the 118
"Give me a calm, 649
Give me a faithful 488
Give me a will 507
Give me, O Lord, 28
Give me one kind 987
Give me to read 76
Give tongues of fire 380
Giver of the heaven 502
Glorified apostles 156
"Glory to God!" th 210
Glory to God, who 239
Glory to thee, who 48
Go, and share his 956
Go then, earthly fam 520
Go, where the waves 892
God, from on high 921
God in Israel sows 720
God is our strength 126
God is our sun, 39
God of our fathers 968
God pines all 71
God reigns on high 197
God ruleth on high 97
God, thine own God, 331
God, thy God, will 900
God whom we serve 534
God will not always 725
God will support 623
Goodness and mercy 602
Good-will to men, 239
Grace all the work 690
Grace first contrive 690
Graced led my roving 690
Grace!—'tis a sweet 83
Grace will complete 233
Grant one poor sinner 812
Grant that all may 2
Grant these request 76
Grant to little 141
Grant us thy peace 128
Grant us thy truth 191
Great Advocate, al 333
Great are thy con 358
Great Comforter! 351
Great God! from in 204
Great God! I do 192
Great God, I at 25
Great God, mine eye 169
Great God! on what 1055
Great God, we hail 24
Great God! what do 976
Great is his love, 513
Great is our Lord 87
Green pastures are 556
Great Shepherd of 74
Great Shepherd of 108
Great Sun of right 158
Great words are the 582

Hail, by all thy 102
Hail, great Immanu 58
"Hail, Prince of Life 321
Hail, sacred feast 830
Hail! the heaven-bo 245
Hallelujah! church 774
Hallelujah!—earth 902
Hallelujah! hark, 926
Hallelujah! strains 926
Happy the man who 86
Happy the man who 90
Hark! from the mid 242
Hark! hark!—the 256
Hark! how the wind 450
Hark! the cherubic 254

Hark! the wonderin 297
Hark! they whisper 967
Hark, those bursts 314
Hark! what sweet 255
Hast thy night been 490
Hast thou a lamb 603
Hast thou a rival 632
Hast thou imparted 356
Hast thou not given 701
Hast thou not plant 925
Haste, prepare the 287
Haste thee on from 521
Hasten, mortals! 234
Hath he marks to 569
Have I long in 448
Have we no tears 889
Have we trials and 567
Have you no words? 77
He bows his gracious 70
He breaks the power 490
He by his blood 808
He came in tongues 373
He came, sweet influ 353
He comes, from thic 273
He comes, the broke 253
He comes, the pris 233
"He comes to cheer 242
He comes, with succ 894
He crowns thy life 669
He dies; and in 335
He ever lives above 405
He feeds in pasture 683
He fills the poor 669
He formed the deep 93
He formed the stars 47
He freely redeemed 624
He frees the souls 930
He gave to the light 105
He has pardons 440
He hushes its starry 764
He in the thickest 182
He knew them all 291
He knows what wan 839
He leads me to 251
He left his Father's 689
He left his starry 344
He lives! he lives! 679
He loves his saints 86
He loves his saints 90
He prospers day by 691
He raiseth the fallen 565
He rules the world 236
He sat serene upon 221
He saw me plung 231
He saw me ruined 494
He sends his word 1068
He sent his Son 435
He shall come down 894
He shall reign from 902
He sits a sovereign 930
He smiles,—and ser 1039
He spreads his kind 797
He sunk beneath 280
He sustains thee by 719
He that drinks shall 445
He the mighty king 246
He to the lowly 652
He wept that we 416
He whispers in my 594
He who bore all 308
He who has helped 705
He who on the 531
He who slumbered 323
He wills the world 323
He with earthly 225
Head of thy church 752
Hear and save me 451
Hear the cries he no 973
Hear us, as thus 786
Hearer of prayer! 495
Heaven and earth 107
Heaven and earth 719
Heaven unfolds 305
Heavenly Father! 152
Heavenly Fountain, thy 805
Hell and thy sins 524
Help me to watch 897
Hail us, through go 266
Hence, ye vain cares 7
Her dust and ruins 930

Here at that cross 812
Here be thy praise 769
Here, beneath a virt 1049
Here faith is ours, a 998
Here faith reveals 160
Here fix, my roving 71
Here have we seen 844
Here I give my all 498
Here I raise mine 887
Here I would for 855
Here, in the body 946
Here Jesus bids my 162
Here let him hold 777
Here let the Son 777
Here let thy holy 769
Here my poor heart 721
Here may religion 1051
Here may thine hon 769
Here may we gain 751
Here may we prove 774
Here, mighty God 577
Here, O my soul 527
Here on the mercy 28
Here reach thy boun 12
Here see the Bread 431
Here sinners, of an 160
Here, the fair tree 172
Here, the Redeemer 172
Here the whole Deit 196
Here to thee a 774
Here we come thy 13
Here we feel our 869
Here would I feed 876
Here's love and grief 285
Higher yet, and 581
Him in whom they 106
His body broken in 838
His comforts bear 744
His cross dispels 651
His dying crimson 275
His example while 870
His fearful drops 880
His goodness stands 549
His grace will to 553
His hand divine 542
His honor is engag 681
His love in time 576
His love, what mort 296
His mercy visits ev 924
His name shall be 237
His oath, his coven 688
His own soft hand 1027
His person fixed 611
His power increas 237
His providence unfo 195
His purposes will 209
His righteousness is 696
His sacred name 269
His sovereign powe 78
His spirit in me 691
His spirit with a 962
His terrors keep the 109
His truth for ever 96
His very word of 208
His voice sublime 194
His voice we hear 809
His will he makes 676
His wondrous work 669
His word of promise 611
His work my hoary 426
Hither come! for 628
Hither, then, your 533
Ho! all ye hungry 436
Ho, ye needy, come 432
Hold thou thy cross 122
Holy Ghost, no more 644
Holy Ghost! with 366
Holy, holy, holy 231
Holy, holy, holy 96
Holy Jesus, every 93
Holy Spirit! all 336
Honor immortal mu 398
Hosanna in the 19
Hosanna to the 19
Hosanna to the Lam 809
Hosanna to the Wo 121
How awful is the 979
How beautiful on all 937
How blest thy saint 49
How can a soul 408

How can my soul 646
How decent, and ho 770
How doth thy word 168
How dreadful was 395
How far from this 561
How gentle was the 724
How glorious was 384
How God hath built 594
How happy all thy 186
How happy are our 749
How happy are the 543
How kind are thy 197
How large his boun 71
How long, dear Sav 1027
How long, O Lord 953
How many hearts 164
How much is mercy 851
How oft my mourn 494
How oft they look 677
How rich the grace! 444
How should our son 37
How sweet the tear 66
How sweet, thro' lo 66
How sweet to look 66
How will my heart 980
How will my lips 348
How, winds of high 194
Hunger, thirst, dise 999
Hymns of glory 851
I am lowest of 447
I am not worthy 777
I bless thee for 809
"I can but perish 424
I can do all things 529
I change—he chang 822
I charge my though 665
"I delivered thee 856
I fare with Christ 570
I fear no tribulation 1002
I felt his love 346
I find him living 323
I glory in intimacy 529
I have long withis 500
I hear thy voice 877
I heard the law 383
I heard the voice 633
I know that thou 1034
I know this cleans 281
I lay my body 116
I lay my wants 463
I lift my eyes 575
I long to be 465
I love by faith 65
I love her gates 20
I love in solitude 65
I love thy church 35
I love to meet 957
I love to think 65
I need the influence 166
I need the shelterin 461
I need thee every 484
I need thy presence 127
I need thy Spirit 461
I praise the God 651
I praise thee for 709
I rest upon the 691
I saw his face 346
I see its domes resp 104
I see thee not 601
I shall not in the 977
I sigh to think 473
I sing the goodness 205
I smile upon my 456
I take thy hand 745
I thank thee for 709
I want a godly 846
I want a sober 846
I was not ever 734
I welcome all thy 684
I would for ever 811
I would not break 721
I would not murmu 721
I would not walk 592
I would trust in 732
I yield my powers 657
I'd sing the charact 616
I'd sing the preciou 616
If burning beams of 695
If aught should tem 708

HYMN.		HYMN.		HYMN.		HYMN.	
If but my fainting...	738	In us "Abba, Father	374	Kindled his reluctant	500	Like arrows went...	370
If earthly parents...	379	In Zion God is...	772	King of awful majes	983	Like him, through...	785
If e'er I go astray...	595	Incaruate Lord...	292	King of glory...	312	Like some bright dre	401
If he is mine...	680	Increase my faith...	404	King shall fall dow	894	Like the dew thy...	374
If I ask him...	569	Increase our faith...	1083	Kingsome wide that	901	Like the sun's re...	491
If I still him...	569	Infinite joy, or endle	1055	Know that the Lord	79	Like them may we...	832
If I find hold...	569	Is not even death a...	970	Knowing as I am...	946	Listen to the wondro	284
If in my Father's...	693	Is not thy name...	603			Lion of Judah...	322
If joy shall at...	266	Is there a blissful...	996	Laboring and heavy	478	Little then myself...	482
If life be long...	537	Is there a heart...	409	Lamb of God I to...	872	Lives again our...	305
If love to God...	663	Is there diadem, as	569	Laws, freedom, truth	1060	Lo! glad I come...	354
If my immortal...	527	Is there no kind...	945	Lead me, and then...	722	Lo, God is here!	110
If, o'er my sins...	202	Israel's strength an	756	Lead us to God...	354	Lo! he rises, mighty	343
If our love were...	502	It can bring with...	555	Lead us to holiness...	354	Lo! his triumphal...	330
If pain and sickness	703	It drives the sun...	439	Leave me not, my	451	Lo! in the desert...	896
If Satan tempt our	590	"It is finished" oh...	315	Leave me not, my Sa	983	Lo! it comes, that...	1019
If so poor a worm...	875	It is that heaven...	714	Leave us not beneath	741	Lo, Jehovah, we...	317
If tears of sorrow...	471	It makes the wound	613	Less of the flesh...	488	Lo! Jesus, who in...	441
If the sorrows of...	584	It may be it shall...	1054	Less wayward let...	748	Lo! the last long...	986
If the way be...	562	It may be we shall...	1054	Let all our powers...	845	Lo, the scene of...	738
If thou, in thy great	1038	It passed not, thou	291	Let all that dwell...	325	Lo! such the child...	890
If thou shouldst ca	738	It shows the preciou	656	Let all that own...	375	Lonely I no longer...	857
If thou shouldst tak	712	It sweetly cheers...	712	Let every state let...	682	Lonely seems the va	747
If vapors, with mull	695	It tells me of a...	508	Let earth and all...	18	Long as we live...	936
If, winced with bea	202	It was my guide...	241	Let earth and heav	817	Long hadst thou...	343
If, while on earth...	1002	Its joys can now...	638	Let elders worship...	960	Long my heart has...	498
If yet while pardon...	988	I've seen thy glory...	21	Let endless honors...	345	Long thy exiles have	1014
If you are too...	785			Let everlasting than	173	Look! how we grove	357
If you cannot cross	784	Jehovah!—Father...	179	Let every act of...	833	Look up, ye saints...	1043
If you cannot in...	785	Jehovah, the Lord...	619	Let every creature...	911	Loose all your bars...	339
If you have not...	785	"Jesus!"—all earth	330	Let every kindred...	329	Lord! can a feeble...	389
"I'll go to Jesus..."	420	Jesus can make a...	941	Let every state let...	572	Lord Christ, we hum	779
I'll praise him while	90	Jesus for me hath...	721	Let evil thoughts...	131	Lord, decide the	499
I'll read the historie	169	Jesus, give the wear	141	Let faith each week...	22	Lord, draw reluctant	418
I'll sing thy truth...	233	Jesus! guardian of...	719	Let fall thy rod of...	927	Lord, ere the last dre	973
Immortal glories...	1039	Jesus! hear our...	155	Let grace our...	266	Lord, from thine in	760
In all our Maker's...	229	Jesus! how glorious	348	Let good or ill...	552	Lord, give us such...	1008
In answering what...	92	Jesus, I hang upon	323	Let goodness and...	564	Lord God of hosts!	1100
In darkest shades...	610	Jesus, I throw my...	987	Let him that heareth	441	Lord God of truth...	381
In darkest skies...	536	Jesus! in thy name...	102	Let Jew and Gentile	388	Lord! how long shal	514
In each event of...	185	Jesus, Infinite Rate	1058	Let love, in one...	829	Lord! I am guilty...	857
In every dark...	333	Jesus is gone up...	311	Let me at thy throne	446	Lord, I believe, but	645
In every new dis...	772	Jesus is worthy to...	325	Let me hear thy...	747	Lord, I believe thy...	607
In every pang that...	75	Jesus lives! hencefo	936	Let me in thy...	372	Lord! I come to...	61
In foreign realms...	1052	Jesus lives! to him...	936	Let me love thee...	568	Lord, I desire with...	497
In gentler language	88	Jesus, Lord and...	517	Let me never from...	367	Lord, I my vows...	48
In heaven, and eart	182	Jesus, Master, I am	618	Let millions bow...	910	Lord, I shall share...	43
In heaven the...	254	Jesus, may thy...	285	Let mountains from	919	Lord, I would clasp...	737
In him, who all...	539	Jesus, my God—I...	541	Let music swell the	1059	Lord! if thine arm...	584
In holy contemplati	535	Jesus, my Lord, my	164	Let never more our...	887	Lord, in thy grace...	126
In holy duties...	767	Jesus! my Shepherd	613	Let not thy conscience...	432	Lord, it is for...	856
In humble faith, be	47	Jesus only, when...	476	Let not thy justice...	461	Lord Jesus, King of	993
In Israel stood his...	347	Jesus our Comforter	589	Let our mutual love	897	Lord, keep us safe...	123
In it all is light...	1015	Jesus our God...	347	Let peace within...	24	Lord, lend thy gra...	918
In life, in death...	491	Jesus, our great Hig	405	Let pious thoughts...	131	Lord! let not all...	392
In life, thy promises	526	Jesus, our life and...	821	Let sinful sweets be	839	Lord, may I ever...	585
In midst of dangers	1052	Jesus, our Light!	840	Let sorrow's rudest...	1010	Lord, may that grac	820
In my darkness and	293	Jesus, our living...	71	Let strangers walk...	770	Lord may the troub	919
In our joys and...	867	Jesus, our only joy...	614	Let the living here...	774	Lord, my God! thine	514
In our sickness...	64	Jesus, still lead us...	562	"Let the sweet hope	649	Lord! my longings...	504
In our stead him...	778	Jesus, the Lord, ap...	335	Let the whole earth...	41	Lord, would indeed I...	416
In patient hope...	281	Jesus, the Lord, the	1011	Let the world despis	502	Lord of all life...	191
In peopled vale, in...	925	Jesus, the Lord, will	70	"Let them approach	820	Lord of glory, God...	872
In prayer, in effort...	884	Jesus—the name tha	490	Let these earthly...	130	Lord of heaven!	222
In prayer, my soul...	496	Jesus, the saviour...	299	Let this my every...	27	Lord of life, beneath	1072
In riches, in pleasur	427	Jesus, thee our...	317	Let those refuse...	31	Lord of the nations...	1051
In scenes exalted or	1061	Jesus! this feast re	885	Let thrones and pow	907	Lord, on our souls...	49
In self-forgetting lo	844	Jesus, thou Prince...	961	Let thronging multi	765	Lord, on thee our...	2
In spite of all...	575	Jesus! thy fair crea	1023	Let us be simple...	269	Lord! send a beam...	102
In the heart's depth	899	Jesus, thy name our	601	Let us devote this...	1070	Lord! send the gra...	239
In the hour of pain	698	Jesus, to whom I...	694	Let us from all...	858	Lord, should my pat	291
In the last hour...	262	Jesus, with thy pres	631	Let us obey, we...	490	Lord, abmissive...	532
In the midst of...	564	Jesus, whose dwelli	276	Let us learn the...	234	Lord, teach our hear	33
In the midst of that	1017	Join, all ye ransome	298	Let thy blood, by...	880	Lord, these bosom's...	212
In the promises I...	498	Joined in one body...	881	Let thy good Spirit...	355	Lord, thou hast here	413
In the way a thous...	530	Joined in one spirit...	668	Life and peace to...	367	Lord, thy glory...	201
In the wilderness...	100	Joy of the comforte	431	Life, death, and hell	195	Lord, 'tis not ours...	764
In the world will...	732	Joy to the earth...	236	Life, like a fountain...	84	Lord, turn to thee...	550
In thee I place...	552	Joyful are we...	306	Life's brightest joys	267	Lord, we have wand	879
In thee we trust...	605	Joyful crowds his...	956	Life's labor done...	942	Lord! we thy presen	652
In thine own ap...	2	Joyful, with all...	930	Life's poor destino...	23	Lord! we thy presen	652
In this world of...	935	Joyfully on earth ad	104	Lift up our...	324	Lord! we thy presen	652
In thy dear sorrow...	332	Judge not the Lord...	203	Lift up thy counten	111	Love and grief our...	869
In thy fair book...	195	Just such as I...	590	Lift up thy voice...	893	Love and peace thy	1016
In thy trial, and...	866	Justice and truth...	341	Lift us up from...	313	Love in loving...	631
In us, for us...	374			Light and peace at...	731	Love is the golden...	829
In vain I task...	729	Keen was the trial...	820	Light, in thy light...	111	Love to God and...	870
In vain we tune...	357	Keep no longer at...	897	Like a cloud that...	1036	Love's redeeming...	305
In wakeful hours...	29	Kept peaceful in...	263	Like a mighty...	518	Low at thy feet...	466
In want, our plentif	589	Kindle our senses...	351	Like an armed host...	890	Low before thee, Lo	481

HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.
Make me to walk . . . 171	My soul would thith . 996	Now may the King . 10	O, let the kingdoms . 910
Make my stubborn . . 478	My table thou hast . 602	Now redemption . . 283	O, let them spread . . 750
Make us eternal tru . 377	My terrors all van . . 619	Now, Saviour, now . 893	O, let thy Spirit . . . 507
Man may trouble an . 530	My thirst, fainting . 29	Now, Saviour, now . 879	O, let thy table . . . 830
Many days have . . . 62	My thoughts, before . 188	Now shall my head . 41	O light of Zion . . . 905
March on in your . . 542	My thoughts lie ope . 200	Now the full glories . 196	O long-expected . . 44
Martyrs, in a noble . 101	My tongue repeats . 1	Now the heavens on . 982	O long-expected daw . 893
May erring minds . . 760	My trust is fixed . . . 513	Now the heralds . . . 433	O Lord! amid this . . 512
May every heart con . 637	My willing soul . . . 30	Now, though he reig . 280	O Lord and Master . 271
May faith grow firm . 760		Now thy quickening . 371	O Lord! in ways . . 767
May grace, each idle . 40	Naught have I of . . 691	Now to the God . . . 950	O Lord, increase . . 821
May I remember . . . 710	Near the Cross! . . . 459	Now to the Lamb th . 994	O Lord! our guilt . . 92
May peace attend . . . 1	Nearer my Father's . 949	Now to our eyes . . . 360	O Lord, prevent . . . 957
May the blood of . . 868	Nearer the bound . . 948	Now to the God . . . 45	O, lovely attitude! . . 421
May they that Jesus . 761	Needful art thou my . 393	Now to my . . . 857	O Love! how cheeri . 790
May thy gospel's . . . 13	Needful is thy most . 393	Now truth and hono . 696	O, magnify the Lord . 671
May thy rich grace . 600	Ne'er think the vict . 547	Now, when the even . 496	O, make but trial . . 671
May we thy bountie . 780	Never bowed a . . . 234	Now we will bless . . 724	O, make thy church . 174
Mean are all offering . 795	Never, from thy pas . 806	Now we may bow . . 326	O, may I bear . . . 196
Mean the joys of . . . 504	New graces ever . . . 16	Now we, blest Savio . 818	O, may I, Lord . . . 713
Mercy and truth on . 696	Night unto night . . . 25	Now, ye mourners . . 731	O, may I, no . . . 790
"Mid keen reproach . 262	No act falls fruitless . 796	O, bid this trifling . . 46	O, may I reach . . . 83
Might I only the . . . 712	No bliss I'll seek . . 742	O, bless the Lord . . 669	O, may our sympa . . 794
Mighty to redeem . . 717	No burning heats . . 701	O, blessed hope with . 838	O, may our willing . . 400
Mighty Victor, reig . 310	No chilling winds . 989	O, blessed work . . . 140	O, may that faith . . . 334
"Mine is an unchan . 856	No condemnation . 689	O, blest assurance fr . 1083	O, may the Holy . . 1053
Mine the God whom . 857	No dimly cloud o'er . 1007	O, blest assurance fr . 1083	O, may the sweet . . 296
Mine will the profit . 363	No earthly father . . 648	O, blest is he . . . 538	O, may these heaven . 172
Mocked, imprisoned . 1016	No! facing all its . . 263	O, by the pangs . . . 635	O, may these though . 188
More glorious still . . 163	No force of earth . . 582	O, cease, my wander . 847	O, may this bounte . 217
More of myself gran . 650	No—I must main . . 62	O, change these wre . 385	O, may thy counsels . 167
More of thy presenc . 76	No; I must my . . . 488	O, Christ, he is the . 1087	O, may thy love . . . 474
Mortals, your homag . 247	No longer would . . 491	O, Christ, he is the . 1001	O, may thy quick . . 874
Mortals with joy . . 244	No more a lily . . . 758	O, Christ of God . . 281	O, may thy Spirit . . 36
Mountains shall sin . 775	No more fatigue . . . 44	O, come and reign . . 909	O, may we all . . . 199
Mourn for the lost . . 781	No more let human . 904	O, could we make . . . 997	O, may we ever . . . 666
Mourn for the ruine . 781	No more let sin . . . 236	O, enter then his . . 79	O, may we ne'er . . 327
Mourning souls, dry . 533	No more shall foes . 921	O Father! thou . . . 226	O, melt this frozen . 363
Much of my time . . . 116	No more sorrow, no . 978	O, fill my soul . . . 492	O, might I hear . . . 208
Multitudes which . . 1016	No mortal can . . . 268	O, for a lowly . . . 489	O my Saviour! Shie . 628
Must I be carried . . . 540	No room for doubt . 842	O, for grace our . . 585	O, never let my . . . 51
My cheerful hope . . 51	No rude alarms . . . 44	O, for the living . . 156	O, no! this is not . . 905
My conquer and . . 592	No strife shall vex . 1028	O, for thine own . . 511	O, no! till life its . . 834
My days unclouded . 114	No sun there climbs . 1033	O, for this love . . . 434	O, not in circling . . 299
My faith would lay . 382	No taunting foes the . 922	O, for those humble . 492	O, not my own . . 599
My Father's graciou . 995	No treasures so en . . 168	O, give to every . . 228	O, on that day, that . 981
My Father's house . 946	No; thou art precio . 632	O, give us hearts . . 264	O, precious cross! . . 543
My feet shall never . 701	No! thy dear name . 759	O, glorious day, whe . 828	O Saviour, I am . . 462
My feet shall travel . 348	None but Christ: hi . 587	O, glorious hour . . 955	O Saviour, I believe . 462
My flesh shall shun . 955	None in vain did . . 153	O God, let people . . 234	O Saviour, then, in . 743
My flesh would rest . 38	Nor alms, nor deeds . 456	O God! my inmost . 384	O, send thy light . . 12
My God, how ex . . . 84	Nor death nor hell . 681	O God, our King . . 39	O, send thy Spirit . . 680
My God, how wonde . 648	Nor doth it yet . . . 693	O gracious God! in . 494	O, shall not warmer . 864
My God, I cry . . . 387	Nor earth, nor all . . 593	O, grant that nothin . 900	O, shine on this . . 454
My God! I would . . 195	Nor fear thy Salem's . 922	O, grant us grace . . 160	O, shouldst thou . . 465
My God is reconcile . 405	Nor let the good . . 735	O, guard our shores . 1051	O Source of uncreat . 377
My God, my Father! . 703	Nor let these blessi . 376	O, guide our doubtf . 819	O Spirit of the . . 358
My God, thy name . . 721	Nor pain, nor grief . 960	O, happy bond, that . 813	O, spread thy cover . 798
My gracious Master . 490	Nor shall fail from . 213	O, happy, happy . . 654	O, sweet and blessed . 1004
My great Protector . 51	Nor shall the glowin . 674	O, happy harbor of . 1007	O, sweet and blessed . 1020
My guilt appeared . . 337	Nor shall thy spread . 158	O, happy hour, whe . 345	O, teach us, Lord . . 687
My heart dissolves . 281	Nor time, nor dis . . 327	O, happy souls . . . 11	O, tell me, Lord . . 680
My heart for gladne . 594	Nor voice can sing . 614	O, hasten, Lord . . . 6	O, tell me the . . . 615
My heart grows war . 43	Nor will our days . . 149	O Heart! that with . 885	O, tell of his might . 98
My heart shall tri . . 58	Nor would I drop . . 712	O, holy, heavenly ho . 1037	O, tell me that my . . 987
My hopes of heaven . 387	Not all that men . . 679	O, holy, holy, holy . 203	O, that all may . . . 672
My Jesus, as thou . 726	Not all the harps . . 593	O Hope of every . . 614	O, that each in the . 1057
My journey soon wi . 570	Not for ever by . . 789	O, how I hate . . . 278	O, that our thoughts . 47
My knowledge of . . 537	Not in the name . . 824	O, how long-sufferin . 132	O, that with yonder . 329
My life with him . . . 651	Not in vain . . . 287	O, I would my ears . 1017	O, the height of . . 453
My lips with shame . 468	Not life itself . . . 21	O, if my Lord . . . 941	O, the rich depths . . 270
My Lord, before to . 922	Not many rich or . . 758	O, if the souls . . . 358	O, the transporting . 508
My love is oft-times . 822	Not many years the . 1056	O, if this glimpse . . 818	O, then arise and . . 444
My merry heart is . 1003	Not so your eyes . . 423	O, in thy light . . . 238	O, then blessed Jesu . 621
My mistakes his . . . 447	Not softest strains . 632	O Jesus, bring us . . 1083	O, then, on faith's . . 1012
My native country . 1059	Not the fair palaces . 28	O Jesus, ever with . 598	O, then what raptur . 1006
My pathway is not . 722	Not the labor of . . 874	O Jesus, light of . . 637	O, then with hymns . 751
My praise can only . 877	Not walls nor hills . 571	O Jesus, our Saviour . 814	O, this stubborn . . 502
My Saviour, and my . 849	Not what I feel . . . 396	O Jesus, thou art . . 464	O thou, by whom . . 67
My Saviour's precio . 995	Nothing in my . . . 874	O, keep me in . . . 494	O thou eternal Ru . 76
My soul! ask what . . 72	Nothing more can . . 147	O, keep my soul . . 530	O thou great God! . 506
My soul at rest . . . 602	Now behold him . . 311	O, lead me to the . . 699	O thou who art . . 523
My soul be doth . . . 628	Now bless, thou God . 801	O, learn to scorn . . 538	O thou who canst . 176
My soul its every . . 528	Now for the love . . 469	O, let a holy . . . 353	O thou, whose infan . 800
My soul lies humbl . 474	Now he bids us . . . 308	O, let me think . . . 261	O, to grace how . . . 837
My soul looks back . 382	Now in the Father's . 332	O, let me wing . . . 714	O voice of mercy . . 508
My soul obeys the . 390	Now in thy holy . . . 12	O, let my hand . . . 69	O, wash my soul . . 468
My soul rejoices . . . 173	Now let me dwell . . 1041	O, let my soul . . . 113	O, watch, and fight . 547
My soul shall pray . 20	Now let our souls be . 850	O, let that glorious . 907	O water, life-bestow . 887
My soul would leave . 610	Now, Lord, before . 126	O, let the dead . . . 607	O, weak to know a . . 583

HYMN.		HYMN.		HYMN.		HYMN.	
O, welcome day! wh	1034	Our lives through...	204	Saints on earth, lift.	297	So strange, so boun	437
O, were I there! oh,	1083	Our midnight is...	191	Salvation!—let the	201	So, though our path	630
O, what a pure...	801	Our prayers assist...	908	Salvation to God...	97	So, through the oce	678
O, what trembling...	983	Our quickened souls	391	Save us, in thy...	755	So, when my latest.	946
O, when shall that...	122	Our restless spirits.	598	Saviour, breathe for	135	So when thou again	301
O, when will the...	625	Our sacrifice is one.	752	Saviour! hasten...	312	So, whenever the...	136
O, while I breathe...	882	Our sins, our guilt,	687	Saviour! I long to...	487	Soar we now where.	305
O, who like thee...	558	Our sorrows and...	287	Saviour! may our...	5	Soldier of Christ...	793
O, wondrous knowle	230	Our sons and bodie	885	Saviour, Prince, en	458	Sometimes 'mid sea	737
O, wondrous love...	515	Our souls—on thee.	465	Saviour, shine and...	492	Sons of God! your...	929
O ye angels, hoverin	433	Our sun is sinking...	119	Saviour! to me, in...	482	Soon as the evening	183
O, ye beneath...	248	Our vows, our praye	798	Say—live for ever...	235	Soon as the morn...	639
O, yet a shelter...	442	Our years are like...	176	Say, shall we yield...	250	Soon as the morn...	426
O Zion, learn to...	759	Over our spirits first	915	Say to the heathen.	904	Soon, for me, the...	129
O Zion! lift thy...	242			Scenes will vary...	531	Soon may all tribes	915
Obedient to thy...	6	Paschal Lamb, by...	282	Search for us the...	374	Soon shall my eyes	289
Obedient to thy...	863	Partakers of the...	606	Seasons and months	114	Soon shall our dou	555
O'er all the sons...	331	Perhaps he will...	448	Season of rest!...	149	Soon shall our doub	723
O'er all the strait...	165	Patriarchs erst and...	778	Send forth thy her...	923	Soon our souls to...	1058
O'er all those wide...	989	Peace be within...	20	Seraphs with elevat	1041	Soon shall we hear...	32
O'er every foe victor	894	Peace from the bosom	797	Set up thy throne...	912	Soon the days of...	412
O'er the blue depths	240	Peace is on the...	5	See celestial radianc	898	Soon thou wilt come	601
Of all good art...	154	"Peace on earth, go	234	See, dearest Lord...	437	Soon we pass this...	1015
Of all the pious...	958	Peace that glorious.	286	See, flowers of the...	330	Sorrow and fear are	694
Of his deliverance	671	Peace to our brethre	124	See, from all lands	896	Sow thy seed, be...	793
Of his our fathers	772	People and realms...	91	See, from his head...	275	Speak! and the worl	912
Of I walk beneath...	670	"Perhaps he will...	420	See heathen nations	895	Speak thou, and fro	353
Of the nights of...	670	"Permit them to...	799	See, Lord, before th	454	Speak thy pardonin	386
Of the nights of...	487	Pity and save my...	467	See—Salem's gold...	34	Spirit of grace!...	244
Old friends, old seen	662	Pity the nations...	861	See that glory, how	956	Spirit of our God...	135
On all around, let...	913	Plenteous grace wit	505	See that your lamps	1021	Spirit of purity...	373
On cherub and on...	231	Praise and honor...	870	See, the feast of...	873	Spirit of truth and...	369
On earth we want...	596	Praise be to thee...	131	See, the heaven to...	307	Sprinkle now wit	412
On me thy promised	111	Praise God, from wh	115	See! the streams of...	753	Stand then in his	579
On me thy providen	198	Praise my soul, the	212	See where it shines...	83	Stand up, and bless	156
On mightier wing...	163	Praise shall employ	86	Seek we, then, the...	791	Stand up! stand up	557
On that my gaze...	886	Praise to God, the...	104	Shall all that now...	893	Still at thy mercy...	460
On thee alone...	270	Praise ye the Lord...	42	Shall God invite...	423	Still for us he...	307
On thee we fling...	609	Pray thou, Christian	788	Shall Jew and Gent	893	Still in ceaseless con	869
On us the vast...	511	Prayer is the burden	67	Shall love like thine	882	Still let the barren...	181
On wheels of light...	242	Prayer is the Christ	67	Shall persecution or	679	Still let the spirit...	579
On wings of love...	794	Prayer is the con...	67	Shall they may our...	384	Still looking to Jesu	200
Once a sinner, near...	62	Prayer is the simp...	67	Shall we life...	267	Still on the holy...	126
Once again beside...	617	Prayer makes the da	243	Shall we, whose sou	890	Still onward urg...	559
Once did thy skies...	486	Precious blood quiet;	836	Shine thou within...	125	Still the spirit...	560
Once, O Lord, thy...	897	Precious is thy...	157	Should aught beguil	1032	Still through the...	248
Once on the raging...	241	Present we know...	824	Should coming days	1010	Still we wait for...	755
Once the world's Re	460	Prince of Life! to...	872	Should earth again	682	Stripped of each ear	694
One army of the...	826	"Prostrate 'I'll lie...	420	Should I distribute...	663	Strong in the Lord...	579
One blessed fellow...	828	Publish, spread to a	106	Should my tears for...	871	Strong were thy foe	773
One day, amid...	30	Put all thy beauteo	921	Should swift death...	130	Subdue the power...	380
One more day a wor	140	Quick as their thoug	677	Should thy people...	306	Such blessings from	736
One privilege my...	706	Quicker yet and...	581	Shortly this prison...	991	Such, Father, give...	637
One trial more must	264	Raised on devotion's	229	Shout, ye little flock	532	Such was our Lord;	263
One with thyself...	877	Rebel, ye waves, an	194	Show me what I...	61	Such was the pity...	438
Only, O Lord, in...	662	Rebuild thy walls...	931	Show us some token	108	Such was thy truth	260
Onward then! not lo	1018	Rehearse his praise...	347	Simple, teachable an	672	Sun, moon, and star	150
Onward, then, ye...	518	Reign, Prince of life	330	Sin and sorrow...	15	Sun of our life...	191
Onward we go, for...	235	Rejoice in hope and...	653	Since all that I...	576	Supported by his...	365
Open the hearts of...	378	Rejoice when care...	653	Since Christ and we	843	Sure as thy truth...	50
Open thou the crys	134	Rejoice, ye that lov	105	Since from his...	375	Sure I must fight...	340
Order my footsteps...	479	Religion bears our...	664	Since in thy love...	375	Sure, evermore...	279
Other knowledge...	171	Remember thee, an	862	Since thou hast been	29	Sure such infinite...	283
Other lords have lon	618	Remember thee—th	864	Since thou, the ever	684	Sweet—at the dawn	54
Our blessed Lord...	424	Remember thy pure	859	Since, with pure and	522	Sweet fields beyond	997
Our contrite spirits...	22	Renew my will from	738	Sing of his dying...	32	Sweet hour of praye	73
"Our daily bread..."	146	Rent the temple cur	778	Sing the Son's amaz	50	Sweet, in the con...	711
Our daily course...	40	Renounce thy works	834	Sing we then eter...	50	Sweet is the cross...	415
Our days are as...	725	Repeated crimes av	333	Sing we, too, the...	50	Sweet is the day...	43
Our days are numbe	742	Restraining prayer...	77	Sinners, believe the	438	Sweet is thy speech	341
Our eyes have seen...	938	Return, O holy Dove	493	Sinners, see your...	343	Sweet on his faith...	711
Our faith adores...	836	Return, O wanderer,	419	Sinners, whose love	329	Sweet on this day...	54
Our father's God I	1059	Revive our drooping	361	Slain to redeem...	336	Sweet the place, ex	103
Our fathers where...	958	Richer than all art	1065	So at last, when...	313	Sweet to look inwar	71
Our Fellow-sufferer...	75	Rise, Saviour! help...	492	So, blessed Spirit...	815	Swift as an eagle...	525
Our glad hosannas...	253	Rise, touched with...	421	So fades a summer...	942	Swift on the wings...	1056
Our God in pity...	424	Riven the rock for...	487	So, gracious Saviour	349	Swift through the...	254
Our grateful souls...	1062	Rivers to the ocean...	939	So it shall be...	718	Swift to its close...	127
Our hearts are break	1035	Rock of ages, I'm...	584	So Jesus looked...	794		
Our hearts be pure...	340	Round each habit	753	So Jesus slept: God	996	Take courage, then,	470
Our hearts, by day	606	Sad to his toil...	546	So let thy grace...	200	Take my soul and...	875
Our heavenly Fathe	379	Safe the dreary...	4	So long thy power...	734	Tell the things of...	371
Our heavenly Fathe	379	Saint after saint...	959	So now, and till we...	803	Teach me all thy...	631
Our hope and expect	1021	Saints below with...	107	So pure, so soul...	175	Teach me to live...	72
Our labors done...	951			So shall my walk...	493	Teach me to live...	113
Our life is a dream...	1057			So songs shall rise...	1031	Teach us, in every...	723
Our life while thou...	1052						

HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.
Teach us, in watch..... 909	The hosts of saints..... 1042	Their streaming tea..... 674	There rest shall foil..... 544
Teach us, O Lord..... 943	The humble supplia..... 68	Their toils are past..... 970	There safe thou shalt..... 847
Tell him,—it was..... 443	The joy of all..... 328	Then all these waste..... 923	There servants, mas..... 969
Tell him of that..... 443	The King himself..... 30	Their daily wants he..... 676	There shall each rap..... 32
Tell how he cometh;..... 247	The kingdom that I..... 727	Then entering the..... 758	There shall I bathe..... 682
Tell me the same..... 413	The least and feeble..... 683	Then felt my soul..... 387	There shall I offer..... 91
Tell me the story..... 413	The light of love..... 269	Then gentle patieno..... 945	There shall I wear..... 524
Tell of his wondrous..... 208	The light of smiles..... 735	Then if thou thy..... 155	There shall no doub..... 736
Ten thousand thous..... 187	The lofty hills and..... 545	Then I hope like..... 630	There the blest Man..... 1041
Thanks for merces..... 1048	The Lord builds up..... 37	Then in a nobler..... 338	There the glory is ev..... 1000
Thanks we give, and..... 136	"The Lord is risen..... 31	Then let me take..... 608	There the glorious..... 307
That awful word..... 252	The Lord, our glory..... 151	Then let my faith..... 952	There the great Mon..... 266
That blood which flo..... 848	The Lord proclaims..... 88	Then let my soul..... 524	There the Lamb, our..... 1015
That heavenly influe..... 376	The Lord sits sove..... 88	Then let the hope..... 954	There the wind is..... 1017
That light shall..... 905	The Lord will give..... 231	Then let the last..... 953	There, there, on eag..... 69
That, long as life..... 819	The Lord will raise..... 930	Then let the name..... 342	There—there unsha..... 656
That love this rest..... 745	The love of Christ..... 892	Then let the visits..... 506	There, when the tur..... 951
That peace which fo..... 697	The love the Father..... 828	Then let our songs..... 31	There will the gra..... 505
That peace which su..... 697	The Master, whom..... 775	Then let our sorrow..... 970	There's not a plant..... 269
That power we trace..... 180	The meaneest child..... 1042	Then let us adore..... 97	There's the city to..... 1000
That rich atoning..... 72	The men of grace..... 31	Then let us earnest..... 70	Therefore I murmur..... 994
That sacred stream..... 190	The mighty God..... 525	Then let us joyful..... 544	These ashes, too, thi..... 951
That tender heart..... 263	The more I strove..... 334	Then let us open..... 94	These speak of thee..... 227
That thus the wilder..... 779	The more I triumph..... 646	Then linger not in..... 442	These temples of..... 772
That truth gives..... 745	The mountains in..... 764	Then love's soft dew..... 951	These through fiery..... 960
That where thou art..... 324	The mountains melt..... 150	Then may a Saviour..... 1053	They all, in life..... 999
That will not murm..... 1008	The names of all..... 349	Then, mortal, turn!..... 938	They are justified by..... 640
That word above all..... 215	The opening heaven..... 610	Then, my soul, in..... 64	They are lights upo..... 640
The almighty Form..... 270	The order of thy..... 770	Then needful still..... 393	They come! they co..... 931
The answering hills..... 240	The pains of death..... 962	Then, O my Lord..... 948	They go from streng..... 11
The apostles' glorio..... 203	The pains, the groan..... 941	Then place them in..... 132	They have come fro..... 1016
The apostle's join..... 85	The patient soul, th..... 665	Then shall I end..... 537	They saw him on..... 321
The battle soon..... 548	The peaceful gates..... 326	Then shall I love..... 166	They scorn to seek..... 677
The beam that shin..... 1028	The pity of the..... 725	Then shall I see..... 43	They stand, those..... 1022
The beams of noon..... 202	The prisoner here..... 160	Then shall my latest..... 486	They watch for soul..... 761
The best obedience..... 469	The purchase of thy..... 844	Then shall my soul..... 164	Thine all surround..... 200
The best relief that..... 169	The rising God forsa..... 295	Then shall new lust..... 118	Thine armor is..... 648
The birds, without..... 574	The rising tempest..... 442	Then shall our heart..... 37	Thine image, Lord..... 72
The bounties of thy..... 535	The rolling sun..... 138	Then shall the mour..... 882	Thine inward teach..... 352
The bow of mercy..... 1033	The Sabbath to our..... 94	Then shall wars and..... 903	Thine the Name to..... 306
The bride eyes not..... 1037	The saints on earth..... 827	Then shone almight..... 252	"Thine, then, for ev..... 146
The calm retreat..... 52	The saints shall flow..... 920	Then, should the ear..... 189	Thine was the cross..... 1029
The captive to relea..... 780	The saints, who her..... 1021	Then, then shall I..... 620	Thine would I live..... 812
The church from he..... 174	The Saviour bids th..... 667	Then, thou Church..... 1046	Think of thy sorrow..... 471
The clouds may go..... 822	The Saviour smiles!..... 477	Then though thou..... 713	Think what Spirit..... 521
The clouds which..... 108	The shadow of..... 29	Then to draw near..... 741	This be my joy..... 841
The Comforter has c..... 995	The shining firmam..... 762	Then, to thy courts..... 46	This glorious hope..... 823
The consecrated cro..... 543	The son of God..... 416	Then, when among..... 884	This heavenly calm..... 703
The covenant of the..... 1069	The soul by faith..... 694	Then, when on earth..... 738	This holy bread and..... 845
The cross is all thy..... 1020	"The soul that on..... 563	Then, when our vor..... 706	This hope supports..... 151
The crowd of cares..... 654	The sovereign will..... 391	Then, when the glo..... 782	This is the field..... 167
The cup of blessing..... 863	The Spirit, like some..... 391	Then will he own..... 541	This is the hidden..... 702
The dawn on distant..... 570	The Spirit wrought..... 407	Then will I say..... 695	This is the judge..... 167
The day glides swee..... 677	The storm is laid..... 1052	Then will I teach..... 474	This is the way..... 334
The day is gone..... 142	The sun set in..... 291	Then will I tell..... 334	This lamp, through..... 165
The dead in Christ..... 976	The sun that lights..... 564	Then, with my wak..... 485	This life's a dream..... 955
The dearest idol..... 493	The sure provisions..... 636	Then with our spirit..... 360	This only can my..... 703
The deepest reveren..... 210	The threatenings of..... 386	Thenoe he arose, as..... 953	This pilgrim-path..... 572
The dew of heaven..... 201	The time, how level..... 149	There all around sh..... 1031	This precious truth..... 199
The dying thief..... 398	The trials that beset..... 1005	There all the follow..... 1039	This spotless robe..... 607
The earth shall soon..... 400	The trivial round, th..... 662	There, low before..... 1039	This spring with liv..... 399
The evening cloud..... 954	The unbelieving wo..... 337	There faith lifts up..... 1013	This was compassio..... 280
The ever-blessed..... 276	The vaulted heavens..... 545	There for me the..... 500	Those joys which ca..... 835
The eye that rolled..... 259	The voice at mid..... 962	There fragrant flow..... 1013	Those mighty orbs..... 196
The faith by which..... 1005	The watchmen join..... 749	There happier bowe..... 1009	Thou alone, my..... 504
The Father is in..... 226	The want of sight..... 661	There, if thy spirit..... 52	Thou art the..... 36
The Father owned..... 817	The way the holy..... 334	There, in whisp..... 57	Thou art gone up..... 319
The fearful soul tha..... 108	The wretched man..... 592	There is a dark..... 715	Thou art gone up..... 324
The feeling heart..... 108	The whole creation..... 929	There is a day..... 735	Thou art gone, who..... 301
The fires that rushe..... 370	The whole creation..... 979	There is a death..... 381	Thou art my ever..... 348
The flowery spring..... 184	The wicked there f..... 969	There is a grief..... 715	Thou art my refuge..... 475
The gladness of..... 833	The wilderness affe..... 658	There is a home for..... 1013	Thou art our holy..... 803
The glorious sky..... 201	The wings of every..... 89	There is a home of..... 1011	Thou art the earnes..... 359
The God of Abraha..... 95	The works and won..... 159	There is a land of..... 1043	Thou art the Life..... 265
"The God of glory,"..... 1027	The works of God..... 201	There is a place..... 69	Thou art the sea..... 593
The God we worship..... 770	The world can never..... 381	There is a scene..... 69	Thou art the Truth..... 265
The grace of Christ..... 121	The world recedes..... 967	There is a stream..... 919	Thou art the Way..... 265
The graves of all..... 953	The world shut out..... 702	There is no death in..... 1040	Thou, blessed Son of..... 601
The hand, that gave..... 271	The world's Desire..... 914	There is no want in..... 1040	Thou callest me..... 27
The healing of..... 920	The wounded consci..... 656	There is the throne..... 1022	Thou canst fit me..... 503
The heathen lands..... 920	The yearis with..... 49	There is welcome..... 214	Thou canst not toll..... 782
The heaven where I..... 646	The year rolls round..... 1055	There Jesus shall..... 1023	Thou comest in the..... 243
"The heavenly babe..... 238	Thee may our tongu..... 637	There, joys, unseen..... 1012	Thou didst create..... 332
The highest hopes..... 998	Thee will I love..... 591	There, like streams..... 754	Thou givest me the..... 699
The highest place..... 328	Thee, with the tribe..... 580	There let the way..... 485	Thou hast helped..... 62
The hill of Zion..... 31	Their bodies in the..... 947	There, mighty God..... 26	Thou hast no store..... 1064
The holy church..... 85	Their harmony shall..... 150	There no sign of..... 1045	Thou hast promised..... 804
The holy church..... 203	Their joy shall bear..... 151	There, no more at..... 1045	Thou hast raised..... 313
The hopes that holy..... 161	Their ransomed..... 947	There, once I..... 293	Thou hast redeemed..... 990
The hosts of God..... 671	Their sighs are lost..... 1030	There, purity with..... 1011	

HYMN.		HYMN.		HYMN.		HYMN.	
Thou heard'st well.....	1060	Thus when the night.....	116	To comfort and to bl.....	780	Walk in the light!.....	665
Thou holy God!.....	210	Thus while his death.....	279	To-day, a pardoning.....	410	Was it for crimes.....	277
Thou knowest, Lord.....	475	Thus will the church.....	825	To-day attend his.....	93	Water can cleanse.....	808
Thou knowest that I.....	603	Thus would I live.....	702	To-day be rose.....	19	Water with heaven.....	378
Thou lovely Chief.....	987	Thy body, broken.....	862	To-day on weary.....	16	We are his people.....	78
Thou now ascended.....	75	Thy bountiful care.....	98	To dwell with God.....	1032	We are sinful.....	374
Thou, O Christ! art.....	505	Thy chosen temple.....	24	To each the soul.....	674	We are watching.....	787
Thou, our only Life.....	449	Thy church is in the.....	925	To ever fragrant.....	578	We ask not, Father.....	687
Thou, our Saviour.....	717	Thy counsels, Lord.....	741	To faint, to grieve.....	261	We bless thy Son.....	219
Thou, Saviour, art.....	608	Thy cross is lone.....	832	To Father, Son, and.....	730	We bring them, Lor.....	799
"Thou shalt see my.....	608	Thy foes might hate.....	264	To gentle offices of.....	897	We can see that dist.....	1035
Thou spread'st at the.....	657	Thy footsteps we fol.....	164	To God I cried.....	233	We come to show.....	887
Thou the Spring of.....	446	Thy glory o'er crea.....	814	To God, the Father.....	485	We expect a bright.....	519
Thou, thou alone.....	917	Thy goodness, like.....	219	To God, the only.....	124	We follow thee, our.....	551
Thou! who didst co.....	369	Thy grace, O God.....	394	To God the Son.....	230	We have no refuge.....	131
Thou, who dost fill.....	362	Thy grace still dwell.....	612	To God the Spirit.....	230	We have not reach.....	119
Thou, who hast give.....	426	Thy hand sets fast.....	49	To the heavens his.....	982	We hear thy voice.....	227
Thou, who houseles.....	201	Thy hands, dear Jes.....	437	To him, enthroned.....	268	We join to sing.....	17
Thou, who sinless.....	129	Thy Holy Spirit.....	375	To him, I owe.....	268	We laid them down.....	959
Thou, who wast so.....	718	"Thy kingdom come.....	146	To Jesus, our atonin.....	337	We lay our garment.....	123
Thou, who with "at.....	362	Thy love, oh, how.....	621	To Jordan's stream.....	807	We'll crowd thy gat.....	78
Thou, whose all-per.....	129	Thy love will there.....	1034	To-morrow's sun.....	432	We'll gird our loins.....	1010
Thou, whose inspiri.....	362	Thy mercy-seat is.....	605	To mine illumined.....	324	We long to hear.....	959
Thou wilt! thou dost.....	572	Thy name my in.....	466	To serve the present.....	397	We love thy name.....	810
Thou wondrous Adv.....	859	Thy nature gracious.....	489	To songs of praise.....	54	We mark her goodly.....	787
Though cast down.....	733	Thy noblest wonder.....	158	To spread the rays.....	262	We meet at thy.....	59
Though clouds may.....	565	Thy precepts make.....	170	To the desert or.....	516	We meet, through.....	908
Though coming wea.....	411	Thy presence makes.....	850	To the great One.....	223	We meet, we sing.....	917
Though dark and dir.....	1030	Thy power and glory.....	350	To thee all angels.....	203	We, O Lord! with.....	301
Though dark be they.....	576	Thy powerful aid su.....	945	To thee, and thee.....	593	We ourselves are G.....	1046
Though dead, they.....	535	Thy promise is my.....	515	To thee I tell.....	605	We seek thy hand.....	132
Though destruction.....	139	Thy saints, in all.....	640	To thee ten thous.....	326	We seek the conse.....	817
Though earth and.....	232	Thy servant, me.....	491	To thee, the Lamb.....	330	We share our mutu.....	823
Though faith and ho.....	728	Thy Spirit shall.....	843	To thee we still.....	843	We sink beneath.....	810
Though high above.....	156	Thy Spirit's power.....	7	To them the cross.....	328	We soon shall see.....	551
Though I lavish all.....	641	Thy Spirit then will.....	918	To them the privile.....	676	We still like them.....	94
Though in a bur.....	5	Thy sweet yoke I'd.....	478	"To thy pardoning.....	303	We taste thee, O.....	598
Though in a foreign.....	583	Thy teachings make.....	364	To us remains nor.....	350	We told him all.....	724
Though like a wand.....	485	Thy throne eternal.....	204	To us the light.....	654	We trust not in our.....	819
Though long the we.....	609	Thy throne, O God.....	331	To watch and pray.....	766	We walk by faith.....	991
Though Lord of all.....	276	Thy throne, O God!.....	341	To win them from.....	762	We would no longer.....	693
Though numerous.....	404	Thy truth unchange.....	598	"To you in David's.....	238	Weak is the effort.....	613
Though oft I seem.....	728	Thy walls are made.....	1007	Toil, trial, sufferings.....	283	Weak, unworthy.....	883
Though raised to a.....	349	Thy way is in.....	580	Too faint our anth.....	126	Weakened by the.....	483
Though Sinai's cur.....	635	Thy word is ever.....	170	Too soon we rise.....	875	Weary sinner, keep.....	552
Though snare and.....	558	Thy word is richer.....	175	Tossed on time's rud.....	577	Were half the breath.....	77
Though the night be.....	539	Thy work is done.....	336	Trials make the pro.....	720	Were I in heaven.....	741
Though to day we're.....	733	Thy works with sov.....	89	Trials must and will.....	720	Were I inspired to.....	663
Though unseen now.....	865	Till, crowned with.....	814	True, 'tis a strait.....	625	Were the whole real.....	275
Though unworthy is.....	983	Till, having all.....	579	Truly blessed is.....	869	Well might the heav.....	409
Though vine nor fig.....	555	Till, of the prize.....	551	Trust thee as the.....	643	Well might the son.....	277
Though we are guilt.....	117	Till then I would.....	613	Trust thy blood to.....	643	Well—the delightful.....	616
Though with a scorn.....	771	Till then—nor is.....	597	Trust only in.....	416	Well when they see.....	692
Though we pass thr.....	519	Time, like an ever.....	964	'Twas for my sins.....	278	What can I say.....	467
Thrice happy man!.....	635	'Tis a broad land.....	169	'Twas he who clean.....	337	What change! thro.....	1060
Thrice holy God.....	377	'Tis but in part.....	386	'Twas his own.....	335	What glories were.....	924
Through all eternity.....	187	'Tis by thy death.....	386	'Twas sovereign me.....	178	What I hope to.....	630
Through all his wor.....	109	'Tis by thy death.....	386	'Twas the same love.....	861	What if the spring.....	741
Through all the win.....	506	'Tis conflict here be.....	541	'Twas thro' the Lam.....	535	What is my being.....	668
Through changes br.....	124	'Tis done, the great.....	812	Unnumbered comfo.....	187	What language shall.....	290
Through duties and.....	816	'Tis everlasting pea.....	828	Unnumbered myria.....	232	What peaceful hour.....	493
Through each perpl.....	798	'Tis finished all.....	276	Until the trump.....	163	What rush of halle.....	1006
Through every peri.....	187	'Tis gloom and dark.....	544	Unto him all power.....	896	What thanks I owe.....	52
Through floods and.....	816	'Tis God's all-anima.....	539	Unto us a child.....	249	What things shall.....	523
Through him, the.....	276	'Tis he forgives thy.....	689	Unshaken as eternal.....	578	What thou, my Lord.....	290
Through many dang.....	400	'Tis he, my soul!.....	41	Unworthy, as I am.....	757	What thou shalt to.....	642
Through nature's w.....	228	'Tis he that works.....	365	Up, then, with speed.....	963	What thou shalt lo.....	738
Through paths of l.....	259	'Tis he that works.....	673	Up to her courts.....	20	What though in lone.....	183
Through the long ri.....	141	'Tis he who saveth.....	651	Up to the hills.....	36	What though my joy.....	575
Through the water.....	573	'Tis here where'er.....	164	Upon the crystal.....	543	What, though parte.....	307
Through the valley.....	564	'Tis Jesus calls me.....	411	Vain, sinful man.....	53	What though the sp.....	890
Through this chang.....	568	'Tis like the sun.....	170	Vain the stone, the.....	305	What though the te.....	824
Through this vain.....	435	'Tis mercy—mercy.....	511	Vain were all our.....	791	What though the wo.....	723
Through waves, and.....	554	'Tis not that murmu.....	714	Vainly we offer.....	250	What thrilling joy.....	1038
Thus do his willin.....	1062	'Tis only in thee.....	289	Victor o'er death.....	322	What'er thy provid.....	703
Thus far thine arm.....	818	'Tis pleasant to bel.....	991	Vine of heaven! thy.....	852	What'er thy sacred.....	703
Thus God descended.....	815	'Tis sin, alas! with.....	610	Visit, then, this sou.....	14	When all I am.....	702
Thus may I rejoice.....	631	'Tis the Christian's.....	1036	Waft, waft, ye winds.....	89	When at last I near.....	1063
Thus may we abide.....	138	'Tis the Saviour.....	310	Wait, then, my soul.....	482	When at Marah.....	573
Thus might I hide.....	277	'Tis then the soul.....	1011	Waiting will not.....	130	When black the thre.....	715
Thus—oh, thou an.....	629	'Tis thine the passio.....	385	Waken, O Lord, our.....	1055	When by the dread.....	1052
Thus shall the wond.....	92	'Tis thine to cleanse.....	361			When darkness see.....	688
Thus shall they gua.....	952	'Tis thine to soothe.....	360				
Thus shall we best.....	664	'Tis thy grace alone.....	306				
Thus spake the sera.....	238	'Tis to my Saviour.....	668				
Thus till my last.....	421	'Tis to my Saviour.....	692				
Thus, till my last.....	421	'Tis well when Jesus.....	692				
Thus, through the.....	931	To a pleasant land.....	100				
Thus we remember.....	850	To breathe, and wak.....	963				
Thus, when life's toil.....	65	To chase the shades.....	385				

HYMN.		HYMN.		HYMN.		HYMN.	
When death shall in	1061	When the trumpet . . .	983	While thy glorious . . .	3	Without thee but . . .	621
When death these . . .	604	When the victory . . .	378	While thy word is . . .	3	Work on, despair no . . .	796
When doubts disturb	193	When the weary . . .	874	While to thee our . . .	3*	Working will not . . .	439
When drooping plea	609	When the wilderness	573	While we seek sup . . .	13	Worship, honor, po . . .	302
When each can feel . .	829	When the woes of . . .	300	While we thus, with	883	Worthy is he that . . .	338
When each day's se	9	When thou didst . . .	332	While with a meltin	278	"Worthy the Lamb	23
When ends life's . . .	600	When thou, O Lord!	988	While with broken . . .	294	"Worthy the Lamb	225
When fear her chilli	746	"When through fier	563	While yet in anguish	864	Would not my heart	603
When first before hi	705	"When through the	563	Whither, ah! whithe	466	Ye aged, hither . . .	60
When, free from ev	829	When thy voice in	983	Who best can drink	799	Ye are traveling . . .	532
When free grace av	619	When to the cross . .	862	Who by the closest . .	180	Ye are traveling . . .	60
When from my dyin	410	When trials sore . . .	455	Who is this that . . .	313	Ye chosen seed of . . .	329
When from the dust	607	When troubles, like a	404	Who made this brea	480	Ye fearful saints . . .	109
When gladness wing	185	When troubles rise . .	91	Who shall adjudge . .	679	Ye mortals, mark its	118
When God inclines . .	68	When unto thee I . . .	601	Who suffer with our	558	Ye nations, bend . . .	194
When God makes up	924	When we asunder . . .	823	Who, who would liv	933	Ye, no more your . . .	754
When he came the . .	628	When we disclose . . .	22	Whose breast expan	797	Ye pilgrims! on stan	32
When first the work	929	When we in dark . . .	553	Whose space is all . .	660	Ye saints! who stan	625
When he lived on . . .	585	When we pass o'er . .	304	Why restless, why . .	473	Ye saw of old . . .	477
When I faint with . .	4	When we seek relief	562	Why should my pass	509	Ye sinners! seek his	980
When I stand on . . .	573	When we tell the . . .	805	Why should this	549	Ye souls that are . . .	402
When I touch the . .	629	Whence we came, an	1058	Why should we tre	953	Ye wheels of nature	1056
When I tread the . .	134	Where all things sh	122	Why shrinks my so	952	Ye who see the . . .	553
When I walk throu . .	636	Where'er to call . . .	355	Why that blood his	310	Ye who, tossed on . .	426
When in distress to . .	216	Where is the blessed	493	"Why was I made	861	Ye young, before . .	60
When, in ecstasy . . .	855	When prophet's wor	798	Wide as the world . .	78	Yea, Amen! let all . .	986
When in flowery pat	670	Where should our fe	358	Wide it unavails ce . .	656	Yea, though I walk	602
When, in the slipper	187	Where the cross, Go	790	Wilt thou not cease . .	416	Yea—when this fle	400
When in the solemn	455	Where the Paschal . .	851	Wisdom and zeal, a	766	Yes,—and I must . .	469
When in the sultry . .	574	Where the saints of . .	933	With a childlike . . .	631	Yes, God is love;—	746
When life sinks aso	574	Where we, preserve	122	With boldness, ther	75	Yes! I believe; and	645
When my dim reaso	193	Where we, with all . .	1025	With bounding step	259	Yes, keep me calm .	647
When mystery clou	746	Where'er I look, my	632	With grateful heart	1061	Yes, my Redeemer .	278
When nature sinks . .	168	Where'er I turn my	198	With high and heav	850	Yes!—thou art prec	612
When no eye its . . .	285	Wherever he may . .	556	With him sweet con	658	Yes,—thou shalt re	928
When on Calvary . . .	855	Which of all our . .	585	With his rich gifts . .	26	Yes, whosoever will	441
When on my aching	455	While all our hearts,	861	With humble faith . .	550	Yet doth the star of	1067
When once it enters	170	While angels about .	347	With Jasper glow th	1004	Yet doth the world .	238
When once thou visi	637	While, from Californ	899	With joy shall we . .	402	Yet, Father, thou ar	722
When our earthly . .	64	While he affords . . .	585	With joy the chorus	254	Yet, gracious God . .	605
When our eyes grow	716	While he is absent . .	839	With joy thy people	770	Yet I may love . . .	648
When round our hea	523	While I am a	61	With joy we bring . .	802	Yet I mourn my . . .	499
When shall I reach . .	989	While I draw this . .	871	With joy we in his . .	818	Yet, Lord, for us . .	888
When shall the sove	550	While I draw this . .	874	With joy we tell . . .	846	Yet, Lord, to thy . .	125
When should not th	653	While in thy house . .	33	With longing eyes . .	197	Yet not thus buried	951
When, striveling lik	981	While life's dark . . .	600	With my burden . . .	61	Yet ours the gratefu	802
When soft the dew	112	While looking to Jes	620	With pitying eyes . .	434	Yet save a tremblin	416
When sorrowing o'e	708	While many crowd . .	917	With prayer and . . .	548	Yet sinners saved . .	232
When storms of fier	686	While our days on . .	57	With sacred awe . . .	210	Yet there is One . . .	342
When that happy er	626	While our silent ste	731	With that "blessed	1014	Yet this my soul . .	192
When that illustriou	540	While place we seek	659	With thee conversin	27	Yet though I have . .	604
When the heart is . .	716	While resounds the . .	249	With thee, in thee . .	120	Yet whilst around . .	831
When the morning . .	627	While sinners in des	984	With thee when da . .	120	Yet why, dear Lord .	181
When the morning . .	141	While the souls of . .	784	With thee when day	120	Yet would I lift . . .	190
When the most help	794	While they around . .	298	With us in the . . .	588	"Yonder sits my sli	974
When the pangs of . .	272	While this thorny . .	130	With us their names	947	Yonder throne for . .	309
When the secret . . .	718	While this we do . . .	850	With us when the . .	588	Zion, all its light . . .	982
When the star-beam	627	While through this . .	842	With us when we . .	188	Zion enjoys her Mon	919
When the storms of .	293	While through this . .	364	Within thy circling .	699	Zion—thrice happy .	1
When the sun of . . .	300	While thus we mou	860	Within thy presence	699		

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

THE FIGURES REFER TO THE HYMNS.

Abba, Father	693, 685, 520, 644	To Judgment	974-988, 319, 337	Ashamed of Jesus	541, 597, 284
Abide with me	127, 119, 120, 112,	To Kingdom	See <i>Millennium</i> .	Asleep in Jesus	944, 947, 977, 951
	1083, 621, 702	Advocate	See <i>Christ</i> .	Assurance	
Absence from God . . .	222, 466, 946, 493	Afflictions	704-748, 622, 431, 609	Expressed	528, 822, 689, 594, 688
Accepted Time	418, 406, 424, 427	Aged	See <i>Old Age</i> .	Prayed for	362, 359, 367, 499
Access to God	398-415. See <i>Prayer</i> .	Almost Christian . . .	392, 430, 420, 469	Urged	553, 525, 576, 533, 558
Activity	779-797, 963, 517-576	Alms	797, 780, 792	Atonement	
Adoption	676, 635, 691, 693, 703, 648	Angels	788, 522, 235, 248, 139, 141	Necessary	381-397, 871, 587
Advent of Christ:		Ark of God	847, 508	Completed	395, 398-415, 696
At Birth	234-256, 63	Ascension	See <i>Christ</i> .	Autumn	1050, 1046, 184, 222



- Backsliding..... 478, 481-516
 Baptism..... 807-822
 Benevolence..... See *Amis*
 Bible..... 158-175
 Brotherly love..... 823-829, 574, 603, 641
 Burial..... See *Death and Heaven*
 A Child..... 955, 951, 945, 733
 A Pastor..... 962, 934, 947, 972
- Caltness..... 649, 647, 605, 642
 Calvary..... 855, 276, 285, 889, 887
 Cares..... 549, 537, 594, 654, 555, 601, 574
 Charity..... 663, 794, 641
 Cheerfulness..... 306, 594, 575, 630,
 654, 1003
- Children..... 170, 738-806
 Childlike spirit..... 642, 631, 480, 665
- Christ:
 Advent at Birth..... 63, 234-256
 Advocate..... 303, 323, 333, 327,
 859, 405, 326, 689
 Ascension..... 301, 307, 313, 319
 Captain of Salvation..... 524, 518,
 537, 560
 Character of..... 257-272, 341, 350
 Corner-stone..... 751, 771, 753
 Crucifixion..... 274-299
 Desire of Nations..... 909, 787,
 756, 914, 1020, 1026
 Divinity..... 252, 342, 316, 218, 251, 244
 Example..... 257-272, 590, 672
 Friend..... 613, 594, 585, 628, 859
 Hiding-place..... 686, 683, 289, 871
 Humanity..... 75, 246, 243, 590,
 716, 257-272
 Immanuel..... 251, 628, 244, 606, 245
 King..... 328, 301, 311, 320, 330, 341
 Lamb..... 281, 289, 396, 382, 325, 338
 Life, incidents of..... 864, 257-272
 Lord, our Righteousness..... 688,
 607, 382, 407, 411, 390
 Love..... 270, 280, 290, 437, 344, 421
 Mediator..... 283, 386, 327, 382, 405
 Priest..... 327, 349, 333, 303, 75, 337
 Prince of Glory..... 275, 313, 339
 Prince of Peace..... 338, 246, 253
 Prophet..... 257, 633, 282, 613
 Refuge..... 605, 466, 686, 215, 505, 522
 Resurrection of..... 301-349
 Rock of Ages..... 871, 874, 753, 176
 Saviour..... 253, 236, 270, 303, 317, 390
 Shepherd..... 4, 8, 556, 584, 585,
 602, 634, 799
- Sufferings of..... 273-299
- Sun of Righteousness..... 111,
 158, 627, 913
- Way, Truth, and Life..... 265,
 334, 502
- Wisdom..... 174, 413, 696, 390, 386
 Word..... 218, 244, 252
- Christians:
 Afflictions..... 704-748
 Conflicts..... 481-516
 Disciplines..... 704-748
 Duties..... 773-797
 Encouragements..... 516-584
 Fellowship..... 786, 823-829
 Graces..... 604-674
 Love for Christ..... 585-639
 Privileges..... 675-703
- Church:
 Afflicted..... 750, 897, 916, 925
 Beloved of God..... 759, 35, 924
 Institutions of..... 749-778
 Missions of..... 890-932
 Ordinances of..... 807-889
 Revival of..... 897, 917, 918, 925
 Triumph of..... 757, 773, 921
 Unity of..... 893, 771, 825, 826
 Uniting with..... See *Baptism*
 Work of..... 779-797
- Close of Worship..... 112-157
 Comforter..... See *Holy Spirit*
 Communion with God. See *Prayer*
 Communion of Saints. See *Union*
 Completeness in Christ..... 675,
 559, 528
- Confession..... See *Repentance*
 Confidence..... 405, 525, 840, 556,
 688, 576
- Conflict with Sin..... 481-516
 Conformity to Christ..... 257-271,
 489, 570, 672, 664
 Conscience..... 387, 423, 382, 162, 270
 Consecration:
 Of Possessions..... 780, 875, 792, 488
 Of Self..... 275, 888, 868, 875, 186,
 498, 449-480
 Consistency..... 664, 497, 482, 512,
 559, 655, 541
 Consolations..... See *Afflictions*
 Constancy..... 519, 536, 541, 556, 565, 568
 Contentment..... 594, 659, 378, 742, 642
 Conversion..... See *Regeneration*
 Conviction..... See *Law*
 Corner-stone..... 751, 771, 753
 Courage..... 789, 517-584
 Covenant..... 527, 601, 684, 563, 681, 688
 Creation..... 78, 93, 99, 183, 198
 Cross:
 Bearing..... 543, 540, 529, 263, 266,
 520, 284
 Glorying in..... 300, 284, 533, 275,
 415, 550, 281
 Salvation by..... 415, 382, 275, 283,
 270, 277, 286, 386
 Crucifixion of Christ..... 274-299
- Death..... 933-973
 Decrees..... 178, 182, 189, 193, 195, 208
 Dedication:
 Of a Church..... See *Sanctuary*
 Of one's self..... See *Consecration*
 Delay..... 428, 418, 422, 424
 Dependence:
 On Providence..... 177, 185, 187,
 192, 209, 563, 213, 217
 On Grace..... 382, 219, 408, 630,
 461, 484, 365, 396
 Depravity..... 381-396, 462
 Despondency. See *Encouragements*
 Diligence..... See *Prayer*
 Diligence..... See *Activity*
 Doubt..... See *Encouragements*
 Dogmologies..... 80-82, pp. 412, 413
- Earnestness..... See *Activity*
 Earnest of the Spirit..... 350, 372,
 365, 359
- Election..... See *Decrees*
 Encouragements..... 516-584
 Energy..... See *Activity*
 Eternity..... 940, 743, 958, 985, 946
 Eternity..... 113, 123, 139, 141, 1072
- Example:
 Of Christ..... 257-272, 672, 627, 590
 Of Christians..... 640, 664, 264, 646
- Faint-heartedness..... 524, 530, 554, 565
 Faith..... See *Confidence and Trust*
 Gift of God..... 365, 645, 684, 630,
 630, 643, 821, 373, 356
- Instrument in Justification.....
 639, 430, 382, 651, 691, 688, 388, 871
 Power of..... 656, 661, 658, 682, 600,
 534, 688, 629, 527, 563
 Prayer for..... 645, 660, 605, 567,
 562, 356, 1008, 820
- Faithfulness of God..... See *God*
 Fall of Man..... See *Lost State*
 Family..... 738, 802, 804, 14, 65, 71,
 114, 120, 123, 139
- Father, God our..... See *God*
 Fearfulness..... 524, 530, 554, 565
 Fellowship..... 805, 823-829, 604, 674
 Fidelity..... 796, 541, 664, 482, 559,
 512, 497, 655
- Forbearance:
 Divine..... 181, 186, 197, 212, 500,
 422, 428, 464, 214
 Christian..... 258, 264, 800, 647, 796
- Forgiveness:
 Of Sin..... See *Attonement and Repentance*
 Of Injuries..... 264, 266, 647
- Formality..... 357, 22, 33, 269, 641, 663
 Friend, Christ our..... 613, 594, 585,
 628, 859
- Friends in Heaven..... See *Heaven*
 Funeral..... See *Burial and Death*
- Future Punishment..... 976, 987,
 984, 981, 743, 974, 983, 985
 Gentleness..... 202, 264, 643, 646, 686, 672
 Getchmans..... 276, 279
 Glory of God..... See *God*
 Glorying in the Cross..... See *Cross*
 God:
 Attributes..... 176-233
 Being..... 183, 198, 201, 207, 176
 Benevolence..... 217, 134, 162, 196
 Compassion..... 212, 213, 41, 689, 586
 Condescension..... 280, 270, 269, 75
 Creator..... 78, 93, 99, 183, 198, 175
 Eternity..... 943, 964, 176, 204, 218
 Faithfulness..... 90, 189, 208, 215
 Father..... 187, 531, 563, 519, 523, 525
 Father..... 703, 685, 691, 693, 104,
 203, 326, 207
 Forbearance..... 181, 186, 197, 212,
 500, 422, 428, 464, 214, 648
 Glory..... 14, 98, 39, 34, 191, 196
 Goodness..... 84, 100, 217, 228
 Grace..... 41, 83, 92, 186, 196, 212,
 214, 233, 690
 Holiness..... 96, 203, 210, 211, 221
 Infinity..... 87, 89, 88, 180, 190, 193,
 204, 206
 Jehovah..... 78, 95, 109, 180, 207
 Justice..... 84, 92, 109, 182, 386, 395
 Love..... 178, 197, 199, 212, 225, 232
 Majesty..... 78, 85, 96, 101, 195, 231
 Mercy..... 214, 224, 232, 70, 1069
 Mystery..... 182, 190, 193, 206, 209
 Omnipotence..... 88, 98, 194, 207,
 208, 205, 215
 Omnipresence..... 377, 64, 191,
 200, 205, 227, 609
 Omniscience..... 177, 188, 200, 302,
 397, 405
 Patience..... 181, 197, 212, 229,
 229, 464
 Pity..... 71, 75, 224, 669, 566
 Providence..... 84, 190, 192, 195,
 206, 209, 555, 643
 Sovereignty..... 178, 182, 189, 193,
 195, 209
 Supremacy..... 82, 85, 78, 93, 96,
 101, 203, 231, 1064
 Trinity..... 96, 179, 220, 223,
 226, 230
 Truth..... 90, 150, 161, 189, 208,
 523, 563, 574, 670
 Unchangeableness..... 86, 90, 522,
 531, 545, 556, 176, 204, 719
 Unsearchableness..... 89, 180, 182,
 190, 193, 195, 206, 209
 Wisdom..... 87, 193, 205, 225,
 180, 204, 556, 710
- Gospel..... See *Attonement*
 Grace..... 400, 4326, 89, 690, 619,
 633, 288
- Graces, Christian..... 729, 354,
 640-674
- Gratitude..... 41, 657, 185-187, 669,
 671, 648, 622, 709, 212, 217
- Grave..... 952, 966, 969, 971
- Grieving the Spirit..... See *Holy Spirit*
- Growth in Grace..... 486, 790, 575,
 690, 581, 650, 646, 654, 630, 553, 260
- Guidance, Divine..... 134, 573, 73,
 737, 135, 562, 487, 698, 556
- Happiness..... 575, 594, 639, 654, 1003
 Harvest..... 1046, 1050, 184, 224
- Hearing the Word..... 160, 145, 174,
 136, 117, 124, 126, 142, 151
- Heart:
 Change of..... 385, 388, 357, 350,
 353, 489, 495, 502
 Deceitfulness of..... 387, 391, 410,
 447, 458, 483, 489, 502
 Searching of..... 495, 366, 357, 430,
 499, 502, 507, 650
- Surrender of..... 390, 480, 837, 868,
 405, 411, 450, 458, 469, 474
- Heaven:
 Christ there..... 1020, 1039, 989,
 1002, 1017, 1037, 1041

Friends there. 826, 1033, 1006,
1010, 1043, 953, 970
Home there. 995, 1034, 1043,
992, 994, 1015, 1031, 946
Rest there. 995, 993, 1023, 1015,
944, 969, 939
Hell. See *Future Punishment*.
Heirship with Christ. 676, 680,
687, 532, 640, 693
Hiding-place. See *Christ*.
Holiness:—
Of Christians. 652, 489, 650, 693
Of God. See *God*.
Holy Scriptures. See *Bible*.
Holy Spirit. 340-350
Divine. 366, 369, 374, 377, 425
Grieved. 358, 424, 425, 428
Striving. 355, 362, 365, 418, 425
Witnessing. 350, 372, 355, 359
Home. See *Family or Heaven*.
Home Missions. 892, 899, 913,
923, 898
Hope:
Under Afflictions. 529, 544,
585, 723, 584, 707, 711, 719, 745, 737
Under Conviction. 382, 394,
401, 405, 411, 453, 533, 527, 693
Under Despondency. 519, 523,
521, 516, 537, 554, 558, 570
In Death. 526, 301, 304, 324,
933, 936, 952, 955, 961
Humility. 729, 491, 642, 646, 665, 672
Immanuel. See *Christ*.
Immortality. 526, 946, 304, 977, 936
Importunity. 62, 70, 76, 446, 451, 461
Imputation. 382, 386, 390, 396,
587, 407, 410, 688, 691, 1003
Incarnation. 239, 244, 252, 270, 419
Ingratitude. 495, 464, 421, 423, 425
Inspiration. 159, 165, 173, 174, 352
Installation. See *Ministry*.
Intercession. 327, 349, 333, 303,
75, 337
Invitations. 416-445
Jehovah. See *God*.
Jews. 891, 900, 922, 927, 930
Jerusalem, The new. 1027, 1035,
1004, 1007, 1009, 1017, 1022, 1020, 1044
Joining the Church. 807-822,
834, 837, 854, 857, 868, 875, 888
Joy. 306, 653, 594, 610, 645, 682, 639
Judgment Day. 973-988
Justice. See *God*.
Justification. See *Atonement and Faith*.
Kindness. See *Brotherly Love*.
Kingdom of Christ. See *Millennium*.
Prayed for. 915, 777, 903, 907,
1029, 756, 312
Progress of. 757, 749, 754, 898,
902, 911, 329
Labor. See *Activity*.
Lamb of God. See *Christ*.
Law of God:—
And Gospel. 167, 382, 386, 390, 396
Conviction under. 383, 387,
410, 415, 446, 457, 468, 453
Liberality. 780, 784, 792
Life:
Brevity of. 940, 938, 943, 948,
954, 956, 958, 963
Object of. 939, 956, 381, 397, 423,
438, 957, 988
Solemnity of. 397, 949, 958, 963,
973, 987, 384
Uncertainty of. 938, 949, 418,
428, 956, 442, 783
Likeness to Christ. See *Conformity*.
Little Things. 796, 662, 806, 785, 802
Longing:
For God. 648, 21, 29, 38, 461, 485,
222, 493, 466, 460, 497
For Christ. 449, 568, 462, 484,
487, 505, 504, 372, 600

For Heaven. 1081, 939, 949, 955,
968, 989, 993, 1004
Long-suffering. See *Forbearance*.
Lord's Day. See *Sabbath*.
Lord's Prayer. 143, 146
Lord's Supper. 830-889
Lori, our Righteousness. See
Christ.
Lost State of Man. 381-397
Love:
Of God. See *God*.
Of Christ. See *Christ*.
Of Holy Spirit. 358, 362, 368
For God. 178, 187, 222, 663, 591
For the Saviour. 585-593
For Saints. 823-829, 640, 674
For Souls. 397, 416, 414, 785
For the Church. 1, 35, 753, 827
Loving-kindness. 404, 553
Lukewarmness. See *Formality*.
Majesty of God. See *God*.
Man. See *Lost State*.
Marriage. 674
Martyrs. 960, 569, 534, 548, 799, 1018
Mediator. See *Christ*.
Mediatorial Reign. See *Kingdom*.
Meditation. 58, 52, 27, 65, 55, 509
Meekness. 642, 646, 649, 665, 480, 264
Mercifulness. See *Forgiveness*.
Mercy. See *God*.
Mercy-Seat. 69, 74, 77, 51, 450
Millennium. 787, 893, 756, 778, 902,
915, 916, 1024-1029, 1019, 932
Ministry. See *Pastor*.
Commission. 749, 761, 762, 775
Convocation. 766, 762, 908, 786
Installation. 763, 891, 761, 770
Prayer for. 750, 755, 767, 768
Miracles. 259, 271, 807
Missions. 890-932, 779-807, 1086
Missionaries. 891, 908, 776, 838
Morning. 1070, 14, 25, 36, 40, 48
Mortality. See *Life and Death*.
Mysteries of Providence. 182,
190, 193, 195, 722, 727, 206, 209
National. 1059, 1049, 1051, 1060, 772
Nature, the Material Universe:
Beauties of. 34, 49, 98, 99, 222
God seen in. 158, 102, 205, 98,
177, 183, 198, 201, 227
Nearness:
To God. 572, 485, 609, 191, 403
To Heaven. 949, 899, 1032, 1010
Needful, One Thing. 393, 423,
461, 484
New Song, The. 32, 23, 414, 336
New Year. 1048, 1054, 1057, 1062
Night. See *Evening*.
Old Age. 563, 933, 948, 1010, 747
Old, Old Story. 413, 414, 270
Omnipotence. See *God*.
Omnipresence. See *God*.
Omniscience. See *God*.
Opening of Service. 1-111
Ordinances. 807-889
Ordination. See *Ministry*.
Orphans. 694, 780, 794, 1006
Pardons. See *Forgiveness*.
Parting. 823, 686, 155, 126
Pastor. See *Ministry*.
Prayed for. 768, 765, 379
Sought. 767, 798, 750
Welcomed. 763, 749, 891
Death of. See *Burial*.
Patience. 258, 261, 264, 266, 739
Peace:
Christian. 111, 683, 694, 697, 822
National. 1049, 1051, 1028, 903
Peacemakers. 829, 824, 258, 294, 296
Penitence. See *Repentance*.
Pentecost. 368, 370. See *Holy Spirit*.
Perseverance. 679, 882, 688, 691,
521, 524, 528, 533, 570, 607, 651
Pilgrims. 1066
Pilgrim-Spirit. 31, 573, 1000, 994,
532, 542, 544, 551, 570

Pity of God. See *God*.
Pleasures. 479, 392, 389, 381,
422, 955
Poor. 780, 785, 794-797, 807
Praise. 78-111, 176-233
Prayer. See *Ministry*.
Predestination. See *Election*.
Pride. See *Humility*.
Procrastination. See *Delay*.
Prodigal Son. 460, 419, 447, 470
Profession. See *Lord's Supper*.
Progress. See *Growth in Grace*.
Promises. 189, 563, 519, 150, 208, 523
Providence. See *God*.
Purity. 581. See *Holiness*.
Punishment. See *Future Punishment*.
Race, Christian. 525, 539, 558, 544
Receiving Christ. See *Repentance*.
Redemption. See *Atonement*.
Refuge. See *Christ*.
Regeneration:
Necessary. 383, 385, 391, 394
Prayed for. 868, 450, 458, 889
Wrought by God. 383, 385, 391
Renunciation:
Of the World. See *Pleasures*.
Of Self. See *Consecration*.
Repentance. 446-516
Resignation. 703-748
Rest. See *Meditation and Heaven*.
Resurrection:
Of Christ. See *Christ*.
Of Believers. 526, 936, 947, 952,
955, 966, 977, 991, 1006
Retirement. See *Meditation*.
Return to God. 460, 447, 454, 457
Revival. 750, 754, 918, 897, 917,
357, 361, 379, 375
Riches. 939, 954, 790, 785, 807, 381
Righteousness, Robe of. 407,
405, 446, 607, 636, 382
Rock of Ages. 571, 874, 753, 176
Sabbath. 1-60
Sabbath-School. See *Children*.
Sacraments. 807-889
Sailors. 1053, 1052, 1063, 207
Salvation. See *Atonement*.
Sanctification. See *Growth in Grace and Assurance*.
Sanctuary:
Corner-Stone. 751, 753, 757, 771
Dedication. 752, 764, 760, 769
Love for. 1, 35, 753, 827
Satan. 734, 518, 736, 547, 77
Saviour. See *Christ*.
Science. See *Nature and Bible*.
Scriptures. See *Bible*.
Semmen. See *Sailors*.
Self-deception. See *Heart*.
Self-dedication. See *Consecration*.
Self-denial. 802, 803, 799, 389, 392, 662
Self-examination. 495, 366, 357,
430, 499, 502, 507, 650
Self-renunciation. See *Consecration*.
Self-righteousness. 396, 382, 388, 688
Sensibility. See *Weeping*.
Shepherd. See *Christ*.
Sickness. 711, 713, 727, 736, 622
Sin:
Indwelling. See *Conflict*.
Original. See *Lost State*.
Conviction of. See *Law and Hope*.
Sincerity. 664, 665, 650, 641, 672
Soldier, Christian. 518, 524, 540, 547
Soul of Man. See *Immortality*.
Souls, Love for. See *Love*.
Sovereignty. See *God*.
Spirit. See *Holy Spirit*.
Spring. 1068, 100, 184, 198, 222
Star of Bethlehem. 241, 1067, 63, 250
Steadfastness. 529, 545, 556, 563, 571
Storm. 194, 88, 231, 98
Strength, as Days. 584, 706, 455, 529
Submission. 704-748

Summer 222, 184, 1068, 100, 198
 Sun of Righteousness. See *Christ*.
 Sympathy..... See *Brotherly Love*.
 Te Deum..... 1074, 203, 85, 101
 Temperance 781, 800, 664, 443
 Temptation See *Conflict*.
 Thanksgiving 1046, 1050, 1065, 1069
 Time..... See *Life*.
 To-day..... 418, 428, 384, 949, 424
 To-morrow..... 418, 428, 424, 442
 Trials..... 720, 709, 728, 735, 742, 563
 Trinity..... See *God*.
 Trust:
 In Christ..... 726, 643, 688, 1003, 840
 In Providence..... 209, 1083, 705,
 719, 555, 531, 522, 561, 574

Unbelief..... See *Faith or Conflict*.
 Union of Saints:
 To Christ..... 680, 687, 689, 1002, 843
 To each other..... 823-829, 666, 674
 In Heaven and on Earth..... 826,
 821, 758, 771, 752, 1010

Vows, Christian..... 812, 813, 819

Waiting..... See *Patience*.
 Wandering..... See *Backsliding*.
 War..... 1028. See *Peace*.
 Warfare, Christian. See *Soldier*.
 Warnings..... See *Invitations*.
 Watchfulness..... 530, 547, 557, 579
 Way of Salvation. See *Attonement*.

Wealth..... See *Riches*.
 Weeping..... 793, 416, 430, 546,
 447, 1011
 Winds, God in the 194, 88, 1068
 Winter..... 184, 1068
 Wisdom..... See *God*.
 Witness..... See *Holy Spirit*.
 Word of God..... See *Bible*.
 Worldliness..... See *Pleasures*.
 Wrath..... See *Future Punishment*.

Year, Opening and Closing
 1061, 1062, 1047, 1058, 1048, 1057,
 1054-1056

Zeal..... See *Activity*.
 Zion..... See *Church*.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	HYMN.		HYMN.
A broken heart, my God, my King.....	474	Ascend thy throne, almighty King.....	910
A charge to keep I have.....	397	Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep.....	944
A few more years shall roll.....	948	Assembled at thy great command.....	908
A mighty fortress is our God.....	215	At evening time let there be light.....	707
A mother may forgetful be.....	759	At the Lamb's high feast we sing.....	851
A parting hymn we sing.....	844	At thy command, our dearest Lord.....	836
A pilgrim through this lonely world.....	263	Awake, and sing the song.....	32
Abba, Father, hear thy child.....	644	Awake, awake the sacred song.....	252
Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide.....	127	Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue.....	407
According to thy gracious word.....	862	Awake, my soul, and with the sun.....	48
Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner.....	429	Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.....	539
Again our earthly cares we leave.....	108	Awake, my soul, to joyful lays.....	404
Again returns the day of holy rest.....	1070	Awake, our souls! away, our fears.....	525
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.....	277	Awake, ye saints! and raise your eyes.....	1056
Alas! what hourly dangers rise.....	494	Awaked by Sinai's awful sound.....	383
All hail the power of Jesus' name.....	329	Away from earth my spirit turns.....	608
All people that on earth do dwell.....	79	Awhile in spirit, Lord to thee.....	292
All praise to thee, eternal Lord.....	243		
Along my earthly way.....	722	Be merciful to me, O God.....	475
Along the mountain track of life.....	572	Be still, my heart! these anxious cares.....	705
Always with us, always with us.....	583	Be tranquil, O my soul.....	739
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	540	Before Jehovah's awful throne.....	78
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound.....	400	Before the heavens were spread abroad.....	244
And can it be that I should gain.....	689	Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme.....	208
And canst thou, sinner! slight.....	417	Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near.....	576
And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?".....	76	Behold a Stranger at the door.....	421
And is the time approaching.....	893	Behold the day is come.....	979
And is there, Lord, a rest.....	996	Behold the glories of the Lamb.....	990
And will the Judge descend.....	980	Behold, the mountain of the Lord.....	1028
Angels rejoiced and sweetly sung.....	239	Behold the throne of grace.....	72
Angels! roll the rock away.....	287	Behold the western evening light.....	937
Another six days' work is done.....	47	Behold what wondrous grace.....	693
Approach, my soul! the mercy-seat.....	515	Behold, where, in a mortal form.....	262
Arise, my soul, arise.....	405	Beneath our feet and o'er our head.....	938
Arise, O King of grace, arise.....	777	Beyond, beyond the boundless sea.....	227
Arise, ye saints, arise.....	551	Beyond the smiling and the weeping.....	992
Arm of the Lord! awake, awake.....	904	Beyond the starry skies.....	321
Art thou weary, art thou languid.....	569	Bless, O my soul, the living God.....	41
As oft with worn and weary feet.....	590	Blesséd are the sons of God.....	640
As pants the hart for cooling streams.....	473	Blesséd are the dead who die in.....	1085
As shadows, cast by cloud and sun.....	1067	Blesséd Comforter, come down.....	372
As when in silence vernal showers.....	376	Blesséd Fountain, full of grace.....	630
As with gladness men of old.....	63	Blesséd Salem, long expected.....	1044

HYMN.

HYMN.

Blesséd Saviour! thee I love	617
Blest are the pure in heart	652
Blest are the souls that hear and know	151
Blest be the dear uniting love	666
Blest be the tie that binds	823
Blest Comforter divine	362
Blest feast of love divine	848
Blest hour! when mortal man retires	55
Blest is the man whose softening heart	797
Blest Jesus! when my soaring thoughts	632
Blest Trinity! from mortal sight	226
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	406
Bread of heaven! on thee we feed	852
Break thou the bread of life	145
Brethren, while we sojourn here	530
Bride of the Lamb, awake, awake	1024
Brief life is here our portion	1023
Bright King of glory, dreadful God	342
Brightest and best of the sons of	250
Brightly gleams our banner	517
Broad is the road that leads to death	392
Buried beneath the yielding wave	818
Buried in baptism with our Lord	808
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored	838
By cool Siloam's shady rill	800
By faith in Christ I walk with God	658

Call Jehovah thy salvation	522
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm	647
Calm on the listening ear of night	240
Can sinners hope for heaven	394
Cast thy bread upon the waters	702
Cast thy burden on the Lord	719
Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish	731
Chief of sinners though I be	453
Children of God, who, faint and slow	583
Children of the heavenly King	532
Chosen not for good in me	670
Christ, above all glory seated	301
Christ for the world we sing	1086
Christ is coming! let creation	1014
Christ is our corner-stone	751
Christ, of all my hopes the ground	629
Christ, the Lord is risen again	308
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Our	343
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Sons	305
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	14
Christian, the morn breaks sweetly	577
Church of the ever-living God	758
Come, blessed Spirit! Source of light	352
Come, every pious heart	344
Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell	45
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	354
Come, happy souls, adore the Lamb	807
Come, happy souls, approach your God	437
Come, Holy Ghost! in love	368
Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire	650
Come, Holy Ghost! our hearts inspire	378
Come, Holy Spirit! calm my mind	356
Come, Holy Spirit, come, Let	361
Come, Holy Spirit, come, With	363
Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine	810
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	357
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord	835
Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me	621
Come join, ye saints, with heart and voice	559
Come, kingdom of our God	915
Come, let us anew our journey pursue	1057
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	325
Come, let us join our songs of praise	327
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes	326
Come, let us sing the song of songs	336
Come, Lord, and tarry not	916
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	61

Come, O Creator Spirit blest	351
Come, O my soul, in sacred lays	229
Come on, my partners in distress	558
Come, sacred Spirit, from above	353
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice	426
Come, sound his praise abroad	93
Come, Spirit, Source of light	364
Come, thou almighty King	223
Come, thou Desire of all thy saints	37
Come, thou Fount of every blessing	837
Come, thou long-expected Jesus	756
Come to Calvary's holy mountain	445
Come to the house of prayer	60
Come to the land of peace	439
Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast	420
Come, we who love the Lord	31
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish	431
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched	432
Come, ye thankful people, come	1046
Come, ye that know and fear the Lord	199
Complete in thee! no work of mine	675
Creator Spirit, by whose aid	377
Cross, reproach, and tribulation	284
Crown him with many crowns	320
Crown his head with endless blessing	317

Daily, daily sing the praises	1017
Daughter of Zion! awake from thy	773
Daughter of Zion! from the dust	931
Day is dying in the west	1072
Day of anger! that dread day	983
Day of judgment! day of wonders	975
Days and moments quickly flying	1058
Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat	51
Dear Lord, amid the throng that pressed	832
Dear Lord and Master mine	592
Dear Refuge of my weary soul	605
Dear Saviour! we are thine	843
Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall	882
Deem not that they are blest alone	735
Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near	428
Depth of mercy! can there be	500
Did Christ o'er sinners weep	416
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord	117
Do not I love thee, O my Lord	603
Draw near, O holy Dove, draw near	842
Drooping souls, no longer mourn	440

Early, my God, without delay	21
Earth has engrossed my love too long	1041
Earth has nothing sweet or fair	627
Earth is passed away and gone	978
Earth's transitory things decay	678
Eternal Source of every joy	184
Eternal Spirit, God of truth	360
Eternal Spirit, we confess	350
Eternal Sun of righteousness	111
Eternity! Eternity!	985
Everlasting arms of love	531

Fading, still fading, the last beam is	133
Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss	656
Far as thy name is known	770
Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone	58
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee	52
Father, hear the blood of Jesus	303
Father, hear the prayer we offer	789
Father! how wide thy glory shines	196
Father of heaven, whose love profound	179
Father of mercies, bow thine ear	765
Father of mercies! in thy word	172
Father of mercies! send thy grace	794
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	875

	HYMN.		HYMN.
Father! whate'er of earthly bliss.....	649	Hail! thou God of grace and glory.....	786
Fear not, O little flock, the foe.....	500	Hail, thou once despised Jesus.....	282
Fight the good fight! lay hold.....	582	Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad.....	896
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands.....	681	Hail to the Lord's anointed.....	894
For a season called to part.....	155	Hail, tranquil hour of closing day.....	66
For all thy saints, O God.....	960	Hallelujah! song of gladness.....	926
For ever here my rest.....	849	Hark! hark, my soul; angelic songs.....	235
"For ever with the Lord!".....	946	Hark! hark! the notes of joy.....	256
For me to live is Christ.....	570	Hark! my soul! it is the Lord.....	856
For thee, O dear, dear Country.....	1004	Hark! ten thousand harps and voices.....	312
For the mercies of the day.....	130	Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes.....	253
For what shall I praise thee, my God and my.....	622	Hark! the herald angels sing.....	245
Forget thyself! Christ bade thee come.....	881	Hark! the song of jubilee.....	902
Forgive us, Lord! to thee we cry.....	472	Hark! the sound of angel-voices.....	898
Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free.....	526	Hark! the sound of holy voices.....	1016
From all that dwell below the skies.....	82	Hark! the voice of Jesus calling.....	784
From deep distress and troubled thoughts.....	513	Hark! the voice of love and mercy.....	315
From every stormy wind that blows.....	69	Hark! what mean those holy voices.....	234
From Greenland's icy mountains.....	890	Haste, traveler, haste! the night comes.....	442
From the cross the blood is falling.....	286	Hasten, Lord! the glorious time.....	903
From the cross uplifted high.....	412	Have mercy upon me, O God, according.....	1079
From the recesses of a lowly spirit.....	132	He comes in blood-stained garments.....	1001
From the table now retiring.....	870	He dies!—the Friend of sinners dies.....	295
From thee, begetting sure conviction.....	523	He has come! the Christ of God.....	246
Full of trembling expectation.....	476	He knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed.....	291
		He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought.....	737
Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us.....	698	He lives! the great Redeemer lives.....	333
Give to our God immortal praise.....	435	He that goeth forth with weeping.....	793
Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame.....	83	He that hath made his refuge God.....	695
Give to the winds thy fears.....	554	Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken.....	754
Glorious things of thee are spoken.....	753	Heirs of unending life.....	673
Glory be to God on high, and on.....	1075	Here I can firmly rest.....	691
Glory be to God on high,—God.....	402	Here let us see thy face, O Lord.....	840
Glory be to the Father, and to the.....	1066	Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to.....	876
Glory, glory to our King.....	311	High in the heavens, eternal God.....	84
Glory to God on high.....	298	Holy and reverend is the name.....	210
Glory to God! whose witness-train.....	534	Holy Father, hear my cry.....	220
Glory to thee, my God, this night.....	113	Holy Father, thou hast taught me.....	732
Go to the grave in all thy glorious.....	972	Holy Ghost, the infinite.....	374
God Almighty and all-seeing.....	154	Holy Ghost! with light divine.....	366
God be merciful unto us, and make.....	1080	Holy, holy, holy, Lord.....	221
God calling yet! shall I not hear.....	422	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty.....	96
God eternal, Lord of all.....	101	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.....	1064
God, in his earthly temple, lays.....	924	Holy Spirit! gently come.....	371
God, in the gospel of his Son.....	160	Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear.....	1026
God is love; his mercy brightens.....	225	How are thy servants blest, O Lord.....	1052
God is the refuge of his saints.....	919	How beauteous are their feet.....	749
God moves in a mysterious way.....	209	How beauteous on the mountains.....	891
God, my King, thy might confessing.....	213	How beauteous were the marks divine.....	258
God, my Supporter, and my Hope.....	741	How blest are those, how truly wise.....	762
God of my life, to thee belong.....	181	How blest the righteous when he dies.....	942
God of our salvation, hear us.....	137	How blest the sacred tie that binds.....	674
God's glory is a wondrous thing.....	538	How charming is the place.....	28
God with us! oh, glorious name.....	251	How condescending and how kind.....	280
Grace! 'tis a charming sound.....	690	How did my heart rejoice to hear.....	20
Gracious Spirit, Love divine.....	367	How firm a foundation, ye saints of.....	563
Grandeur than ocean's story.....	1065	How gentle God's commands.....	549
Great God! attend, while Zion sings.....	39	How helpless guilty nature lies.....	385
Great God! how infinite art thou.....	204	How pleasant, how divinely fair.....	38
Great God, now condescend.....	801	How pleased and blest was I.....	1
Great God! this sacred day of thine.....	7	How precious is the book divine.....	165
Great God! to thee my evening song.....	114	How sad our state by nature is.....	390
Great God! we sing that mighty hand.....	1061	How shall I follow him I serve.....	261
Great God, what do I see and hear.....	976	How shall the young secure their hearts.....	170
Great God, when I approach thy throne.....	408	How still and peaceful is the grave.....	969
Great God! whose universal sway.....	920	How sweet and awful is the place.....	861
Great is the Lord our God.....	772	How sweet, how heavenly is the sight.....	829
Great Shepherd of thine Israel.....	25	How sweetly flowed the gospel sound.....	257
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.....	134	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	613
		How sweet to leave the world awhile.....	56
Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews.....	663	How swift the torrent rolls.....	958
Hail, happy day! thou day of holy rest.....	18	How tedious and tasteless the hours.....	623
Hail the day that sees him rise.....	307	How tender is thy hand.....	724
Hail the night, all hail the morn.....	249	How vain is all beneath the skies.....	954

HYMN.

I am coming to the cross.....	488
I ask not now for gold to gild.....	729
I bless the Christ of God.....	651
I bless thee, Lord, for sorrows sent.....	745
I build on this foundation.....	1003
I cannot always trace the way.....	746
I did thee wrong, my God.....	748
I feed by faith on Christ; my bread.....	841
I have a home above.....	995
I hear the Saviour say.....	410
I hear the words of love.....	822
I hear thy welcome voice.....	411
I heard a voice, the sweetest voice.....	346
I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	633
I know no life divided.....	1002
I know that my Redeemer lives.....	323
I lay my sins on Jesus.....	463
I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	35
I love to steal awhile away.....	65
I love to tell the story.....	414
I'll praise my Maker with my breath.....	90
I'll speak the honors of my King.....	341
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger.....	1000
I'm but a stranger here.....	994
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.....	541
I need thee every hour.....	484
I need thee, O my God.....	461
I once was a stranger to grace and to God.....	619
I saw One hanging on a tree.....	279
I saw the cross of Jesus.....	415
I sing the almighty power of God.....	205
I stand on Zion's mount.....	545
I was glad when they said unto me.....	1078
I would not live alway; I ask not to.....	933
If God is mine, then present things.....	680
If human kindness meets return.....	864
If life in sorrow must be spent.....	742
If on our daily course our mind.....	62
If, through unruffled seas.....	723
If you cannot on the ocean.....	785
In all my Lord's appointed ways.....	816
In all my vast concerns with thee.....	200
In every trying hour.....	744
In heavenly love abiding.....	556
In the cross of Christ I glory.....	300
In the dark and cloudy day.....	718
In thy name, O Lord, assembling.....	57
In time of fear, when trouble's near.....	536
In time of tribulation.....	580
In vain we seek for peace with God.....	386
Infinite Love! what precious stores.....	444
Is there ambition in my heart.....	665
It came upon the midnight clear.....	248
It is not death to die.....	961
It is thy hand, my God.....	721
Jehovah God! Thy gracious power.....	207
Jehovah reigns; his throne is high.....	109
Jerusalem! my happy home!.....	1009
Jerusalem, the glorious.....	1020
Jerusalem, the golden.....	1022
Jesus,—and didst thou leave the sky.....	409
Jesus! and shall it ever be.....	597
Jesus, at whose supreme command.....	863
Jesus, blesséd Mediator.....	1019
Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult.....	897
Jesus comes, his conflict over.....	809
Jesus demands this heart of mine.....	510
Jesus, engrave it on my heart.....	393
Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory.....	302
Jesus! I love thy charming name.....	612
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	520
Jesus invites his saints.....	845
Jesus is gone above the skies.....	839

HYMN.

Jesus, Jesus! visit me.....	504
Jesus, keep me near the cross.....	459
Jesus, Lamb of God, for me.....	294
Jesus, let thy pitying eye.....	458
Jesus lives! no longer now.....	936
Jesus! lover of my soul.....	505
Jesus, Master! hear me now.....	853
Jesus, Master, whose I am.....	618
Jesus, merciful and mild.....	503
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....	334
Jesus, my Strength, my Hope.....	846
Jesus only, when the morning.....	586
Jesus! our best beloved Friend.....	888
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....	1063
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	911
Jesus spreads his banner o'er us.....	866
Jesus, still lead on.....	562
Jesus, Sun of righteousness.....	449
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee.....	467
Jesus, the very thought of thee.....	614
Jesus, these eyes have never seen.....	604
Jesus, thou art the sinner's Friend.....	859
Jesus, thou everlasting King.....	833
Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts.....	598
Jesus, thou source of calm repose.....	589
Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness.....	607
Jesus, thy boundless love to me.....	700
Jesus! thy church, with longing eyes.....	909
Jesus, thy love shall we forget.....	267
Jesus, thy name I love.....	601
Jesus, we look to thee.....	824
Jesus, we thus obey.....	850
Jesus wept! those tears are over.....	272
Jesus, where'er thy people meet.....	74
Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding.....	733
Jesus, who knows full well.....	70
Jesus, who on his glorious throne.....	611
Jesus, whom angel hosts adore.....	276
Joy to the world,—the Lord is come.....	236
Joyful be the hours to-day.....	306
Just as I am, without one plea.....	457
Keep silence, all created things.....	195
Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us ever.....	157
Laboring and heavy-laden.....	478
Laden with guilt, and full of fears.....	167
Lamb of God, whose dying love.....	850
Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling.....	734
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.....	135
Let every mortal ear attend.....	436
Let me be with thee where thou art.....	968
Let me but hear my Saviour say.....	529
Let party names no more.....	825
Let saints below in concert sing.....	826
Let us with a joyful mind.....	99
Let worldly minds the world pursue.....	638
Let Zion and her sons rejoice.....	930
Life has many a pleasant hour.....	1036
Light of life, seraphic Fire.....	147
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart.....	1029
Light of those whose dreary dwelling.....	755
Like Noah's weary dove.....	847
Like sheep we went astray.....	395
Like the eagle, upward, onward.....	790
Lo, God is here!—let us adore.....	110
Lo! he comes with clouds descending.....	986
Lo! on a narrow neck of land.....	384
Lo! the mighty God appearing.....	982
Lo, the seal of death is breaking.....	1045
Lo! what a glorious sight appears.....	1027
Look from thy sphere of endless day.....	923
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.....	314
Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee.....	266

	HYMN.		HYMN.
Lord, at this closing hour.....	124	My Saviour! my almighty Friend.....	348
Lord, at thy feet we sinners lie.....	511	My Saviour, whom absent I love.....	626
Lord, at thy mercy-seat.....	450	My Shepherd will supply my need.....	636
Lord, before thy throne we bend.....	481	My soul, be on thy guard.....	547
Lord, bid thy light arise.....	375	My soul complete in Jesus stands.....	528
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing; Bid.....	148	My soul, how lovely is the place.....	26
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing; Fill.....	136	My soul lies cleaving to the dust.....	166
Lord God of Hosts, by all adored.....	85	My soul, repeat his praise.....	725
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline.....	1076, 1082	My soul, weigh not thy life.....	548
Lord, how mysterious are thy ways.....	192	My spirit on thy care.....	552
Lord, how secure and blest are they.....	677	"My times are in thy hand:".....	740
Lord, how secure my conscience was.....	387	My times of sorrow and of joy.....	712
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine.....	812		
Lord, I believe; thy power I own.....	645	Near the cross was Mary weeping.....	285
Lord! I cannot let thee go.....	62	Nearer, my God, to thee.....	485
Lord! I have made thy word my choice.....	169	No more, my God! I boast no more.....	469
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.....	448	No, no, it is not dying.....	965
Lord, if thou thy grace impart.....	672	None but Christ: his merit hides me.....	587
Lord! in the morning thou shalt hear.....	36	Not all the blood of beasts.....	382
Lord, it belongs not to my care.....	537	Not all the nobles of the earth.....	676
Lord Jesus, are we one with thee.....	687	Not all the outward forms on earth.....	391
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went.....	795	Not to condemn the sons of men.....	438
Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb.....	193	Not to the terrors of the Lord.....	827
Lord of all being; throned afar.....	191	Not what these hands have done.....	396
Lord of earth! thy forming hand.....	232	Not with our mortal eyes.....	596
Lord of Hosts! to thee we raise.....	774	Not worthy, Lord! to gather up the crumbs.....	877
Lord of mercy, just and kind.....	514	Now be my heart inspired to sing.....	331
Lord of the harvest! hear.....	750	Now be the gospel banner.....	928
Lord of the worlds above.....	11	Now begin the heavenly theme.....	533
Lord! thou hast searched and seen me through.....	138	Now, from labor and from care.....	15
Lord, thou on earth didst love thine own.....	828	Now God be with us, for the night is closing.....	131
Lord, thou wilt bring the joyful day.....	1033	Now is the accepted time.....	418
Lord, thy glory fills the heaven.....	211	Now let my soul, eternal King.....	162
Lord, we come before thee now.....	2	Now let our cheerful eyes survey.....	349
Lord! when I all things would possess.....	646	Now let our souls, on wings sublime.....	1032
Lord, when my raptured thought surveys.....	198	Now let our voices join.....	34
Lord! when we bend before thy throne.....	22	Now thank we all our God.....	217
Lord! where shall guilty souls retire.....	202	Now the day is over.....	141
Lord! while for all mankind we pray.....	1051	Now to the Lord a noble song.....	83
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee.....	212	Now to the Lord, who makes us know.....	337
Love divine, all love excelling.....	566	Now to the power of God supreme.....	335
		Now to thy sacred house.....	12
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.....	288	O, bless the Lord, my soul.....	669
Make haste, O man, to live.....	963	O, blessed God, to thee I raise.....	660
May the grace of Christ our Saviour.....	138	O, bow thine ear, Eternal One.....	769
Meekly in Jordan's holy stream.....	815	O Bread, to pilgrims given.....	885
Mighty God! while angels bless thee.....	316	O Christ! our King, Creator, Lord.....	332
Mine eyes and my desire.....	550	O Christ, the Lord of heaven! to thee.....	330
More love to thee, O Christ.....	486	O Christ! with each returning morn.....	40
Mortals, awake, with angels join.....	254	O, come, and mourn with me awhile.....	889
Mourn for the thousands slain.....	781	O, come, let us sing unto the Lord.....	1077
Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....	543	O, could I find from day to day.....	497
My country! 't is of thee.....	1039	O, could I speak the matchless worth.....	616
My days are gliding swiftly by.....	1010	O, could our thoughts and wishes fly.....	1012
My dear Redeemer and my Lord.....	260	O day of rest and gladness.....	16
My faith looks up to thee.....	600	O, do not let the word depart.....	424
My Father, God! how sweet the sound.....	685	O eyes that are weary, and hearts that.....	620
My God, and is thy table spread.....	830	O, for a closer walk with God.....	493
My God, how endless is thy love.....	657	O, for a faith that will not shrink.....	1008
My God, how wonderful thou art.....	648	O, for a heart to praise my God.....	489
My God, my Father! blissful name.....	703	O, for a shout of joy.....	232
My God, my Father, while I stray.....	738	O, for a shout of sacred joy.....	347
My God, my King, thy various praise.....	89	O, for a strong, a lasting faith.....	189
My God, my life, my love.....	593	O, for a sweet, inspiring ray.....	1039
My God! permit me not to be.....	509	O, for a thousand tongues to sing.....	490
My God! permit my tongue.....	29	O, for an overcoming faith.....	950
My God, the covenant of thy love.....	684	O, for that tenderness of heart.....	492
My God! the spring of all my joys.....	610	O, for the death of those.....	947
My gracious Lord, I own thy right.....	668	O, for the happy hour.....	917
My gracious Redeemer I love.....	624	O, for the peace which floweth like a.....	1081
My hope is built on nothing less.....	688	O, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith.....	654
My Jesus, as thou wilt.....	726	O God, beneath thy guiding hand.....	1060
My life flows on in endless song.....	575	O God of Bethel, by whose hand.....	798
My opening eyes with rapture see.....	46		



	HYMN.		HYMN.
○ God, the Rock of Ages.....	176	Our country's voice is pleading.....	892
○ God, to us show mercy.....	224	Our Father, who art in heaven.....	143
○ God! we praise thee, and confess.....	203	Our Father! through the coming year.....	1054
○ happy band of pilgrims.....	1005	Our God, our Help in ages past.....	964
○ happy day, that fixed my choice.....	813	Our heavenly Father calls.....	71
○ Holy Ghost, the Comforter.....	358	Our heavenly Father, hear.....	146
○ holy Saviour! Friend unseen.....	728	Our helper, God! we bless thy name.....	1062
○ how I love thy holy law.....	168	Our Lord is risen from the dead.....	339
○ if my soul were formed for woe.....	278	Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave.....	809
○ Jesus, bruised and wounded more.....	887	Out of the depths have I cried unto.....	1073
○ Jesus! King most wonderful.....	637		
○ Jesus, sweet the tears I shed.....	281	Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.....	446
○ Jesus, thou art standing.....	464	Pence, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan.....	704
○ Jesus, we adore thee.....	288	People of the living God.....	857
○ join ye the anthems of triumph that.....	105	"Perfect in love!" Lord, can it be.....	512
○ Lamb of God! still keep me.....	289	Planted in Christ, the living vine.....	884
○ Lord, how full of sweet content.....	659	Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.....	434
○ Lord! how happy should we be.....	561	Pour out thy Spirit from on high.....	766
○ Lord, thy pitying eye surveys.....	767	Praise God, from whom all blessings.....	80, 144
○ Lord, thy work revive.....	918	Praise, Lord, for thee in Zion waits.....	49
○ Love divine! that stooped to share.....	609	Praise the Lord, who reigns above.....	106
○ mother dear, Jerusalem.....	1007	Praise to God, immortal praise.....	1050
○ not my own these verdant hills.....	599	Praise to thee, thou great Creator.....	104
○ not to fill the mouth of fame.....	491	Praise ye the Lord; exalt his name.....	42
○ Paradise eternal!.....	1031	Praise ye the Lord; my heart shall join.....	86
○ Paradise, O Paradise.....	993	Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise.....	87
○ sacred Head, now wounded.....	290	Praise waits in Zion, Lord! for thee.....	92
○ Saviour, I am blind!.....	462	Prayer is the breath of God in man.....	68
○ Saviour, who didst come.....	821	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.....	67
○ see how Jesus trusts himself.....	269	Prepare us, Lord, to view thy cross.....	860
○ Son of God, in glory crowned.....	973	Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet.....	471
○ Spirit of the living God.....	380	Purer yet, and purer.....	581
○ Sun of Righteousness, arise.....	913		
○ sweetly breathe the lyres above.....	606	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.....	642
○ tell me, thou Life and Delight.....	615		
○ that I could for ever dwell.....	702	Rejoice in God alway.....	653
○ that the Lord would guide my ways.....	171	Rejoice, rejoice, believers.....	1021
○ that the Lord's salvation.....	927	Rejoice! the Lord is king.....	299
○ the sweet wonders of that cross.....	811	Rejoice to-day with one accord.....	216
○ this soul, how dark and blind.....	502	Return, my roving heart, return.....	506
○ thou essential Word.....	218	Return, O wanderer, to thy home.....	419
○ thou, from whom all goodness flows.....	455	Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise.....	322
○ thou God who hearest prayer.....	451	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....	939
○ thou, my soul, forget no more.....	834	Rise, O my soul, pursue the path.....	535
○ thou that hearest prayer.....	379	Rock of Ages, cleft for me.....	871, 874
○ thou who in Jordan didst bow thy meek head.....	814	Roll on, thou mighty ocean.....	776
○ thou whom we adore.....	914		
○ thou, whose bounty fills my cup.....	709	Safely through another week.....	13
○ thou, whose mercy guides my way.....	713	Salvation is for ever nigh.....	696
○ thou, whose own vast temple stands.....	760	Salvation!—oh, the joyful sound.....	401
○ thou, whose tender mercy hears.....	454	Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise.....	128
○ turn, great Ruler of the skies.....	507	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.....	139
○ turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye.....	427	Saviour, happy would I be.....	643
○ what amazing words of grace.....	399	Saviour, I follow on.....	487
○ what if we are Christ's.....	820	Saviour, in thy mysterious presence.....	879
○ where are kings and empires now.....	757	Saviour King, in hallowed union.....	805
○ where shall rest be found.....	381	Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.....	804
○ word of God incarnate.....	174	Saviour, more than life to me.....	568
○ worship the King, all-glorious above.....	98	Saviour of our ruined race.....	883
○'er the gloomy hills of darkness.....	901	Saviour! teach me day by day.....	631
○ Jordan's rugged banks I stand.....	989	Saviour, thy dying love.....	488
○ On mountains and in valleys.....	177	Saviour, visit thy plantation.....	897
○ On the mountain's top appearing.....	900	Saviour, when in dust to thee.....	501
○ Once I thought my mountain strong.....	482	Saviour! who thy flock art feeding.....	806
○ Once more, before we part.....	126	Scorn not the slightest word or deed.....	796
○ Once more, my soul, the rising day.....	25	Searcher of hearts! from mine erase.....	495
○ One more day's work for Jesus.....	140	See a poor sinner, dearest Lord.....	470
○ One prayer I have—all prayers in one.....	710	See! how great a flame aspires.....	929
○ One sole baptismal sign.....	752	See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand.....	799
○ One sweetly solemn thought.....	949	See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph.....	313
○ One there is, above all others.....	585	See the eternal Judge descending.....	974
○ Onward, Christian soldiers.....	518	Servant of God, well done.....	962
○ Onward, Christian, though the region.....	788	Shepherd of tender youth.....	803
○ Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed.....	373	Shepherd! with thy tenderest love.....	634

	HYMN.		HYMN.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing.....	247	The Lord shall come! the earth shall.....	984
Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive.....	468	The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.....	802
Since Jesus is my Friend.....	594	The mercies of my God and King.....	1069
Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord.....	542	The mistakes of my life are many.....	447
Sing to the Lord, our Might.....	94	The morning light is breaking.....	895
Sing we the song of those who stand.....	23	The peace which God alone reveals.....	115
Sinners, turn, will you ye die.....	425	The people of the Lord.....	544
Sinners, will you scorn the message.....	433	The perfect world, by Adam trod.....	764
So fades the lovely, blooming flower.....	945	The promises I sing.....	150
So let our lips and lives express.....	66	The roseate hues of early dawn.....	998
Softly fades the twilight ray.....	504	The sands of time are sinking.....	1037
Softly now the light of day.....	129	The Saviour bids thee watch and pray.....	607
Soldiers of Christ, arise.....	679	The Saviour kindly calls.....	802
Sometimes a light surprises.....	555	The Saviour! oh, what endless charms.....	270
Son of God, to thee I cry.....	872	The spacious firmament on high.....	183
Songs of praise the angels sang.....	107	The Spirit breathes upon the word.....	173
Soon may the last glad song arise.....	907	The Spirit, in our hearts.....	441
Soon will the heavenly Bridegroom come.....	1025	The starry firmament on high.....	161
Soul, then know thy full salvation.....	521	The swift declining day.....	118
Sovereign of worlds! display thy power.....	912	The voice of free grace cries, Escape.....	402
Sow in the morn thy seed.....	782	Thee we adore, eternal Name.....	1055
Speak to me, Lord, thyself reveal.....	27	Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower.....	591
Stand up and bless the Lord.....	156	There is a blessed home.....	1043
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears.....	524	There is a book that all may read.....	201
Stand up!—Stand up for Jesus.....	557	There is a fountain filled with blood.....	398
Still, still with thee, my God.....	120	There is a holy city.....	1042
Strait is the way, the door is strait.....	389	There is a house not made with hands.....	991
Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear.....	112	There is a land immortal.....	1030
Sure the blest Comforter is nigh.....	355	There is a land of pure delight.....	997
Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne.....	452	There is a safe and secret place.....	683
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer.....	73	There is an hour of hallowed peace.....	1011
Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve.....	149	There is an hour of peaceful rest.....	1013
Sweet is the memory of thy grace.....	197	There is an hour when I must part.....	743
Sweet is the work, my God, my King.....	43	There is no night in heaven.....	1040
Sweet is the work, O Lord.....	54	There were ninety and nine that safely.....	403
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.....	142	There's a wideness in God's mercy.....	214
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.....	869	They who seek the throne of grace.....	64
Sweet the time, exceeding sweet.....	50	Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love.....	44
Sweet was the time when first I felt.....	496	Thine for ever! God of love.....	854
Sweeter sounds than music knows.....	628	Thine holy day's returning.....	17
Swell the anthem, raise the song.....	1049	This is not my place of resting.....	1015
Take me, O my Father, take me!.....	460	This is the day the Lord hath made.....	19
Take my heart, O Father, take it.....	808	This place is holy ground.....	971
Tarry with me, O my Saviour.....	747	Thou art gone to the grave! but we will.....	934
Tell me the old, old story.....	413	Thou art gone up on high.....	319
Ten thousand times ten thousand.....	1006	Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord.....	686
Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled.....	935	Thou art the way; to Thee alone.....	265
Thank and praise Jehovah's name.....	100	Thou, from whom we never part.....	152
That awful day will surely come.....	987	Thou lovely Source of true delight.....	164
The church has waited long.....	959	Thou, O Lord, in tender love.....	516
The church's one foundation.....	771	Thou only Sovereign of my heart.....	468
The day is past and gone, Great God.....	122	Thou very present Aid.....	694
The day is past and gone, The evening.....	123	Thou who art enthroned above.....	103
The day, O Lord, is spent.....	119	Thou who didst on Calvary bleed.....	293
The day of praise is done.....	125	Thou who roll'st the year around.....	1047
The day of rest once more comes round.....	6	Thou! whose almighty word.....	369
The day of resurrection.....	340	Though faint, yet pursuing, we go.....	565
The day of wrath! that dreadful day.....	981	Though I speak with angel tongues.....	641
The God of Abraham praise.....	95	Though now the nations sit beneath.....	905
The golden gates are lifted up.....	324	Though sorrows rise and dangers roll.....	635
The harvest dawn is near.....	546	Though troubles assail, and dangers.....	574
The head that once was crowned with thorns.....	328	Through all the changing scenes of life.....	671
The heavens declare his glory.....	175	Through every age, eternal God.....	943
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord.....	158	Through sorrow's night, and danger's.....	951
The King of saints,—how fair his face.....	345	Through the love of God our Saviour.....	519
The Lord descended from above.....	231	Thus far the Lord has led me on.....	116
The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not.....	1071	Thy Father's house! thine own bright.....	1034
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want.....	564	Thy home is with the humble, Lord.....	480
"The Lord is risen indeed".....	318	Thy mighty working, mighty God.....	1033
The Lord my pasture shall prepare.....	8	Thy way, not mine, O Lord.....	727
The Lord my Shepherd is.....	595	Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea.....	206
The Lord of glory is my light.....	91	Thy will be done! I will not fear.....	736
The Lord, our God, is full of might.....	194	Thy will be done! in devious way.....	730
		"Till he come:" oh, let the words.....	873

	HYMN.		HYMN.
Time is winging us away.....	940	What shall I render to my God.....	186
Time, thou speedest on but slowly.....	1018	What sinners value I resign.....	955
'Tis a point I long to know.....	499	What various hindrances we meet.....	77
'Tis by the faith of joys to come.....	661	When adverse winds and waves arise.....	706
"'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried.....	274	When all thy mercies, O my God.....	187
'Tis God the Father we adore.....	817	When along life's thorny road.....	717
'Tis God the Spirit leads.....	365	When, as returns this solemn day.....	53
'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow.....	273	When downward to the darksome tomb.....	952
'Tis my happiness below.....	720	When gathering clouds around I view.....	708
'Tis not a cause of small import.....	761	When God, of old, came down from heaven.....	370
'Tis not that I did choose thee.....	178	When human hopes all wither.....	886
To God the Father, God the Son.....	81	When I can read my title clear.....	682
To God the only wise.....	121	When I survey the wondrous cross.....	275
To Jesus, our exalted Lord.....	831	When I view my Saviour bleeding.....	283
To our Redeemer's glorious name.....	296	When Jordan hushed his waters still.....	242
To thee, my God and Saviour.....	639	When languor and disease invade.....	711
To thee, O God, we raise.....	219	When, like a stranger on our sphere.....	259
To thy pastures fair and large.....	4	When, marshaled on the nightly plain.....	241
To thy temple we repair.....	3	When musing sorrow weeps the past.....	714
To us a Child of hope is born.....	237	When my last hour is close at hand.....	977
Together with these symbols, Lord.....	858	When on Sinai's top I see.....	855
Traveling to the better land.....	573	When, overwhelmed with grief.....	699
Trembling before thine awful throne.....	477	When our heads are bowed with woe.....	716
Triumphant, Lord, thy goodness reigns.....	228	When, rising from the bed of death.....	988
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head.....	921	When sins and fears, prevailing, rise.....	527
'Twas by an order from the Lord.....	159	When streaming from the eastern skies.....	9
'Twas the day when God's Anointed.....	287	When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come.....	957
Unshaken as the sacred hill.....	571	When waves of trouble round me swell.....	715
Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb.....	966	Where high the heavenly temple stands.....	75
Upon the gospel's sacred page.....	163	Where the woodman's axe is ringing.....	899
Upward I lift mine eyes.....	701	Where two or three, with sweet accord.....	59
Vain are the hopes the sons of men.....	388	While in sweet communion feeding.....	865
Vain, delusive world, adieu.....	479	While my Redeemer's near.....	578
Vainly through night's weary hours.....	791	While shepherds watched their flocks.....	238
Vital spark of heavenly flame.....	967	While thee I seek, protecting Power.....	185
Wait, my soul, upon the Lord.....	584	While we lowly bow before thee.....	153
Wait, O my soul thy Maker's will.....	182	While, with ceaseless course, the sun.....	1048
Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn.....	255	Who are these in bright array.....	999
Wake! the welcome day appeareth.....	778	Who is this that comes from Edom.....	310
Walk in the light! so shalt thou know.....	655	Who shall the Lord's elect condemn.....	679
Watchman! tell us of the night.....	932	Why do we mourn departing friends.....	953
We are on our journey home.....	1035	Why is thy faith, O child of God.....	1083
We are watching, we are waiting.....	787	Why on the bending willows hung.....	922
We bid thee welcome in the name.....	763	Why should our tears in sorrow flow.....	970
We bless thee for thy peace, O God.....	697	Why should the children of a King.....	359
We come, O God, before thy throne.....	1053	Why should we start, and fear to die.....	941
We give immortal praise.....	230	Why will ye waste on trifling cares.....	423
We give thee but thine own.....	780	With all my powers of heart and tongue.....	233
We may not climb the heavenly steeps.....	271	With broken heart and contrite sigh.....	456
We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge.....	1074	With deepest reverence at thy throne.....	180
We shall see Him, in our nature.....	304	With heavenly power, O Lord, defend.....	768
We stand in deep repentance.....	465	With joy we hail the sacred day.....	34
We would see Jesus—for the shadows.....	878	With joy we lift our eyes.....	83
Weary, Lord, of struggling here.....	483	With songs and honors sounding loud.....	1068
Weeping will not save me.....	430	With tearful eyes I look around.....	508
Welcome, delightful morn.....	10	Witness, ye men and angels, now.....	819
Welcome, sweet day of rest.....	30	Work, for the night is coming.....	783
What a Friend we have in Jesus.....	567	Work while it is to-day.....	779
What cheering words are these.....	692	Would you win a soul to God.....	443
What equal honors shall we bring.....	338	Ye angels! who stand round the throne.....	625
What finite power, with ceaseless toil.....	190	Ye messengers of Christ.....	775
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone.....	264	Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim.....	97
What is life? 'tis but a vapor.....	956	Your harps, ye trembling saints.....	553
		Zion! awake, thy strength renew.....	906

SELECTIONS

FOR

RESPONSIVE READINGS

FOR USE IN

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

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PREFACE.

THESE selections for responsive service have been arranged so that the verses may be read alternately, the officiating minister beginning with the first, and the people following him.

No suggestion is made as to the order of their use. It is to be presumed that a choice will be made according to the subjects noted in the Table of Contents, in order that unity in the acts of divine worship may be preserved. Each minister will decide concerning the appropriateness of any selection for the occasion, precisely as he would in choosing the hymns for the day.

It does not seem possible to fix one time for all congregations, at which such services as these should be introduced. The following order has been used for some years in the American Chapel at Paris, with satisfaction and acceptance :

- I. Voluntary by the Choir: organ or voices.
- II. Invocation: the Congregation bowing before God.
- III. Hymn: the Congregation rising to sing.
- IV. Scripture Lesson, read by the Minister.
- V. Responsive Selection: the Congregation rising.
- VI. Gloria Patri: sung by the Choir and Congregation.
- VII. Prayer: the Congregation bowing as before.
- VIII. Hymn: generally sung by the Choir alone.
- IX. The Sermon, or exposition of Scripture.
- X. Prayer: sometimes the Lord's Prayer.
- XI. Hymn: closing with the Doxology.
- XII. Apostolic Benediction by the Minister.

Two pieces of music have been added on the last page; the Response after the Commandments, and the Gloria Patri, both of which can be sung by the congregation as well as the choir, as soon as they become familiar.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS	3	PRAYER FOR REVIVAL	48
Exodus 20: 1-17.		Sentences selected; Psalm 80.	
THE SANCTUARY	4	PRAYER AND PROMISE	49
Ps. 84; 1 Chron. 29: 11-13; Ps. 46; Isa. 52: 7-10.		Isaiah 12; John 14; Sentences selected.	
GOD'S WAY IN THE SANCTUARY	5	TRUST IN GOD	51
Psalm 77, 145.		Ps. 27; Matt. 10: 29; Matt. 6: 34; Luke 12	
MORNING WORSHIP	7	THE CHURCH MILITANT	53
Psalm 117, 122, 43, 121, 67; Numb. 6: 24-26.		Psalm 2, 72.	
SINCERITY IN SERVICE	8	THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT	54
Psalm 1, 15, 16, 112.		Sentences selected; Hebrews 12.	
THE CREATION	9	THE CITY OF THE LORD	56
Genesis 1; Genesis 2: 1-3.		Isaiah 60.	
THE GOODNESS OF GOD	11	GOD'S PEOPLE COMFORTED	57
Psalm 107.		Isaiah 40; Sentences selected.	
GOD'S SUPREME GLORY	13	THE GLORY OF THE CHURCH	59
Psalm 8, 9.		Isaiah 61, 62, 35.	
GOD, OUR FATHER	14	GIVING OF THANKS	60
Isaiah 64; Sentences selected.		Psalm 95, 103.	
THE DIVINE WISDOM	16	SOWING AND REAPING	62
Job 28.		Mark 4; Sentences selected; Matt. 13: 24-43.	
THE CALL OF WISDOM	17	COMMUNING WITH GOD	63
Proverbs 8.		Psalm 61, 25, 32.	
GRATEFUL REMINISCENCE	19	PRAYER, PATIENCE, AND PRAISE	65
Psalm 97, 63, 30.		Psalm 43, 40, 26.	
GOD'S OMNISCIENCE	20	THE VANITY OF THE WORLD	66
Psalm 123, 139.		Psalm 49, 39.	
PRAISE IN ZION	21	PRAYER ANSWERED	68
Psalm 149, 99, 65.		Psalm 66, 89.	
DIVINE PROTECTION	23	PROVIDENCE MISUNDERSTOOD	69
Psalm 91, 34.		Psalm 81, 73.	
DIVINE INTERPOSITION	24	TROUBLE RELIEVED	71
Psalm 18.		Psalm 102, 98.	
THE VOICE OF THE LORD	26	MERCY PAST AND FUTURE	72
Psalm 29, 96; Sentences selected.		Psalm 85, 86, 93.	
THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD	27	THE MAJESTY OF GOD	74
Psalm 5, 20, 23.		Psalm 104.	
THE KING IN ZION	28	GOD'S MERCY ENDURETH	75
Psalm 24, 45, 47.		Psalm 111, 118.	
GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT	30	UNIVERSAL ADORATION	77
Psalm 92, 125, 147.		Psalm 148, 146, 138.	
THE PROMISED REST	31	HELP ACKNOWLEDGED	78
Ps. 132; Isa. 2: 1-10; Heb. 3: 12.		Psalm 130, 124, 116, 3.	
THE COVENANT WITH GOD	33	ZION, THE PERFECTION OF BEAUTY	79
Zeph. 3: 14-20; Isa. 44: 1-6; Isa. 43: 4-7.		Psalm 50, 137, 87.	
HUMAN TRANSITORINESS	34	THE GODLY AND THE WICKED	81
Psalm 62, 90.		Psalm 37.	
HOPING IN GOD	36	THE ARK OF GOD	82
Psalm 42, 33, 100.		Psalm 68.	
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES	37	GOD, OUR DEFENCE	84
Psalm 119: 80-112; Psalm 19.		Psalm 53, 56, 110, 4.	
THE GOSPEL OF GRACE	39	CHRIST ON THE CROSS	86
Sentences selected.		Psalm 22.	
THE BIRTH OF CHRIST	40	NATIONAL HUMILIATION	87
Luke 1: 68-79; Luke 1: 46-55; Luke 2: 7-14.		Psalm 44, 60, 126.	
THE HOLY GHOST	42	GOD'S ANCIENT PEOPLE	89
Sentences selected.		Psalm 105.	
THE BEATITUDES	43	THE WORDS OF THE LORD	90
Matthew 5; Deut. 28; Sentences selected.		Psalm 12, 129.	
PRAYER	45	THE ANCIENT LITANY	91
Sentences selected.		Westminster Assembly Revision.	
PENITENCE FOR SIN	46		
Hosea 14; Joel 2; Psalm 51.			

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

SELECTION 1.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Exodus xx: 1-17.

AND God spake all these words, saying,
I am the LORD thy God, which have
brought thee out of the land of
Egypt, out of the house of bondage.
Thou shalt have no other gods be-
fore me.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and in-
cline our hearts to keep this law.*

Thou shalt not make unto thee any
graven image, or any likeness of any
thing that is in heaven above, or
that is in the earth beneath, or that
is in the water under the earth.
Thou shalt not bow down thyself to
them, nor serve them: for I the
LORD thy God am a jealous God,
visiting the iniquity of the fathers
upon the children unto the third and
fourth generation of them that hate
me; and showing mercy unto thou-
sands of them that love me, and keep
my commandments.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and in-
cline our hearts to keep this law.*

Thou shalt not take the name of the
LORD thy God in vain: for the LORD
will not hold him guiltless that taketh
his name in vain.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and in-
cline our hearts to keep this law.*

Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it
holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and
do all thy work: but the seventh day
is the Sabbath of the LORD thy God:
in it thou shalt not do any work,
thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter,
thy man-servant, nor thy maid-serv-
ant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger
that is within thy gates: for in six
days the LORD made heaven and
earth, the sea, and all that in them
is, and rested the seventh day: where-
fore the LORD blessed the Sabbath
day and hallowed it.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and in-
cline our hearts to keep this law.*

Honor thy father and thy mother: that
thy days may be long upon the land
which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and in-
cline our hearts to keep this law.*

Thou shalt not kill.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and in-
cline our hearts to keep this law.*

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and in-
cline our hearts to keep this law.*

Thou shalt not steal.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and in-
cline our hearts to keep this law.*

Thou shalt not bear false witness
against thy neighbor.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and in-
cline our hearts to keep this law.*

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's
house, thou shalt not covet thy
neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant,
nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor
his ass, nor any thing that is thy
neighbor's.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and write
all these thy laws in our hearts,
we beseech thee.*

SELECTION 2.

THE SANCTUARY.

Psalm LXXXIV.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O
Lord of hosts !

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for
the courts of the Lord :

My heart and my flesh crieth out for
the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found an house,
and the swallow a nest for herself,
where she may lay her young,

Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my
King, and my God !

Blessed are they that dwell in thy
house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in
thee; in whose heart are the ways
of them,

Who passing through the valley of
Baca make it a well; the rain also
filleth the pools.

They go from strength to strength,
every one of them in Zion appeareth
before God.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer :
give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our Shield ! and look
upon the face of thine Anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a
thousand.

I had rather be a doorkeeper in the
house of my God, than to dwell in
the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a Sun and Shield :
the Lord will give grace and glory :
no good thing will he withhold from
them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts ! blessed is the man
that trusteth in thee.

I Chronicles XXIX: 11-12.

BLESSED be thou, Lord God of Israel,
for ever and ever.

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and
the power,

And the glory and the victory and the
majesty ;

For all that is in the heaven and in the
earth is thine.

Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou
art exalted as head over all ;

Both riches and honor come of thee,
and thou reignest over all.

And in thy hand is power and might ;
and in thy hand it is to make great,
and to give strength unto all.

Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee,
and praise thy glorious name.

Psalm XLVI.

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very
present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the
earth be removed, and though the
mountains be carried into the midst
of the sea ;

Though the waters thereof roar and be
troubled, though the mountains shake
with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;

He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder: he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Isaiah LII: 7-10.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace;

That bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice, with the voice together shall they sing:

For they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem!

For the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

SELECTION 3.

GOD'S WAY IN THE SANCTUARY.

Psalm LXXVII.

I CRIED unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice; and he gave ear unto me.

In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord:

My sore ran in the night and ceased not: my soul refused to be comforted.

I remembered God, and was troubled: I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed.

Thou holdest mine eyes waking: I am so troubled that I cannot speak.

I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times.

I call to remembrance my song in the night:

I commune with mine own heart: and my spirit made diligent search.

Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favorable no more?

Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore?

Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?

And I said, This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.

I will remember the works of the Lord: surely I will remember thy wonders of old.

I will meditate also of all thy work,
and talk of thy doings.

Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary :
who is so great a God as our
God !

Thou art the God that doest wonders :
thou hast declared thy strength
among the people.

Thou hast with thine arm redeemed
thy people, the sons of Jacob and
Joseph.

The waters saw thee, O God, the wa-
ters saw thee ; they were afraid : the
depths also were troubled.

The clouds poured out water : the skies
sent out a sound : thine arrows also
went abroad.

The voice of thy thunder was in the
heaven : the lightnings lightened the
world : the earth trembled and shook.

Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in
the great waters, and thy footsteps
are not known.

Thou leddest thy people like a flock by
the hand of Moses and Aaron.

Psalm cxlv.

I WILL extol thee, my God, O King,
and I will bless thy name for ever
and ever.

Every day will I bless thee ; and I
will praise thy name for ever and
ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be
praised, and his greatness is un-
searchable.

One generation shall praise thy works
to another, and shall declare thy
mighty acts.

I will speak of the glorious honor of
thy majesty, and of thy wondrous
works.

And men shall speak of the might of
thy terrible acts : and I will declare
thy greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the mem-
ory of thy great goodness, and shall
sing of thy righteousness.

The Lord is gracious, and full of com-
passion ; slow to anger, and of great
mercy.

The Lord is good to all : and his tender
mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall praise thee, O
Lord ; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy
kingdom, and talk of thy power ;

To make known to the sons of men his
mighty acts, and the glorious majesty
of his kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting king-
dom, and thy dominion endureth
throughout all generations.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and
raiseth up all those that be bowed
down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee : and
thou givest them their meat in due
season.

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest
the desire of every living thing.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways,
and holy in all his works.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that
call upon him, to all that call upon
him in truth.

He will fulfill the desire of them that
fear him : he also will hear their cry,
and will save them.

The Lord preserveth all them that love
him : but all the wicked will he de-
stroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the
Lord :

And let all flesh bless his holy name
for ever and ever.

SELECTION 4.

MORNING WORSHIP.

Psalm cxvii.

OH, praise the Lord, all ye nations ;
praise him, all ye people.

For his merciful kindness is great to-
ward us :

And the truth of the Lord endureth for
ever. Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm cxix.

I WAS glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates,
O Jerusalem !

Jerusalem is builded as a city that is
compact together :

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of
the Lord unto the testimony of Israel,
to give thanks unto the name of the
Lord.

For there are set thrones of judgment,
the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem : they
shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and pros-
perity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say, Peace be within
thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our
God I will seek thy good.

Psalm xlviii.

GREAT is the Lord, and greatly to be
praised

In the city of our God, in the mountain
of his holiness.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the
whole earth is Mount Zion,

On the sides of the north, the city of
the great King.

God is known in her palaces for a
refuge.

We have thought of thy loving-kindness,
O God, in the midst of thy temple.

According to thy name, O God, so is
thy praise unto the ends of the earth :
thy right hand is full of righteousness.

Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the daugh-
ters of Judah be glad, because of thy
judgments.

Walk about Zion, and go round about
her ; tell the towers thereof.

Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider
her palaces,

That ye may tell it to the generation
following.

For this God is our God for ever and
ever ;

He will be our guide even unto death.

Psalm cxli.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which
made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved :
he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall
neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper : the Lord is
thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day,
nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all
evil : he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out
and thy coming in from this time
forth, and even for evermore.

Psalm LXV

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us ;
and cause his face to shine upon us.

That thy way may be known upon
earth, thy saving health among all
nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; let
all the people praise thee.

Oh, let the nations be glad and sing for
joy :

For thou shalt judge the people right-
eously, and govern the nations upon
earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; let
all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase ;
and God, even our own God, shall
bless us.

God shall bless us ; and all the ends
of the earth shall fear him.

Numbers VI: 24-26.

THE Lord bless thee, and keep thee !

The Lord make his face shine upon
thee, and be gracious unto thee !

The Lord lift up his countenance upon
thee, and give thee peace !

AMEN !

SELECTION 5.

SINCERITY IN SERVICE.

Psalm L.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not
in the counsel of the ungodly,

Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor
sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the
Lord ;

And in his law doth he meditate day
and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by
the rivers of water, that bringeth
forth his fruit in his season ;

His leaf also shall not wither, and
whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the
chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand
in the judgment,

Nor sinners in the congregation of the
righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the
righteous ;

But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Psalm xv.

LORD, who shall abide in thy taber-
nacle ? who shall dwell in thy holy
hill ?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh
righteousness, and speaketh the truth
in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue,
nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor
taketh up a reproach against his
neighbor.

In whose eyes a vile person is con-
temned ; but he honoreth them that
fear the Lord.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and
changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money to
usury, nor taketh reward against the
innocent.

He that doeth these things shall never
be moved.

Psalm xvi.

PRESERVE me, O God: for in thee do
I put my trust.

O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord : my goodness extendeth not to thee ;

But to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god :

Their drink-offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup : thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places ; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel : my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

I have set the Lord always before me : because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth : my flesh also shall rest in hope.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell ; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

Thou wilt show me the path of life : in thy presence is fullness of joy ;

At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Psalm cxii.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

His seed shall be mighty upon earth : the generation of the upright shall be blessed.

Wealth and riches shall be in his house : and his righteousness endureth for ever.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness :

He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

A good man showeth favor, and lendeth : he will guide his affairs with discretion.

Surely he shall not be moved for ever : the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings : his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

His heart is established, he shall not be afraid, until he see his desire upon his enemies.

He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor ;

His righteousness endureth for ever ; his horn shall be exalted with honor.

The wicked shall see it, and be grieved, he shall gnash with his teeth, and melt away :

The desire of the wicked shall perish.

SELECTION 6.

THE CREATION.

Genesis i.

IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void ; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light : and there was light.

And God saw the light, that it was good : and God divided the light from the darkness.

And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night.

And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.

And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament :

And it was so.

And God called the firmament Heaven.

And the evening and the morning were the second day.

And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear :

And it was so.

And God called the dry land Earth ; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas :

And God saw that it was good.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass,

The herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth :

And it was so.

And the earth brought forth grass,

And herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind :

And God saw that it was good.

And the evening and the morning were the third day.

And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night ;

And let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years :

And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth :

And it was so.

And God made two great lights ; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night :

He made the stars also.

And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth,

And to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness :

And God saw that it was good.

And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life.

And fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

And God created great whales,

And every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind :

And God saw that it was good.

And God blessed them, saying,

Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth.

And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind,

Cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind :

And it was so.

And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind,

And every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind :

And God saw that it was good.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness :

And let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth,

And over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him ; male and female created he them.

And God blessed them, and God said unto them,

Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it :

And have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air,

And over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth.

And every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed ; to you it shall be for meat.

And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air,

And to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life,

I have given every green herb for meat : And it was so.

And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.

And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

Genesis II.

THUS the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made :

And he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it :

Because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

SELECTION 7.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

Psalm CVII.

OH, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good : for his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy ;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way : they found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men !

For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Such as sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron ;

Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High :

Therefore he brought down their heart with labor ; they fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men !

For he hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat ; and they draw near unto the gates of death.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses.

He sent his word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men !

And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters ;

These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths : their soul is melted because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet ; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men !

Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders.

He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the water-springs into dry ground ;

A fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water-springs.

And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation ;

And sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase.

He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly ; and suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

Again, they are minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow.

He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.

Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock.

The righteous shall see it, and rejoice : and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.

SELECTION 8.

GOD'S SUPREME GLORY.

Psalm viii.

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth !

Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies,

That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers ; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained ;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him ? and the son of man, that thou visitest him ?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands ;

Thou hast put all things under his feet ; all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field ;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth !

Psalm ix.

I WILL praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart ; I will show forth all thy marvelous works.

I will be glad and rejoice in thee : I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

When mine enemies are turned back, they shall fall and perish at thy presence.

For thou hast maintained my right and my cause ; thou satest in the throne judging right.

Thou hast rebuked the heathen, thou hast destroyed the wicked, thou hast put out their name for ever and ever.

O thou enemy ! destructions are come to a perpetual end :

And thou hast destroyed cities ; their memorial is perished with them.

But the Lord shall endure for ever : he hath prepared his throne for judgment.

And he shall judge the world in righteousness, he shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness.

The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.

And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee :

For thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

Sing praises to the Lord, which dwelleth in Zion : declare among the people his doings.

When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them : he forgetteth not the cry of the humble.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord : consider my trouble which I suffer of them that hate me, thou that liftest me up from the gates of death :

That I may show forth all thy praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion : I will rejoice in thy salvation.

The heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made: in the net which they hid is their own foot taken.

The Lord is known by the judgment which he executeth : the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.

The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.

For the needy shall not always be forgotten :

The expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever.

Arise, O Lord ; let not man prevail : let the heathen be judged in thy sight.

Put them in fear, O Lord : that the nations may know themselves to be but men.

SELECTION 9.

GOD, OUR FATHER.

THERE is none other God but one.

For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth,

As there be gods many, and lords many :

But to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him ;

And one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him.

Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not :

Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer ; thy name is from everlasting.

A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows is God in his holy habitation.

And call no man your father upon the earth : for one is your Father, which is in heaven.

Now unto God and our Father be glory for ever and ever.

Isaiah LXIV.

OH, that thou wouldest rend the heavens, that thou wouldest come down,

That the mountains might flow down at thy presence,

As when the melting fire burneth, the fire causeth the waters to boil, to make thy name known to thine adversaries,

That the nations may tremble at thy presence !

When thou didst terrible things which we looked not for, thou camest down, the mountains flowed down at thy presence.

For since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear,

Neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him.

Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness, those that remember thee in thy ways :

Behold, thou art wroth ; for we have sinned : in those is continuance, and we shall be saved.

But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags ;

And we all do fade as a leaf ; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away.

And there is none that calleth upon thy name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of thee :

For thou hast hid thy face from us, and hast consumed us, because of our iniquities.

But now, O Lord, thou art our Father ; we are the clay, and thou our potter ; and we all are the work of thy hand.

Be not wroth very sore, O Lord, neither remember iniquity for ever :

Behold, see, we beseech thee, we are all thy people.

BLESSED be thou, Lord God of Israel our father, for ever and ever.

Jesus answered and said, If a man love me, he will keep my words :

And my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.

He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings :

And the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me.

Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are.

If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also : and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip ?

He that hath seen me hath seen the Father, and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father ?

Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me ?

The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself : but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

No man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me :

And he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

Be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing ; and I will receive you ;

And will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.

SELECTION 10.

THE DIVINE WISDOM.

Job xxviii.

SURELY there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold where they find it.

Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone.

He setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out all perfection: the stones of darkness, and the shadow of death.

The flood breaketh out from the inhabitant; even the waters forgotten of the foot: they are dried up, they are gone away from men.

As for the earth, out of it cometh bread: and under it is turned up as it were fire.

The stones of it are the place of sapphires: and it hath dust of gold.

There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen:

The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it.

He putteth forth his hand upon the rock; he overturneth the mountains by the roots.

He cutteth out rivers among the rocks; and his eye seeth every precious thing.

He bindeth the floods from overflowing; and the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light.

But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?

Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.

The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me.

It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire.

The gold and the crystal cannot equal it: and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold.

No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.

The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air.

Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven;

To make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure.

When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder;

Then did he see it, and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.

Ecclesiastes xii.

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,

While the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves,

And the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low,

And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low.

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way,

And the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail;

Because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken,

Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter:

Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

SELECTION 11.

THE CALL OF WISDOM.

Proverbs viii.

DOTH not wisdom cry? and understanding put forth her voice?

She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths.

She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors:

Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man.

O ye simple, understand wisdom: and ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart.

Hear; for I will speak of excellent things;

And the opening of my lips shall be right things.

For my mouth shall speak truth; and wickedness is an abomination to my lips.

All the words of my mouth are in righteousness; there is nothing forward or perverse in them.

They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge.

Receive my instruction, and not silver;
and knowledge rather than choice
gold.

For wisdom is better than rubies; and
all the things that may be desired
are not to be compared to it.

I Wisdom dwell with prudence, and
find out knowledge of witty inven-
tions.

The fear of the Lord is to hate evil:
pride, and arrogancy, and the evil
way, and the froward mouth, do I
hate.

Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom: I
am understanding; I have strength.

By me kings reign, and princes decree
justice.

By me princes rule, and nobles, even
all the judges of the earth.

I love them that love me; and those
that seek me early shall find me.

Riches and honor are with me; yea,
durable riches and righteousness.

My fruit is better than gold, yea, than
fine gold; and my revenue than
choice silver.

I lead in the way of righteousness,
in the midst of the paths of judg-
ment:

That I may cause those that love me
to inherit substance; and I will fill
their treasures.

The Lord possessed me in the begin-
ning of his way, before his works of
old.

I was set up from everlasting, from
the beginning, or ever the earth
was.

When there were no depths, I was
brought forth;

When there were no fountains abound-
ing with water.

Before the mountains were settled,
before the hills was I brought
forth:

While as yet he had not made
the earth, nor the fields, nor the
highest part of the dust of the
world.

When he prepared the heavens, I was
there: when he set a compass upon
the face of the depth:

When he established the clouds above:
when he strengthened the fountains
of the deep:

When he gave to the sea his decree,
that the waters should not pass his
commandment:

When he appointed the foundations of
the earth:

Then I was by him, as one brought up
with him:

And I was daily his delight, rejoicing
always before him;

Rejoicing in the habitable part of his
earth; and my delights were with
the sons of men.

Now therefore hearken unto me, O ye
children: for blessed are they that
keep my ways.

Hear instruction, and be wise, and
refuse it not.

Blessed is the man that heareth me,
watching daily at my gates, waiting
at the posts of my doors.

For whoso findeth me findeth life, and
shall obtain favor of the Lord.

But he that sinneth against me wrong-
eth his own soul:

All they that hate me love death.

SELECTION 12.

GRATEFUL REMINISCENCE.

Psalm xcvi.

THE Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

Clouds and darkness are round about him:

Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols: worship him, all ye gods.

Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy judgments, O Lord.

For thou, Lord, art high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints;

He delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

Psalm lxi.

O GOD, thou art my God; early will I seek thee:

My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;

And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory:

But the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Psalm xxx.

I WILL extol thee, O Lord; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave:

Thou hast kept me alive, that I should
not go down to the pit.

Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his,
and give thanks at the remembrance
of his holiness.

For his anger endureth but a moment ;
in his favor is life :

Weeping may endure for a night, but
joy cometh in the morning.

And in 'my prosperity I said, I shall
never be moved.

Lord, by thy favor thou hast made my
mountain to stand strong :

Thou didst hide thy face, and I was
troubled.

I cried to thee, O Lord ; and unto the
Lord I made supplication.

What profit is there in my blood, when
I go down to the pit ?

Shall the dust praise thee ? shall it
declare thy truth ?

Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon
me : Lord, be thou my helper.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning
into dancing :

Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and
girded me with gladness ;

To the end that my glory may sing
praise to thee, and not be silent.

O Lord my God, I will give thanks
unto thee for ever.

SELECTION 13.

GOD'S OMNISCIENCE.

Psalm CXXIII.

UNTO thee I lift up mine eyes, O thou,
that dwellest in the heavens.

Behold, as the eyes of servants look
unto the hand of their masters,

And as the eyes of a maiden unto the
hand of her mistress ;

So our eyes wait upon the Lord our
God, until that he have mercy
upon us.

Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have
mercy upon us :

For we are exceedingly filled with con-
tempt.

Our soul is exceedingly filled with the
scorning of those that are at ease,

And with the contempt of the proud.

Psalm CXXXIX.

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and
known me.

Thou knowest my downsitteing and
mine uprising ; thou understandest
my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my
lying down, and art acquainted with
all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue,
but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it alto-
gether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before,
and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me ;
it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit ? or
whither shall I flee from thy pres-
ence ?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art
there :

If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou
art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and
dwell in the uttermost parts of the
sea ;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and
thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day:

The darkness and the light are both alike to thee;

For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made:

Marvelous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret,

And curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect;

And in thy book all my members were written,

Which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God:

Depart from me, therefore, ye bloody men.

For they speak against thee wickedly, and thine enemies take thy name in vain.

Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee?

And am I not grieved with those that rise up against thee?

I hate them with perfect hatred: I count them mine enemies.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

SELECTION 14.

PRAISE IN ZION.

Psalm CXLIX.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.

Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds.

Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand;

To execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people;

To bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron;

To execute upon them the judgment written:

This honor have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm xcix.

THE Lord reigneth; let the people tremble:

He sitteth between the cherubims; let the earth be moved.

The Lord is great in Zion; and he is high above all the people.

Let them praise thy great and terrible name; for it is holy.

The king's strength also loveth judgment; thou dost establish equity,

Thou executest judgment and righteousness in Jacob.

Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his footstool; for he is holy.

Moses and Aaron among his priests, and Samuel among them that call upon his name;

They called upon the Lord, and he answered them.

He spake unto them in the cloudy pillar:

They kept his testimonies, and the ordinance that he gave them.

Thou answeredst them, O Lord our God:

Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions.

Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at his holy hill; for the Lord our God is holy.

Psalm lxxv.

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion:

And unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

Iniquities prevail against me: as for

our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts:

We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation;

Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens:

Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water:

Thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof:

Thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks;
the valleys also are covered over
with corn;

They shout for joy, they also sing.

SELECTION 15.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

Psalm xci.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place
of the Most High shall abide under
the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge
and my fortress: my God; in him
will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the
snare of the fowler, and from the
noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers,
and under his wings shalt thou trust:
His truth shall be thy shield and
buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror
by night; nor for the arrow that
flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in
darkness; nor for the destruction
that wasteth at noon-day.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and
ten thousand at thy right hand; but
it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold
and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord,
which is my refuge, even the Most
High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither
shall any plague come nigh thy
dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over
thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands,
lest thou dash thy foot against a
stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and
adder:

The young lion and the dragon shalt
thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me,
therefore will I deliver him:

I will set him on high, because he hath
known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will
answer him:

I will be with him in trouble; I will
deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and
show him my salvation.

Psalm xxxiv.

I WILL bless the Lord at all times: his
praise shall continually be in my
mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the
Lord: the humble shall hear thereof,
and be glad.

Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let
us exalt his name together.

I sought the Lord, and he heard me,
and delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were light-
ened: and their faces were not
ashamed.

This poor man cried, and the Lord
heard him, and saved him out of all
his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round
about them that fear him, and de-
livereth them.

Oh, taste and see that the Lord is
good: blessed is the man that
trusteth in him.

SELECTION 16.

DIVINE INTERPOSITION.

Psalm xviii.

Oh, fear the Lord, ye his saints : for
there is no want to them that fear
him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer
hunger : but they that seek the
Lord shall not want any good
thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me : I
will teach you the fear of the
Lord.

What man is he that desireth life, and
loveth many days, that he may see
good ?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy
lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good ; seek
peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the
righteous, and his ears are open unto
their cry.

The face of the Lord is against them
that do evil, to cut off the remem-
brance of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the Lord hear-
eth, and delivereth them out of all
their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are
of a broken heart ; and saveth such
as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the right-
eous : but the Lord delivereth him
out of them all.

He keepeth all his bones : not one of
them is broken.

Evil shall slay the wicked : and they
that hate the righteous shall be
desolate.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his
servants : and none of them that
trust in him shall be desolate.

I WILL love thee, O Lord, my strength.
The Lord is my rock, and my fortress,
and my deliverer ;

My God, my strength, in whom I will
trust ;

My buckler, and the horn of my salva-
tion, and my high tower ;

I will call upon the Lord, who is
worthy to be praised : so shall I be
saved from mine enemies.

The sorrows of death compassed me,
and the floods of ungodly men made
me afraid.

The sorrows of hell compassed me
about : the snares of death pre-
vented me.

In my distress I called upon the Lord,
and cried unto my God :

He heard my voice out of his temple,
and my cry came before him, even
into his ears.

Then the earth shook and trembled ;
the foundations also of the hills
moved, and were shaken, because he
was wroth.

There went up a smoke out of his nos-
trils, and fire out of his mouth de-
voured : coals were kindled by it.

He bowed the heavens also, and came
down : and darkness was under his
feet.

And he rode upon a cherub and did
fly : yea, he did fly upon the wings
of the wind.

He made darkness his secret place ; his
pavilion round about him were dark
waters and thick clouds of the skies.

At the brightness that was before him
his thick clouds passed, hail-stones
and coals of fire.

The Lord also thundered in the heav-
ens, and the Highest gave his
voice; hail-stones and coals of fire.

Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scat-
tered them; and he shot out light-
nings and discomfited them.

Then the channels of waters were seen,
and the foundations of the world
were discovered,

At thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of
the breath of thy nostrils.

He sent from above, he took me, he
drew me out of many waters.

He delivered me from my strong
enemy, and from them which hated
me: for they were too strong for me.

They prevented me in the day of my
calamity: but the Lord was my stay.

He brought me forth also into a large
place; he delivered me, because he
delighted in me.

The Lord rewarded me according to
my righteousness;

According to the cleanness of my hands
hath he recompensed me.

For I have kept the ways of the Lord,
and have not wickedly departed from
my God.

For all his judgments were before me,
and I did not put away his statutes
from me.

I was also upright before him; and I
kept myself from mine iniquity.

Therefore hath the Lord recompensed
me according to my righteousness,

According to the cleanness of my
hands in his eyesight.

With the merciful thou wilt show thy-
self merciful;

With an upright man thou wilt show
thyself upright;

With the pure thou wilt show thyself
pure; and with the froward thou
wilt show thyself froward.

For thou wilt save the afflicted people;
but wilt bring down high looks.

For thou wilt light my candle: the
Lord my God will enlighten my
darkness.

For by thee I have run through a
troop; and by my God have I leaped
over a wall.

As for God, his way is perfect: the
word of the Lord is tried:

He is a buckler to all those that trust
in him.

For who is God save the Lord? or who
is a rock save our God?

It is God that girdeth me with strength,
and maketh my way perfect.

He maketh my feet like hinds' feet,
and setteth me upon my high
places.

He teacheth my hands to war, so that
a bow of steel is broken by mine
arms.

Thou hast also given me the shield of
thy salvation:

And thy right hand hath holden me up,
and thy gentleness hath made me
great.

Thou hast enlarged my steps under
me, that my feet did not slip.

The Lord liveth; and blessed be my
Rock;

And let the God of my salvation be
exalted.

SELECTION 17.

THE VOICE OF THE LORD.

Psalm xxix.

GIVE unto the Lord, O ye mighty, give
unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto
his name; worship the Lord in the
beauty of holiness.

The voice of the Lord is upon the
waters: the God of glory thunder-
eth: the Lord is upon many waters.

The voice of the Lord is powerful; the
voice of the Lord is full of majesty.

The voice of the Lord breaketh the
cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the
cedars of Lebanon.

He maketh them also to skip like a
calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a
young unicorn.

The voice of the Lord divideth the
flames of fire.

The voice of the Lord shaketh the wil-
derness; the Lord shaketh the wil-
derness of Kadesh.

The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds
to calve, and discovereth the forests:
And in his temple doth every one
speak of his glory.

The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea,
the Lord sitteth King for ever.

The Lord will give strength unto his
people; the Lord will bless his peo-
ple with peace.

Psalm xcvi.

OH, sing unto the Lord a new song:
sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show
forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen,
his wonders among all people

For the Lord is great, and greatly to
be praised: he is to be feared above
all gods.

For all the gods of the nations are
idols: but the Lord made the
heavens.

Honor and majesty are before him;
strength and beauty are in his
sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of
the people, give unto the Lord glory
and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto
his name: bring an offering, and
come into his courts.

Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of
holiness: fear before him all the
earth.

Say among the heathen that the Lord
reigneth:

The world also shall be established
that it shall not be moved: he shall
judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the
earth be glad; let the sea roar, and
the fullness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is
therein:

Then shall all the trees of the wood
rejoice before the Lord:

For he cometh, for he cometh to judge
the earth:

He shall judge the world with right-
eousness, and the people with his
truth.

If ye then, being evil, know how to
give good gifts unto your children:
how much more shall your heavenly
Father give the Holy Spirit to them
that ask him?

For ye know the grace of our Lord
Jesus Christ, that, though he was
rich,

Yet for your sakes he became poor, that
ye through his poverty might be rich.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my
voice, have mercy also upon me, and
answer me.

If ye shall ask anything in my name,
I will do it.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mer-
cies and thy loving-kindnesses; for
they have been ever of old.

The mercy of the Lord is from ever-
lasting to everlasting upon them that
fear him.

Lord, I believe; help thou mine un-
belief.

I have prayed for thee, that thy faith
fail not.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am
weak.

He giveth power to the faint; and to
them that have no might he increas-
eth strength.

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies
from me.

No good thing will he withhold from
them that walk uprightly.

SELECTION 18.

THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD.

Psalms v.

GIVE ear to my words, O Lord, con-
sider my meditation.

Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my
King, and my God: for unto thee
will I pray.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morn-
ing, O Lord;

In the morning will I direct my prayer
unto thee, and will look up.

For thou art not a God that hath
pleasure in wickedness: neither shall
evil dwell with thee.

The foolish shall not stand in thy
sight: thou hatest all workers of
iniquity.

Thou shalt destroy them that speak
leasing: the Lord will abhor the
bloody and deceitful man.

But as for me, I will come into thy
house in the multitude of thy mercy:

And in thy fear will I worship toward
thy holy temple.

Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness,
because of mine enemies; make thy
way straight before my face.

For there is no faithfulness in their
mouth; their inward part is very
wickedness;

Their throat is an open sepulchre; they
flatter with their tongue.

Destroy thou them, O God; let them
fall by their own counsels;

Cast them out in the multitude of their
transgressions; for they have re-
belled against thee.

But let all those that put their trust in
thee rejoice:

Let them ever shout for joy, because
thou defendest them:

Let them also that love thy name be
joyful in thee.

For thou, Lord, wilt bless the right-
eous; with favor wilt thou compass
him as with a shield.

Psalms xx.

THE Lord hear thee in the day of
trouble; the name of the God of
Jacob defend thee.

Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion.

Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt-sacrifice.

Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfill all thy counsel.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners: the Lord fulfill all thy petitions.

Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed;

He will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.

They are brought down and fallen; but we are risen, and stand upright.

Save, Lord: let the king hear us when we call.

Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:

For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

SELECTION 19.

THE KING IN ZION.

Psalm xxiv.

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;

Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord, mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Psalm XLV.

MY heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the King: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips:

Therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.

Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty,

And in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth and meekness and righteousness;

And thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.

Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies, whereby the people fall under thee.

Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre.

Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness.

Therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad.

Kings' daughters were among thy honorable women: upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir.

Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house;

So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty: for he is thy Lord; and worship thou him.

And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift; even the rich among the people shall entreat thy favor.

The King's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold.

She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework:

The virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee.

With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought: they shall enter into the King's palace.

Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth.

I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations:

Therefore shall the people praise thee for ever and ever.

Psalm XLVII.

OH, clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

For the Lord Most High is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth.

He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet.

He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved.

God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.

Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.

The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the God of Abraham :

For the shields of the earth belong unto God : he is greatly exalted.

SELECTION 20.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Psalm xcii.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High :

To show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery ; upon the harp with a solemn sound.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work : I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

O Lord, how great are thy works ! and thy thoughts are very deep.

A brutish man knoweth not ; neither doth a fool understand this.

When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish :

It is that they shall be destroyed for ever :

But thou, Lord, art most high for evermore.

For lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for lo, thine enemies shall perish ;

All the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn : I shall be anointed with fresh oil.

Mine eye also shall see my desire on

mine enemies, and mine ears shall hear my desire of the wicked that rise up against me.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree : he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age ; they shall be fat and flourishing ;

To show that the Lord is upright : he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

Psalm cxxy.

THEY that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous ; lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.

Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity : but peace shall be upon Israel.

Psalm cxlvii.

PRAISE ye the Lord : for it is good to sing praises unto our God : for it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem : he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth the broken in heart, and
bindeth up their wounds.

He telleth the number of the stars ;
he calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord, and of great power :
his understanding is infinite.

The Lord lifteth up the meek : he cast-
eth the wicked down to the ground.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving ;
sing praise upon the harp unto our
God.

Who covereth the heaven with clouds,
who prepareth rain for the earth,

Who maketh grass to grow upon the
mountains.

He giveth to the beast his food, and to
the young ravens which cry.

He delighteth not in the strength of
the horse : he taketh not pleasure in
the legs of a man.

The Lord taketh pleasure in them that
fear him, in those that hope in his
mercy.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem ; praise
thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of
thy gates ; he hath blessed thy chil-
dren within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and
filleth thee with the finest of the
wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment
upon earth : his word runneth very
swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool : he scatter-
eth the hoar frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels :
who can stand before his cold ?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth
them :

He causeth his wind to blow, and the
waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his
statutes and his judgments unto
Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation :
and as for his judgments, they have
not known them.

Praise ye the Lord !

SELECTION 21.

THE PROMISED REST.

Psalm CXXXII.

LORD, remember David, and all his
afflictions :

How he sware unto the Lord, and
vowed unto the mighty God of
Jacob ;

Surely I will not come into the taber-
nacle of my house, nor go up into
my bed ;

I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or
slumber to mine eyelids,

Until I find out a place for the Lord,
an habitation for the mighty God of
Jacob.

Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah : we
found it in the fields of the
wood.

We will go into his tabernacles ; we
will worship at his footstool.

Arise, O Lord, into thy rest ; thou,
and the ark of thy strength.

Let thy priests be clothed with right-
eousness ; and let thy saints shout
for joy.

For thy servant David's sake turn not
away the face of thine anointed.

The Lord hath sworn in truth unto
David ; he will not turn from it ;

Of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy throne.

If thy children will keep my covenant and my testimony that I shall teach them;

Their children also shall sit upon thy throne for evermore.

For the Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation.

This is my rest for ever: here will I dwell; for I have desired it.

I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread.

I will also clothe her priests with salvation, and her saints shall shout aloud for joy.

There will I make the horn of David to bud: I have ordained a lamp for mine anointed.

His enemies will I clothe with shame: but upon himself shall his crown flourish.

Isaiah XI: 1-10.

AND there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots:

And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding,

The spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;

And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord:

And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:

But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth:

And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth,

And with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid;

And the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain:

For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people;

To it shall the Gentiles seek: and his rest shall be glorious.

Hebrews III: 12.

TAKE heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God.

But exhort one another daily, while it is called To-day; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.

For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end;

While it is said, To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, as in the provocation.

For some, when they had heard, did provoke: howbeit, not all that came out of Egypt by Moses.

But with whom was he grieved forty years?

Was it not with them that had sinned, whose carcasses fell in the wilderness?

And to whom sware he that they should not enter into his rest, but to them that believed not?

So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief.

Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.

He will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing.

I will gather them that are sorrowful for the solemn assembly,

Who are of thee, to whom the reproach of it was a burden.

Behold at that time I will undo all that afflict thee:

And I will save her that halteth, and gather her that was driven out;

And I will get them praise and fame in every land where they have been put to shame.

At that time will I bring you again, even in the time that I gather you:

For I will make you a name and a praise among all people of the earth,

When I turn back your captivity before your eyes, saith the Lord.

Isaiah XLIV: 1-6.

YET now hear, O Jacob my servant; and Israel, whom I have chosen:

Thus saith the Lord that made thee, and formed thee from the womb, which will help thee:

Fear not, O Jacob, my servant; and thou, Jeshurun, whom I have chosen.

For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.

I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring:

And they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses.

One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob;

And another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel.

SELECTION 22.

THE COVENANT WITH GOD.

Zephaniah III: 14-20.

SING, O daughter of Zion; shout, O Israel;

Be glad and rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem.

The Lord hath taken away thy judgments, he hath cast out thine enemy.

The king of Israel, even the Lord, is in the midst of thee: thou shalt not see evil any more.

In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, Fear thou not:

And to Zion, Let not thy hands be slack.

The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy.

Thus saith the Lord the King of Israel,
and his Redeemer the Lord of hosts :
I am the first, and I am the last ; and
beside me there is no God.

Isaiah XLIII: 4-7.

SINCE thou wast precious in my sight,
thou hast been honorable, and I have
loved thee ;

Therefore will I give men for thee, and
people for thy life.

Fear not, for I am with thee ; I will
bring thy seed from the east, and
gather thee from the west ;

I will say to the north, Give up ; and
to the south, Keep not back ;

Bring my sons from far, and my
daughters from the ends of the
earth,

Even every one that is called by my
name, for I have created him for my
glory ; I have formed him, yea, I
have made him.

Incline your ear, and come unto me :
hear, and your soul shall live : and
I will make an everlasting covenant
with you, even the sure mercies of
David.

Enter not into judgment with thy serv-
ant, O Lord.

There is therefore now no condemnation
to them that are in Christ Jesus.

Create in me a clean heart, O God ; and
renew a right spirit within me.

A new heart will I give you, and a new
spirit will I put within you ; and I
will take away the stony heart out
of your flesh, and I will give you a
heart of flesh.

Unto thee will I cry, O Lord, my rock ;
be not silent unto me.

Before they call I will answer ; and
while they are yet speaking I will
hear.

For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon
mine iniquity, for it is great.

Your sins are forgiven you, for his
name's sake.

Our backslidings are many ; we have
sinned against thee.

I will heal their backsliding, I will
love them freely.

Oh, satisfy us early with thy mercy ;
that we may rejoice and be glad all
our days.

My people shall be satisfied with my
goodness.

Blessed be the Lord, because he hath
heard the voice of my supplications.

Now unto him that is able to keep you
from falling, and to present you
faultless before the presence of his
glory with exceeding joy,

To the only wise God our Saviour, be
glory and majesty, dominion and
power, both now and ever. Amen.

SELECTION 23.

HUMAN TRANSITORINESS.

Psalms LXII.

TRULY my soul waiteth upon God :
from him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my salvation ;
he is my defence ; I shall not be
greatly moved.

How long will ye imagine mischief
against a man ? ye shall be slain all
of you ;

As a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a
tottering fence.

They only consult to cast him down from
his excellency : they delight in lies :
They bless with their mouth, but they
curse inwardly.

My soul, wait thou only upon God ; for
my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation :
he is my defence ; I shall not be
moved.

In God is my salvation and my glory :
the rock of my strength, and my
refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times ; ye people,
pour out your heart before him : God
is a refuge for us.

Surely men of low degree are vanity,
and men of high degree are a lie :

To be laid in the balance, they are
altogether lighter than vanity.

Trust not in oppression, and become
not vain in robbery :

If riches increase, set not your heart
upon them.

God hath spoken once ; twice have I
heard this ; that power belongeth
unto God.

Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth
mercy :

For thou renderest to every man ac-
cording to his work.

Psalm xc.

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-
place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought
forth, or ever thou hadst formed the
earth and the world,

Even from everlasting to everlasting,
thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction ; and
sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are
but as yesterday when it is past, and
as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a
flood ; they are as a sleep :

In the morning they are like grass
which groweth up ;

In the morning it flourisheth, and
groweth up ;

In the evening it is cut down, and
withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger,
and by thy wrath we are troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before
thee, our secret sins in the light of
thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in
thy wrath : we spend our years as a
tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore
years and ten :

And if by reason of strength they be
fourscore years,

Yet is their strength labor and sorrow ;
for it is soon cut off, and we fly
away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger ?
even according to thy fear, so is thy
wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that
we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long ? and let it
repent thee concerning thy servants.

Oh, satisfy us early with thy mercy :
that we may rejoice and be glad all
our days.

Make us glad according to the days
wherein thou hast afflicted us,

And the years wherein we have seen
evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our
God be upon us :

And establish thou the work of our
hands upon us ;

Yea, the work of our hands establish
thou it.

SELECTION 24.

HOPING IN GOD.

Psalm XLII.

AS THE hart panteth after the water-
brooks, so panteth my soul after
thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the liv-
ing God: when shall I come and
appear before God?

My tears have been my meat day and
night, while they continually say
unto me, Where is thy God?

When I remember these things I pour
out my soul in me :

For I had gone with the multitude, I
went with them to the house of
God,

With the voice of joy and praise, with
a multitude that kept holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
and why art thou disquieted in
me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet
praise him for the help of his counte-
nance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within
me: therefore will I remember thee
From the land of Jordan, and of the
Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of
thy water-spouts;

All thy waves and thy billows are gone
over me.

Yet the Lord will command his loving-
kindness in the day-time,

And in the night his song shall be with
me, and my prayer unto the God of
my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why
hast thou forgotten me?

Why go I mourning because of the
oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine
enemies reproach me;

While they say daily unto me, Where
is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
and why art thou disquieted with-
in me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet
praise him, who is the health of my
countenance, and my God.

Psalm XXXIII.

REJOICE in the Lord, O ye righteous:
for praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the Lord with harp: sing unto
him with the psaltery, and an instru-
ment of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song; play skill-
fully with a loud noise.

For the word of the Lord is right; and
all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment:
the earth is full of the goodness of
the Lord.

By the word of the Lord were the
heavens made;

And all the host of them by the breath
of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea
together as a heap:

He layeth up the depth in store-houses.

Let all the earth fear the Lord: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to naught:

He maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord;

And the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven; he be- holdeth all the sons of men.

From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

He fashioneth their hearts alike; he considereth all their works.

There is no king saved by the multi- tude of an host:

A mighty man is not delivered by much strength.

An horse is a vain thing for safety: neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy;

To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord: he is our help and our shield.

For our heart shall rejoice in him, be-

cause we have trusted in his holy name.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

Psalm c.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves;

We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise:

Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

SELECTION 25.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Psalm CXX: 88-112.

FOR ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven.

Thy faithfulness is unto all genera- tions: thou hast established the earth, and it abideth.

They continue this day according to thine ordinances: for all are thy servants.

Unless thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction.

I will never forget thy precepts: for with them thou hast quickened me.

I am thine, save me; for I have sought thy precepts.

The wicked have waited for me to destroy me: but I will consider thy testimonies.

I have seen an end of all perfection: but thy commandment is exceeding broad.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

I have sworn, and I will perform it, that I will keep thy righteous judgments.

I am afflicted very much: quicken me, O Lord, according unto thy word.

Accept, I beseech thee, the free-will offerings of my mouth, O Lord, and teach me thy judgments.

My soul is continually in my hand: yet do I not forget thy law.

The wicked have laid a snare for me: yet I erred not from thy precepts.

Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart.

I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes always, even unto the end.

Psalm XIX.

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it;

And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:

The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:

Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned,

And in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:

Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight,

O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer!

SELECTION 26.

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE.

Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.

And God looked upon the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt: for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth.

The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God.

They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy:

There is none that doeth good, no, not one.

As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one:

There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God.

They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable;

There is none that doeth good, no, not one.

Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips;

Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood.

Destruction and misery are in their ways,

And the way of peace have they not known:

There is no fear of God before their eyes.

Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law,

That every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God.

Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!

How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!

For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counselor?

For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all.

FOR when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.

For scarcely for a righteous man will one die;

Yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.

But God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.

COME unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me;

For I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ;

Come ye, buy and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread ? and your labor for that which satisfieth not ?

Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me : hear, and your soul shall live.

And I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come.

And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

SELECTION 27.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given :

And the government shall be upon his shoulder :

And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor,

The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus :

Who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.

For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory,

The glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

Wherefore in all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren,

That he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people.

For verily he took not on him the nature of angels ; but he took on him the seed of Abraham.

Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same ;

That through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil.

The Benedictus. Luke 1: 68-79.

BLESSED be the Lord God of Israel ; for he hath visited and redeemed his people,

And hath raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David :

As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began :

That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us :

To perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant ;

The oath which he sware to our father Abraham, That he would grant unto us,

That we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear,

In holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.

And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest.

For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways ;

To give knowledge of salvation unto his people, by the remission of their sins,

Through the tender mercy of our God ; whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us,

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death,

To guide our feet into the way of peace.

The Magnificat. Luke i: 46-55.

AND Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord,

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden :

For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is his name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation.

He hath showed strength with his arm ; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.

He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy ;

As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.

Luke II: 7-14.

AND she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger,

Because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them ; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not : for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you : Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel
a multitude of the heavenly host
praising God, and saying,
Glory to God in the highest, and on
earth peace, good will toward men.

SELECTION 28.

THE HOLY GHOST.

AND it came to pass, that, while
Apollas was at Corinth, Paul having
passed through the upper coasts
came to Ephesus; and finding cer-
tain disciples, he said unto them,
Have ye received the Holy Ghost
since ye believed?

And they said unto him, We have not
so much as heard whether there be
any Holy Ghost.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of
God, and that the Spirit of God
dwelleth in you?

Now he which establisheth us with you
in Christ, and hath anointed us, is
God;

Who hath also sealed us, and given
the earnest of the Spirit in our
hearts.

Who is he that overcometh the world,
but he that believeth that Jesus is
the Son of God?

This is he that came by water and
blood, even Jesus Christ; not by
water only, but by water and blood.

And it is the Spirit that beareth wit-
ness, because the Spirit is truth.

If we receive the witness of men, the
witness of God is greater,

For this is the witness of God which
he hath testified of his Son.

He that believeth on the Son of God
hath the witness in himself.

This spake Jesus of the Spirit, which
they that believe on him should
receive;

For the Holy Ghost was not yet given,
because that Jesus was not yet glo-
rified.

Nevertheless I tell you the truth, It is
expedient for you that I go away;

For if I go not away, the Comforter
will not come unto you;

But if I depart, I will send him unto
you.

And I will pray the Father, and he
shall give you another Comforter,
that he may abide with you for ever;

Even the Spirit of truth; whom the
world cannot receive, because it seeth
him not, neither knoweth him.

But ye know him; for he dwelleth with
you, and shall be in you.

And when he is come, he will reprove
the world of sin, and of righteous-
ness, and of judgment:

Of sin, because they believe not on
me:

Of righteousness, because I go to my
Father, and ye see me no more:

Of judgment, because the prince of this
world is judged.

I have yet many things to say unto-
you, but ye cannot bear them now.

Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth,
is come, he will guide you into all
truth.

For he shall not speak of himself, but
whatsoever he shall hear, that shall
he speak: and he will show you
things to come.

He shall glorify me, for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.

When the Comforter is come, he shall testify of me.

Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities,

For we know not what we should pray for as we ought :

But the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

And he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit ;

Because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God.

And he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him, and he in him ;

And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man,

The things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit,

For the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him ?

Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.

SELECTION 29.

THE BEATITUDES.

Matthew v.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you,

And shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven :

For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Deuteronomy xxviii.

AND it shall come to pass, if thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do all his commandments which I command thee this day, that the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth :

And all these blessings shall come on thee, and overtake thee,

If thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God.

Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the field.

Blessed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy ground,

And the fruit of thy cattle, the increase of thy kine, and the flocks of thy sheep.

Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store.

Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out.

The Lord shall cause thine enemies that rise up against thee to be smitten before thy face :

They shall come out against thee one way, and flee before thee seven ways.

The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee in thy storehouses, and in all that thou settest thine hand unto ;

And he shall bless thee in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

The Lord shall establish thee a holy people unto himself, as he hath sworn unto thee,

If thou shalt keep the commandments of the Lord thy God, and walk in his ways.

And all people of the earth shall see that thou art called by the name of the Lord ; and they shall be afraid of thee.

And the Lord shall make thee plenteous in goods, in the fruit of thy body, and in the fruit of thy cattle,

And in the fruit of thy ground, in the land which the Lord sware unto thy fathers to give thee.

The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure, the heaven to give the rain unto thy land in his season,

And to bless all the work of thine hand :

And thou shalt lend unto many nations, and thou shalt not borrow.

And the Lord shall make thee the head, and not the tail :

And thou shalt be above only, and thou shalt not be beneath :

If that thou hearken unto the commandments of the Lord thy God, which I command thee this day, to observe and to do them :

And thou shalt not go aside from any of the words which I command thee this day,

To the right hand, or to the left, to go after other gods to serve them.

BLESSED are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law.

Blessed are they that keep judgment, and he that doeth righteousness at all times.

Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord ; that walketh in his ways.

Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest,
and causest to approach unto thee,
that he may dwell in thy courts.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy
house: they will be still praising
thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is
in thee.

Blessed is the man that trusteth in the
Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.

He that hath an ear, let him hear what
the Spirit saith unto the churches.

SELECTION 30.

PRAYER.

I EXHORT therefore, that, first of all,
supplications, prayers, intercessions,
and giving of thanks be made for all
men.

For this is good and acceptable in the
sight of God our Saviour.

I will therefore that men pray every-
where, lifting up holy hands, without
wrath and doubting.

He that turneth away his ear from
hearing the law, even his prayer
shall be abomination.

Continue in prayer, and watch in the
same with thanksgiving.

Now we know that God heareth not
sinners: but if any man be a wor-
shiper of God, and doeth his will,
him he heareth.

Be careful for nothing; but in every-
thing by prayer and supplication
with thanksgiving let your requests
be made known unto God.

But without faith it is impossible to
please him:

For he that cometh to God must be-
lieve that he is, and that he is a
rewarder of them that diligently seek
him.

He shall pray unto God, and he will
be favorable unto him.

Draw nigh to God, and he will draw
nigh to you.

Praying always with all prayer and
supplication in the Spirit,

And watching thereunto with all per-
severance and supplication for all
saints.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, What-
soever ye shall ask the Father in my
name, he will give it you.

And whatsoever we ask, we receive of
him, because we keep his command-
ments,

And do those things that are pleasing
in his sight.

And all things whatsoever ye shall ask
in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the
throne of grace, that we may obtain
mercy, and find grace to help in time
of need.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek,
and ye shall find;

Knock, and it shall be opened unto
you:

For every one that asketh, receiveth;
and he that seeketh, findeth;

And to him that knocketh, it shall be
opened.

Or what man is there of you, whom if
his son ask bread, will he give him a
stone?

Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a
serpent?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children,

How much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him !

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him : he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

Delight thyself also in the Lord ; and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord ; trust also in him ; and he shall bring it to pass.

And this is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us :

And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.

But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do :

For they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

Be not ye therefore like unto them : for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.

Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus,

By a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us through the vail, that is to say, his flesh,

And having a high priest over the house of God,

Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith,

Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.

After this manner therefore pray ye :

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

SELECTION 31.

PENITENCE FOR SIN.

Hosea xiv.

O ISRAEL, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity :

Take with you words, and turn to the Lord : say unto him,

Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously : so will we render the calves of our lips.

I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely ; for mine anger is turned away from him.

I will be as the dew unto Israel : he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.

His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon.

They that dwell under his shadow shall return ; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine ;

The scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon.

Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols !

I have heard him, and observed him :
I am like a green fir-tree. From me is thy fruit found.

Who is wise, and he shall understand these things ! prudent, and he shall know them !

For the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them : but the transgressors shall fall therein.

Joel II.

Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain :

Let all the inhabitants of the land tremble : for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand.

Therefore also now, saith the Lord,
Turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning :

And rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God :

For he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil.

Who knoweth if he will return and repent, and leave a blessing behind him ;

Even a meat-offering and a drink-offering unto the Lord your God ?

Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly :

Gather the people, sanctify the congregation, assemble the elders, gather the children.

Let the bridegroom go forth of his chamber, and the bride out of her closet.

Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say,

Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them :

Wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God ?

Then will the Lord be jealous for his land, and pity his people.

Yea, the Lord will answer and say unto his people,

Behold, I will send you corn, and wine, and oil, and ye shall be satisfied therewith :

And I will no more make you a reproach among the heathen.

Psaln LI.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness :

According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions ; and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight :

That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity ; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts, and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean : wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness;
that the bones which thou hast
broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot
out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and
renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence,
and take not thy Holy Spirit from
me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salva-
tion, and uphold me with thy free
Spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy
ways; and sinners shall be converted
unto thee.

O Lord, open thou my lips; and my
mouth shall show forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice, else
would I give it; thou delightest not
in burnt-offering

The sacrifices of God are a broken
spirit:

A broken and a contrite heart, O God,
thou wilt not despise.

Do good in thy good pleasure unto
Zion: build thou the walls of Jeru-
salem.

Then shalt thou be pleased with the
sacrifices of righteousness, with
burnt-offering and whole burnt-offer-
ing:

Then shall they offer bullocks upon
thine altar.

SELECTION 32.

PRAYER FOR REVIVAL.

How doth the city sit solitary, that
was full of people! how is she be-
come as a widow!

Zion spreadeth forth her hands, and
there is none to comfort her.

How is the gold become dim! how is
the most fine gold changed!

The stones of the sanctuary are poured
out in the top of every street:

The ways of Zion do mourn, because
none come to the solemn feasts; all
her gates are desolate.

How hath the Lord covered the daugh-
ter of Zion with a cloud in his
anger,

And cast down from heaven unto the
earth the beauty of Israel,

And remembered not his footstool in
the day of his anger!

Jerusalem remembered in the days of
her affliction and of her miseries all
her pleasant things that she had in
the days of old.

Arise, cry out in the night: in the
beginning of the watches pour out
thy heart like water before the face
of the Lord!

O Lord, revive thy work in the midst
of the years, in the midst of the
years make known; in wrath re-
member mercy.

Turn us, O God of our salvation, and
cause thine anger toward us to cease.

Wilt thou be angry with us for ever?
wilt thou draw out thine anger to all
generations?

Wilt thou not revive us again; that
thy people may rejoice in thee?

Show us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant
us thy salvation.

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are
not consumed, because his compas-
sions fail not.

They are new every morning : great is thy faithfulness.

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul ; therefore will I hope in him.

The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him.

It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.

Psalm LXXX.

GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock ;

Thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth.

Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh stir up thy strength, and come and save us.

Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine ; and we shall be saved.

O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people ?

Thou feedest them with the bread of tears, and givest them tears to drink in great measure.

Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbors, and our enemies laugh among themselves.

Turn us again, O God of hosts, and cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt, thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it.

Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land.

The hills were covered with the shadow

of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.

She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river.

Why hast thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her ?

The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it.

Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts ; look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine ;

And the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.

It is burnt with fire, it is cut down : they perish at the rebuke of thy countenance.

Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand,

Upon the son of man whom thou madest strong for thyself.

So will not we go back from thee : quicken us, and we will call upon thy name.

Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts, cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

SELECTION 33.

PRAYER AND PROMISE.

Isaiah XII.

BEHOLD, God is my salvation ; I will trust and not be afraid.

For the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song ; he also is become my salvation.

Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon his name.

Declare his doings among the people, make mention that his name is exalted;

Sing unto the Lord, for he hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth.

Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion,

For great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

I WILL hear what God the Lord will speak; for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints.

Speak, Lord! For thy servant heareth.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness.

Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.

Have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

With everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.

Preserve me, O God, for in thee do I put my trust.

He is a shield unto them that put their trust in him.

How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

For a small moment have I forsaken

thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee.

I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant.

I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away.

Forsake me not when my strength faileth.

My strength is made perfect in weakness.

Hide me under the shadow of thy wings.

The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him, and the Lord shall cover him all the day long.

For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me,

Thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me.

John xiv.

LET not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions:

If it were not so, I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself;

That where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also ;

And greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do,

That the Father may be glorified in the Son.

If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.

If ye love me, keep my commandments : I will not leave you comfortless : I will come to you.

Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more ;

But ye see me : because I live, ye shall live also.

At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you ; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.

Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

FEAR not, for I have redeemed thee ; I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine :

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ;

And through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.

For a small moment have I forsaken thee,

But with great mercies will I gather thee.

In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment,

But with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.

For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed,

But my kindness shall not depart from thee,

Neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed,

Saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.

O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted,

Behold I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and thy foundations with sapphires ;

And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones.

SELECTION 34.

TRUST IN GOD.

Psalm xxvii.

THE Lord is my light and my salvation ; whom shall I fear ?

The Lord is the strength of my life ; of whom shall I be afraid ?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear :

Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after :

That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion :

In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me : he shall set me up, upon a rock.

And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me ;

Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy,

I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice ;

Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face ; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face far from me ; put not thy servant away in anger :

Thou hast been my help ; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies :

For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord : be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart : wait, I say, on the Lord.

Matthew x: 28-31.

ARE not two sparrows sold for a farthing ?

And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.

But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

Matthew vi: 34.

TAKE therefore no thought for the morrow : for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself ;

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Luke xii.

AND he said unto his disciples, Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat ; neither for the body, what ye shall put on.

The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.

Consider the ravens : for they neither sow nor reap ; which neither have storehouse nor barn ;

And God feedeth them : how much more are ye better than the fowls !

And which of you with taking thought can add to his stature one cubit ?

If ye, then, be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the rest ?

Consider the lilies, how they grow : they toil not, they spin not ;

And yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

If, then, God so clothed the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven,

How much more will he clothe you, O
ye of little faith!

And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or
what ye shall drink, neither be ye of
doubtful mind;

For all these things do the nations of
the world seek after; and your Father
knoweth that ye have need of these
things.

But rather seek ye the kingdom of
God; and all these things shall be
added unto you.

Fear not, little flock; for it is your
Father's good pleasure to give you
the kingdom.

SELECTION 35.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

Psalm II.

WHY do the heathen rage, and the
people imagine a vain thing?

The kings of the earth set them-
selves, and the rulers take counsel
together,

Against the Lord, and against his
anointed, saying,

Let us break their bands asunder, and
cast away their cords from us.

He that sitteth in the heavens shall
laugh: the Lord shall have them in
derision.

Then shall he speak unto them in his
wrath, and vex them in his sore dis-
pleasure.

Yet have I set my king upon my holy
hill of Zion.

I will declare the decree: the Lord
hath said unto me,

Thou art my Son; this day have I
begotten thee.

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the
heathen for thine inheritance,

And the uttermost parts of the earth
for thy possession.

'Thou shalt break them with a rod of
iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces
like a potter's vessel.

Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be
instructed, ye judges of the earth.

Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice
with trembling.

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye
perish from the way, when his wrath
is kindled but a little.

Blessed are all they that put their
trust in him.

Psalm LXXII.

GIVE the king thy judgments, O God,
and thy righteousness unto the king's
son.

He shall judge thy people with righteous-
ness, and thy poor with judgment.

The mountains shall bring peace to the
people, and the little hills, by right-
eousness.

He shall judge the poor of the people,
he shall save the children of the
needy, and shall break in pieces the
oppressor.

They shall fear thee as long as the
sun and moon endure, throughout all
generations.

He shall come down like rain upon the
mown grass: as showers that water
the earth.

In his days shall the righteous flourish:
and abundance of peace so long as
the moon endureth.

He shall have dominion also from sea
to sea, and from the river unto the
ends of the earth.

They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents:

The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:

Prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains;

The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun:

And men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

And blessed be his glorious name for ever:

And let the whole earth be filled with his glory; Amen, and Amen.

SELECTION 36.

THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

PRAISE the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.

We will go into his tabernacles, we will worship at his footstool.

Arise, O Lord, into thy rest, thou, and the ark of thy strength.

Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness, and let thy saints shout for joy.

I will also clothe her priests with salvation, and her saints shall shout aloud for joy.

Christ is the head of the church; the church is subject unto Christ.

Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it;

That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word.

That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing;

But that it should be holy and without blemish.

Which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all.

So ought men to love their wives, as their own bodies: he that loveth his wife loveth himself.

For no man ever yet hated his own flesh ; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church :

This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the church.

So WE, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity !

For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus ;

For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ.

There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female :

And this is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another.

For ye are all one in Christ Jesus : and if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise.

And he said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground,

And should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how.

He that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.

The kingdom of God cometh not with observation.

And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.

AND I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters,

And as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Alleluia : for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him : for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready.

And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white :

For the fine linen is the righteousness of saints.

The King's daughter is all glorious within : her clothing is of wrought gold.

And there came unto me one of the seven angels, and talked with me, saying,

Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven,

Prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

Hebrews xii.

FOR ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire,

Nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest,

And the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words ;

Which voice they that heard entreated that the word should not be spoken to them any more :

But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem,

And to an innumerable company of angels,

To the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven,

And to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect,

And to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant,

And to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.

SELECTION 37.

THE CITY OF THE LORD.

Isaiah LX.

ARISE, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people:

But the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee:

Thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.

Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged;

Because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and

Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come:

They shall bring gold and incense; and they shall show forth the praises of the Lord.

All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee, the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee:

They shall come up with acceptance on mine altar, and I will glorify the house of my glory.

Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?

Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them,

Unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified thee.

And the sons of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee:

For in my wrath I smote thee, but in my favor have I had mercy on thee.

Therefore thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night;

That men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles, and that their kings may be brought.

For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary;

And I will make the place of my feet glorious.

The sons also of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee ;
 And all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet ;
 And they shall call thee, The city of the Lord, The Zion of the Holy One of Israel.
 Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations.
 Thou shalt also suck the milk of the Gentiles, and shalt suck the breast of kings :
 And thou shalt know that I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the mighty One of Jacob.
 For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron :
 I will also make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness.
 Violence shall no more be heard in thy land ; wasting nor destruction within thy borders.
 But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.
 The sun shall be no more thy light by day,
 Neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee.
 But the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory ;
 Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself :
 For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light,
 And the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Thy people also shall be all righteous : they shall inherit the land for ever,
 The branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified.
 A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation :
 I the Lord will hasten it in his time.

SELECTION 38.

GOD'S PEOPLE COMFORTED.

Isaiah XL.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God ;
 Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned ;
 For she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.
 The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare the way of the Lord,
 Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.
 Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low ;
 And the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain ;
 And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together ;
 For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.
 The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry ?
 All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field :

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth ;
because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it :

Surely the people is grass ; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth : but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain ;

O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength ;

Lift it up, be not afraid ; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God !

Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him :

Behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd : he shall gather the lambs with his arm,

And carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span,

And comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance ?

Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counselor hath taught him ?

With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of judgment,

And taught him knowledge, and showed to him the way of understanding ?

Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance :

Behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing.

And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt-offering.

All nations before him are as nothing ; and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity.

To WHOM then will ye liken me, or shall I be equal ? saith the Holy One.

Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number :

He calleth them all by names, by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power ; not one faileth.

Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God ?

Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard ; that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary ?

There is no searching of his understanding.

He giveth power to the faint ; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall ;

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ;

They shall mount up with wings as eagles ;

They shall run and not be weary ; and they shall walk and not faint.

SELECTION 39.

THE GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

Isaiah LXI.

THE Spirit of the Lord God is upon me ; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek ;

He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound ;

To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God ; to comfort all that mourn ;

To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning,

The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness ; that they might be called Trees of righteousness,

The planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations,

And they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your plowmen and your vine-dressers.

But ye shall be named the Priests of the Lord : men shall call you the Ministers of our God :

Ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves.

For your shame ye shall have double ; and for confusion they shall rejoice in their portion :

Therefore in their land they shall possess the double : everlasting joy shall be unto them.

For I the Lord love judgment, I hate robbery for burnt-offering ;

And I will direct their work in truth, and I will make an everlasting covenant with them.

And their seed shall be known among the Gentiles, and their offspring among the people :

All that see them shall acknowledge them, that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed.

I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God :

For he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness,

As a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels.

For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth ;

So the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

Isaiah LXII.

FOR Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest,

Until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth.

And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory :

And thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name.

Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.

Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate:

But thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah:

For the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married.

For as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee:

And as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee.

I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night:

Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence,

And give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

Isaiah xxxv.

THE wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them;

And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice, even with joy and singing:

The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon,

They shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not:

Behold your God will come with ven-

geance, even God with a recompense, he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped;

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing.

For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert:

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water:

In the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness;

The unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those:

The way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon,

It shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there:

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads:

They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

SELECTION 40.

GIVING OF THANKS.

Psalms xc.

OH, come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,

And make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

Oh, come let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart,

As in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness:

When your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my work.

Forty years long was I grieved with this generation,

And said, It is a people that do err in their heart, and they have not known my ways:

Unto whom I sware in my wrath that they should not enter into my rest.

Psalm CIII.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits;

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;

Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame: he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;

And the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,

And his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens ; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength,

That do his commandments, hearken-
ing unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts ; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion : bless the Lord, O my soul.

SELECTION 41.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Mark iv.

AND he began again to teach by the seaside ; and there was gathered unto him a great multitude, so that he entered into a ship, and sat in the sea ; and the whole multitude was by the sea, on the land. And he taught them many things by parables, and said unto them in his doctrine, Hearken ; behold, there went out a sower to sow.

And it came to pass, as he sowed, some fell by the way-side, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it up.

When any one heareth the word of the kingdom and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart. This is he which received seed by the way-side.

Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth ; and because they had no root, they withered away.

And these are they likewise which are sown on stony ground ; who, when

they have heard the word, immediately receive it with gladness ; and have no root in themselves, and so endure but for a time : afterward, when affliction or persecution ariseth for the word's sake, immediately they are offended.

And some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit.

And these are they which are sown among thorns ; such as hear the word, and the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful.

And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased.

And these are they which are sown on good ground ; such as hear the word, and receive it, and bring forth fruit, some thirty-fold, some sixty, and some a hundred. If any man have ears to hear, let him hear.

BE not deceived ; God is not mocked : for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

They that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same.

They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.

To him that soweth righteousness,
Shall be a sure reward.

He that soweth iniquity,
Shall reap vanity.

He which soweth sparingly,
Shall reap also sparingly :

He which soweth bountifully,
 Shall reap also bountifully.
 He that soweth to his flesh,
 Shall of the flesh reap corruption.
 He that soweth to the Spirit,
 Shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.
 He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing
 precious seed,
 Shall doubtless come again with rejoicing,
 bringing his sheaves with him.
 In the morning sow thy seed, and in
 the evening withhold not thy hand,
 For thou knowest not whether shall
 prosper, either this or that,
 Or whether they both shall be alike
 good.
 And let us not be weary in well-doing :
 for in due season we shall reap if we
 faint not.

Matthew XIII: 24-43.

ANOTHER parable put he forth unto
 them, saying, The kingdom of heaven
 is likened unto a man which sowed
 good seed in his field; but while
 men slept, his enemy came and
 sowed tares among the wheat and
 went his way.

But when the blade was sprung up,
 and brought forth fruit, then appeared
 the tares also.

He that soweth the good seed is the
 Son of man; the field is the world;
 the good seed are the children of the
 kingdom, but the tares are the children
 of the wicked one; the enemy
 that sowed them is the devil;

The harvest is the end of the world;
 and the reapers are the angels.

As therefore the tares are gathered and
 burned in the fire, so shall it be in

the end of this world: the Son of
 man shall send forth his angels; and
 they shall gather out of his kingdom
 all things that offend, and them
 which do iniquity, and shall cast
 them into a furnace of fire.

Then shall the righteous shine forth
 as the sun in the kingdom of their
 Father. Who hath ears to hear, let
 him hear.

SELECTION 42.

COMMUNING WITH GOD.

Psalm LXI.

HEAR my cry, O God; attend unto my
 prayer.

From the end of the earth will I cry
 unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:

Lead me to the rock that is higher
 than I.

For thou hast been a shelter for
 me, and a strong tower from the
 enemy.

I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever:
 I will trust in the covert of thy
 wings.

For thou, O God, hast heard my vows:
 thou hast given me the heritage of
 those that fear thy name.

Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and
 his years as many generations.

He shall abide before God for ever:
 oh, prepare mercy and truth, which
 may preserve him.

So will I sing praise unto thy name
 for ever, that I may daily perform
 my vows.

Psalm xxv.

UNTO thee, O Lord, do I lift up my
 soul.

O my God, I trust in thee : let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me.

Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed : let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

Show me thy ways, O Lord ; teach me thy paths.

Lead me in thy truth, and teach me : for thou art the God of my salvation ; on thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy loving-kindnesses ; for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions :

According to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Good and upright is the Lord : therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in judgment : and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity ; for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the Lord ? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.

His soul shall dwell at ease ; and his seed shall inherit the earth.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him ; and he will show them his covenant.

Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord ; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me ; for I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are enlarged : oh, bring thou me out of my distresses.

Look upon mine affliction and my pain ; and forgive all my sins.

Consider mine enemies ; for they are many ; and they hate me with cruel hatred.

Oh, keep my soul, and deliver me : let me not be ashamed ; for I put my trust in thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me ; for I wait on thee.

Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

Psalm xxxii.

BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me :

My moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid.

I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord ; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found :

Surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

Thou art my hiding-place ; thou shalt preserve me from trouble ;

Thou shalt compass me about with
songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee, and teach thee in
the way which thou shalt go : I will
guide thee with mine eye.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule,
which have no understanding :

Whose mouth must be held in with bit
and bridle, lest they come near unto
thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked :
but he that trusteth in the Lord,
mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye
righteous :

And shout for joy, all ye that are
upright in heart.

SELECTION 43.

PRAYER, PATIENCE, AND PRAISE.

Psalm XLIII.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause
against an ungodly nation :

Oh, deliver me from the deceitful and
unjust man.

For thou art the God of my strength :
why dost thou cast me off ?

Why go I mourning because of the
oppression of the enemy ?

Oh, send out thy light and thy truth :
let them lead me ;

Let them bring me unto thy holy hill,
and to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God,
unto God my exceeding joy :

Yea, upon the harp will I praise thee,
O God my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?
and why art thou disquieted within
me ? hope in God :

For I shall yet praise him, who is the
health of my countenance, and my
God.

Psalm XL.

I WAITED patiently for the Lord ; and
he inclined unto me, and heard my
cry.

He brought me up also out of an horri-
ble pit, out of the miry clay,

And set my feet upon a rock, and
established my goings.

And he hath put a new song in my
mouth, even praise unto our God :

Many shall see it, and fear, and shall
trust in the Lord.

Blessed is that man that maketh the
Lord his trust, and respecteth not the
proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

Many, O Lord my God, are thy won-
derful works which thou hast done,
and thy thoughts which are to us-
ward :

They cannot be reckoned up in order
unto thee :

If I would declare and speak of them,
they are more than can be numbered.

Sacrifice and offering thou didst not
desire ; mine ears hast thou opened :

Burnt-offering and sin-offering hast thou
not required.

Then said I, Lo, I come : in the volume
of the book it is written of me,

I delight to do thy will, O my God :
yea, thy law is within my heart.

I have preached righteousness in the
great congregation :

Lo, I have not refrained my lips, O
Lord, thou knowest.

I have not hid thy righteousness within
my heart ; I have declared thy faith-
fulness and thy salvation :

I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord :

Let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

For innumerable evils have compassed me about :

Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up ; They are more than the hairs of mine head : therefore my heart faileth me.

Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me : O Lord, make haste to help me.

Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it :

Let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.

Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee :

Let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

But I am poor and needy ; yet the Lord thinketh upon me :

Thou art my help and my deliverer ; make no tarrying, O my God.

Psalm xxvi.

JUDGE me, O Lord ; for I have walked in mine integrity :

I have trusted also in the Lord ; therefore I shall not slide.

Examine me, O Lord, and prove me ; try my reins and my heart.

For thy loving-kindness is before mine eyes : and I have walked in thy truth.

I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go in with dissemblers.

I have hated the congregation of evil doers ; and will not sit with the wicked.

I will wash my hands in innocency : so will I compass thine altar, O Lord :

That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works.

Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth.

Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men :

In whose hands is mischief, and their right hand is full of bribes.

But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity : redeem me, and be merciful unto me.

My foot standeth in an even place : in the congregations will I bless the Lord.

SELECTION 44.

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

Psalm xlix.

HEAR this, all ye people ; give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world :

Both low and high, rich and poor, together.

My mouth shall speak of wisdom ; and the meditation of my heart shall be of understanding.

I will incline mine ear to a parable : I will open my dark saying upon the harp.

Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the iniquity of my heels shall compass me about ?

They that trust in their wealth, and
boast themselves in the multitude
of their riches ;

None of them can by any means redeem
his brother, nor give to God a ran-
som for him :

(For the redemption of their soul is
precious, and it ceaseth for ever :)

That he should still live for ever, and
not see corruption.

For he seeth that wise men die, like-
wise the fool and the brutish person
perish, and leave their wealth to
others.

Their inward thought is, that their
houses shall continue for ever, and
their dwelling-places to all genera-
tions ;

They call their lands after their own
names.

Nevertheless man being in honor abid-
eth not : he is like the beasts that
perish.

This their way is their folly : yet their
posterity approve their sayings.

Like sheep they are laid in the grave ;
death shall feed on them ;

And the upright shall have dominion
over them in the morning ;

And their beauty shall consume in the
grave from their dwelling.

But God will redeem my soul from the
power of the grave : for he shall
receive me.

Be not thou afraid when one is made
rich, when the glory of his house is
increased ;

For when he dieth he shall carry
nothing away : his glory shall not
descend after him.

Though while he lived he blessed his
soul,

(And men will praise thee, when thou
doest well to thyself,)

He shall go to the generation of his
fathers ; they shall never see light.

Man that is in honor, and understandeth
not, is like the beasts that perish.

Psalm XXXIX.

I SAID, I will take heed to my ways,
that I sin not with my tongue :

I will keep my mouth with a bridle,
while the wicked is before me.

I was dumb with silence ; I held my
peace, even from good ; and my sor-
row was stirred.

My heart was hot within me ; while I
was musing the fire burned : then
spake I with my tongue.

Lord, make me to know mine end, and
the measure of my days, what it
is ; that I may know how frail
I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days as an
hand-breadth ; and mine age is as
nothing before thee :

Verily, every man at his best state is
altogether vanity.

Surely every man walketh in a vain
show : surely they are disquieted in
vain :

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth
not who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what wait I for ? my
hope is in thee.

Deliver me from all my transgressions :
make me not the reproach of the
foolish.

I was dumb, I opened not my mouth ;
because thou didst it.

Remove thy stroke away from me : I am
consumed by the blow of thine hand.
When thou with rebukes dost correct
man for iniquity,
Thou makest his beauty to consume
away like a moth : surely every man
is vanity.
Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear
unto my cry ; hold not thy peace at
my tears :
For I am a stranger with thee and a
sojourner, as all my fathers were.
Oh, spare me, that I may recover
strength, before I go hence, and be
no more.

SELECTION 45.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

Psalm LXVI.

MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all ye
lands :
Sing forth the honor of his name ;
make his praise glorious.
Say unto God, How terrible art thou
in thy works.
Through the greatness of thy power
shall thine enemies submit them-
selves unto thee.
All the earth shall worship thee, and
shall sing unto thee : they shall sing
to thy name.
Come and see the works of God : he is
terrible in his doing toward the chil-
dren of men.
He turned the sea into dry land : they
went through the flood on foot ; there
did we rejoice in him.
He ruleth by his power for ever ; his
eyes behold the nations : let not the
rebellious exalt themselves.

Oh, bless our God, ye people, and make
the voice of his praise to be heard :
Which holdeth our soul in life, and suf-
fereth not our feet to be moved.
For thou, O God, hast proved us ; thou
hast tried us, as silver is tried.
Thou broughtest us into the net ; thou
laidst affliction upon our loins.
Thou hast caused men to ride over our
heads ; we went through fire and
through water :
But thou broughtest us out into a
wealthy place.
I will go into thy house with burnt-
offerings : I will pay thee my vows,
Which my lips have uttered, and my
mouth hath spoken, when I was in
trouble.
I will offer unto thee burnt-sacrifices of
fatlings, with the incense of rams ; I
will offer bullocks with goats.
Come and hear, all ye that fear God,
and I will declare what he hath done
for my soul.
I cried unto him with my mouth, and
he was extolled with my tongue.
If I regard iniquity in my heart, the
Lord will not hear me :
But verily God hath heard me ; he hath
attended to the voice of my prayer.
Blessed be God, which hath not turned
away my prayer, nor his mercy from
me.
I WILL sing of the mercies of the Lord
for ever ;
With my mouth will I make known thy
faithfulness to all generations.
For I have said, Mercy shall be built
up for ever :

Psalm LXXXIX.

Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish
in the very heavens.

I have made a covenant with my
chosen, I have sworn unto David
my servant,

Thy seed will I establish for ever, and
build up thy throne to all generations.
And the heavens shall praise thy won-
ders, O Lord :

Thy faithfulness also in the congrega-
tion of the saints.

For who in the heaven can be com-
pared unto the Lord ?

Who among the sons of the mighty
can be likened unto the Lord ?

God is greatly to be feared in the
assembly of the saints,

And to be had in reverence of all them
that are about him.

O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong
Lord like unto thee ? or to thy faith-
fulness round about thee ?

Thou rulest the raging of the sea :
when the waves thereof arise, thou
stillest them.

Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as
one that is slain ;

Thou hast scattered thine enemies with
thy strong arm.

The heavens are thine, the earth also
is thine :

As for the world, and the fullness
thereof, thou hast founded them.

The north and the south thou hast
created them :

Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy
name.

Thou hast a mighty arm : strong is
thine hand, and high is thy right
hand.

Justice and judgment are the habita-
tion of thy throne :

Mercy and truth shall go before thy
face.

Blessed is the people that know the
joyful sound :

They shall walk, O Lord, in the light
of thy countenance.

In thy name shall they rejoice all the
day : and in thy righteousness shall
they be exalted.

SELECTION 46.

PROVIDENCE MISUNDERSTOOD.

Psalm LXXXI.

SING aloud unto God our strength :
make a joyful noise unto the God of
Jacob.

Take a psalm, and bring hither the
timbrel, the pleasant harp with the
psaltery.

Blow up the trumpet in the new moon,
in the time appointed, on our solemn
feast day.

For this was a statute for Israel, and
a law of the God of Jacob.

This he ordained in Joseph for a testi-
mony, when he went out through the
land of Egypt :

Where I heard a language that I un-
derstood not.

I removed his shoulder from the bur-
den : his hands were delivered from
the pots.

Thou calledst in trouble, and I deliv-
ered thee ;

I answered thee in the secret place of
thunder : I proved thee at the waters
of Meribah.

Hear, O my people, and I will testify unto thee : O Israel, if thou wilt hearken unto me ;

There shall no strange god be in thee ; neither shalt thou worship any strange god.

I am the Lord thy God which brought thee out of the land of Egypt : open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.

But my people would not hearken to my voice ; and Israel would none of me.

So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust : and they walked in their own counsels.

Oh, that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways !

I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries.

The haters of the Lord should have submitted themselves unto him :

But their time should have endured for ever.

He should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat :

And with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee.

Psalm LXXIII.

TRULY God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart.

But as for me, my feet were almost gone ; my steps had well nigh slipped.

For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.

For there are no bands in their death : but their strength is firm.

They are not in trouble as other men , neither are they plagued like other men.

Therefore pride compasseth them about as a chain ; violence covereth them as a garment.

Their eyes stand out with fatness : they have more than heart could wish.

They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression : they speak loftily.

They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth.

Therefore his people return hither : and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them.

And they say, How doth God know ? and is there knowledge in the Most High ?

Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world ; they increase in riches.

Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency.

For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning.

If I say, I will speak thus ; behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children.

When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me ;

Until I went into the sanctuary of God ; then understood I their end.

Surely thou didst set them in slippery places : thou castedst them down into destruction.

How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment !

They are utterly consumed with terrors.

As a dream when one awaketh ; so, O
Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt
despise their image.

Thus my heart was grieved, and I was
pricked in my reins.

So foolish was I, and ignorant ; I was
as a beast before thee.

Nevertheless I am continually with
thee : thou hast holden me by my
right hand.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel,
and afterward receive me to glory.

Whom have I in heaven but thee ? and
there is none upon earth that I
desire beside thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth : but
God is the strength of my heart, and
my portion for ever.

SELECTION 47.

TROUBLE RELIEVED.

Psalm cii.

HEAR my prayer, O Lord, and let my
cry come unto thee.

Hide not thy face from me in the day
when I am in trouble ;

Incline thine ear unto me : in the day
when I call, answer me speedily.

For my days are consumed like smoke,
and my bones are burned as an
hearth.

My heart is smitten, and withered like
grass ; so that I forget to eat my
bread.

By reason of the voice of my groaning
my bones cleave to my skin.

I am like a pelican of the wilderness :
I am like an owl of the desert.

I watch, and am as a sparrow alone
upon the house-top.

Mine enemies reproach me all the day ;
and they that are mad against me
are sworn against me.

For I have eaten ashes like bread, and
mingled my drink with weeping,

Because of thine indignation and thy
wrath : for thou hast lifted me up,
and cast me down.

My days are like a shadow that declin-
eth ; and I am withered like grass.

But thou, O Lord, shalt endure for
ever ; and thy remembrance unto
all generations.

Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon
Zion ; for the time to favor her, yea,
the set time, is come.

For thy servants take pleasure in her
stones, and favor the dust thereof.

So the heathen shall fear the name of
the Lord ; and all the kings of the
earth thy glory.

When the Lord shall build up Zion,
he shall appear in his glory.

He will regard the prayer of the des-
titute, and not despise their prayer.

This shall be written for the genera-
tion to come ;

And the people which shall be created
shall praise the Lord.

For he hath looked down from the
height of his sanctuary ; from heaven
did the Lord behold the earth ;

To hear the groaning of the prisoner ;
to loose those that are appointed to
death ;

To declare the name of the Lord in
Zion, and his praise in Jerusalem ;

When the people are gathered together,
and the kingdoms, to serve the
Lord.

He weakened my strength in the way ;
he shortened my days.

I said, O my God, take me not away in
the midst of my days : thy years are
throughout all generations.

Of old hast thou laid the foundation of
the earth : and the heavens are the
work of thy hands.

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure :
yea, all of them shall wax old
like a garment ;

As a vesture shalt thou change them,
and they shall be changed :

But thou art the same, and thy years
shall have no end.

The children of thy servants shall continue,
and their seed shall be established
before thee.

Psalm xcvi.

OH, sing unto the Lord a new song : for
he hath done marvelous things :

His right hand, and his holy arm, hath
gotten him the victory.

The Lord hath made known his salvation :

His righteousness hath he openly
showed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and his
truth toward the house of Israel :

All the ends of the earth have seen the
salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all
the earth :

Make a loud noise, and rejoice, and
sing praise.

Sing unto the Lord with the harp ; with
the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

With trumpets and sound of cornet
make a joyful noise before the Lord,
the King.

Let the sea roar, and the fullness
thereof ; the world, and they that
dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands : let
the hills be joyful together before
the Lord ;

For he cometh to judge the earth :
with righteousness shall he judge the
world, and the people with equity.

SELECTION 48.

MERCY PAST AND FUTURE.

Psalm lxxxv.

LORD, thou hast been favorable unto
thy land :

Thou hast brought back the captivity
of Jacob.

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy
people, thou hast covered all their
sin.

Thou hast taken away all thy wrath :
thou hast turned thyself from the
fierceness of thine anger.

Turn us, O God of our salvation, and
cause thine anger toward us to cease.

Wilt thou be angry with us for ever ?
wilt thou draw out thine anger to all
generations ?

Wilt thou not revive us again : that
thy people may rejoice in thee ?

Show us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant
us thy salvation.

I will hear what God the Lord will
speak :

For he will speak peace unto his people,
and to his saints : but let them
not turn again to folly.

Surely his salvation is nigh them that
fear him ; that glory may dwell in
our land.

Mercy and truth are met together;
righteousness and peace have kissed
each other.

Truth shall spring out of the earth;
and righteousness shall look down
from heaven.

Yea, the Lord shall give that which is
good; and our land shall yield her
increase.

Righteousness shall go before him; and
shall set us in the way of his steps.

Psalm LXXXVI.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, hear me:
for I am poor and needy.

Preserve my soul; for I am holy: O
thou my God, save thy servant that
trusteth in thee.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I
cry unto thee daily.

Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for
unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my
soul.

For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to
forgive;

And plenteous in mercy unto all them
that call upon thee.

Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer; and
attend to the voice of my supplica-
tions.

In the day of my trouble I will call
upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.

Among the gods there is none like
unto thee, O Lord;

Neither are there any works like unto
thy works.

All nations whom thou hast made shall
come and worship before thee, O
Lord; and shall glorify thy name.

For thou art great, and doest wondrous
things: thou art God alone.

Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will
walk in thy truth: unite my heart
to fear thy name.

I will praise thee, O Lord my God,
with all mine heart:

And I will glorify thy name for ever-
more.

For great is thy mercy toward me:
and thou hast delivered my soul
from the lowest hell.

O God, the proud are risen against me,
and the assemblies of violent men
have sought after my soul; and have
not set thee before them.

But thou, O Lord, art a God full of
compassion, and gracious, long-suf-
fering, and plenteous in mercy and
truth.

Oh, turn unto me, and have mercy
upon me:

Give thy strength unto thy servant,
and save the son of thine hand-
maid.

Show me a token for good; that they
which hate me may see it, and be
ashamed:

Because thou, Lord, hast holpen me,
and comforted me.

Psalm XCIII.

THE Lord reigneth, he is clothed with
majesty;

The Lord is clothed with strength,
wherewith he hath girded himself:

The world also is established, that it
cannot be moved.

Thy throne is established of old: thou
art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the
floods have lifted up their voice; the
floods lift up their waves.

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Thy testimonies are very sure : holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

SELECTION 49.

THE MAJESTY OF GOD.

Psalm civ.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great ;

Thou art clothed with honor and majesty :

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment :

Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain :

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters : who maketh the clouds his chariot :

Who walketh upon the wings of the wind :

Who maketh his angels spirits ; his ministers a flaming fire :

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment : the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled ; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

They go up by the mountains ; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over ;

That they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field : the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers : the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man :

That he may bring forth food out of the earth :

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine,

And bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap ; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted ;

Where the birds make their nests : as for the stork, the fir-trees are her house.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats ; and the rocks for the conies.

He appointeth the moon for seasons : the sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night : wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

That thou givest them, they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord.

Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more.

Bless thou the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 50.

GOD'S MERCY ENDURETH.

Psalm CXL.

PRAISE ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart,

In the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.

The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

His work is honorable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered:

The Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

He hath showed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

The works of his hands are verity and judgment; all his commandments are sure.

They stand fast for ever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.

He sent redemption unto his people: he hath commanded his covenant for ever: holy and reverend is his name.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom:

A good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his praise endureth for ever.

Psalm CXVIII.

OH, give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: because his mercy endureth for ever.

Let Israel now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the house of Aaron now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

Let them now that fear the Lord say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

I called upon the Lord in distress: the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place.

The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

The Lord taketh my part with them that help me:

Therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.

All nations compassed me about: but in the name of the Lord will I destroy them.

They compassed me about; yea, they compassed me about:

But in the name of the Lord I will destroy them.

They compassed me about like bees; they are quenched as the fire of thorns:

For in the name of the Lord I will destroy them.

Thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall: but the Lord helped me.

The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous:

The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

The right hand of the Lord is exalted: the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.

The Lord hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord:

This gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter.

I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.

This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes.

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord:

We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

God is the Lord, which hath showed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.

Thou art my God, and I will praise thee: thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

Oh, give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

SELECTION 51.

UNIVERSAL ADORATION.

Psalm CXLVIII.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also established them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all deeps:

Fire, and hail; snow, and vapors: stormy wind fulfilling his word:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent;

His glory is above the earth and heaven.

He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints;

Even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him. Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm CXLVI.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God:

Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is: which keepeth truth for ever:

Which executeth judgment for the oppressed: which giveth food to the hungry.

The Lord looseth the prisoners: the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind:

The Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the Lord loveth the righteous:

The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow:

But the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

The Lord shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm CXXXVIII.

I WILL praise thee with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth:

For thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord.

Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly: but the proud he knoweth afar off.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me:

Thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever:

Forsake not the works of thine own hands.

SELECTION 52.

HELP ACKNOWLEDGED.

Psalm cxxx.

OUT of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning:

I say, more than they that watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

Psalm cxxiv.

IF it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say;

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us:

Then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us:

Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul:

Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.

Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers:

The snare is broken, and we are escaped.

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

Psalm cxvi.

I LOVE the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple : I was brought low, and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul ; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

I believed, therefore have I spoken : I was greatly afflicted : I said in mine haste, All men are liars.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me ?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

O Lord, truly I am thy servant ; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid : thou hast loosed my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people,

In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm III.

LORD, how are they increased that trouble me ? many are they that rise up against me.

Many there be which say of my soul, There is no help for him in God.

But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me ;

my glory, and the lifter up of mine head.

I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill.

I laid me down and slept ; I awaked ; for the Lord sustained me.

I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about.

Arise, O Lord ; save me, O my God ; for thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone ;

Thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.

Salvation belongeth unto the Lord : thy blessing is upon thy people.

SELECTION 53.

ZION, THE PERFECTION OF BEAUTY.

Psalm L.

THE mighty God, even the Lord, hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof.

Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined.

Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence :

A fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him.

He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that he may judge his people.

Gather my saints together unto me ; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice.

And the heavens shall declare his righteousness : for God is judge himself.

Hear, O my people, and I will speak ;
O Israel, and I will testify against
thee : I am God, even thy God.

I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices
or thy burnt offerings, to have been
continually before me.

I will take no bullock out of thy house,
nor he goats out of thy folds :

For every beast of the forest is mine,
and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

I know all the fowls of the mountains :
and the wild beasts of the field are
mine.

If I were hungry, I would not tell
thee : for the world is mine, and the
fullness thereof.

Will I eat the flesh of bulls, or drink
the blood of goats ?

Offer unto God thanksgiving ; and pay
thy vows unto the Most High :

And call upon me in the day of trouble :
I will deliver thee, and thou shalt
glorify me.

But unto the wicked God saith, What
hast thou to do to declare my
statutes,

Or that thou shouldest take my cove-
nant in thy mouth ?

Seeing thou hatest instruction, and
castest my words behind thee.

When thou sawest a thief, then thou
consentedst with him, and hast been
partaker with adulterers.

Thou givest thy mouth to evil, and thy
tongue frameth deceit.

Thou sittest and speakest against thy
brother ; thou slanderest thine own
mother's son.

These things hast thou done, and I
kept silence ;

Thou thoughtest that I was altogether
such a one as thyself :

But I will reprove thee, and set them
in order before thine eyes.

Now consider this, ye that forget God,
lest I tear you in pieces, and there
be none to deliver.

Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me :
and to him that ordereth his conver-
sation aright will I show the salva-
tion of God.

Psalm cxxxvii.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat
down, yea, we wept, when we re-
membered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows
in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away
captive required of us a song ;

And they that wasted us required of us
mirth, saying, Sing us one of the
songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in
a strange land ?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my
right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my
tongue cleave to the roof of my
mouth ;

If I prefer not Jerusalem above my
chief joy.

Remember, O Lord, the children
of Edom in the day of Jeru-
salem ;

Who said, Rase it, rase it, even to the
foundation thereof.

O daughter of Babylon, who art to be
destroyed ;

Happy shall he be, that rewardeth thee
as thou hast served us.

Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones.

Psalm LXXXVII.

HIS foundation is in the holy mountains.

The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.

I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me :

Behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia ; this man was born there.

And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her :

And the Highest himself shall establish her.

The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there.

As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there : all my springs are in thee.

SELECTION 54.

THE GODLY AND THE WICKED.

Psalm XXXVII.

FRET not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the Lord, and do good ; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord ; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord ; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass :

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him :

Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way,

Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath : fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For evil doers shall be cut off : but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be :

Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth ; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth.

The Lord shall laugh at him : for he seeth that his day is coming.

The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow, to cast down the poor and needy,

And to slay such as be of upright conversation.

Their sword shall enter into their own heart, and their bows shall be broken.

A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.

For the arms of the wicked shall be broken : but the Lord upholdeth the righteous.

The Lord knoweth the days of the upright : and their inheritance shall be for ever.

They shall not be ashamed in the evil time :

And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

But the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs :

They shall consume ; into smoke shall they consume away.

The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again : but the righteous showeth mercy, and giveth.

For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth ;

And they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord ; and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down : for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old ; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

He is ever merciful, and lendeth ; and his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good ; and dwell for evermore.

For the Lord loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints ;

They are preserved for ever : but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever.

The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment.

The law of his God is in his heart ; none of his steps shall slide.

The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him.

The Lord will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged.

Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land :

When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not : yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright : for the end of that man is peace.

But the transgressors shall be destroyed together : the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord : he is their strength in the time of trouble.

And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them :

He shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.

SELECTION 55.

THE ARK OF GOD.

Psalm LXVIII.

LET God arise, let his enemies be scattered :

Let them also that hate him flee before him.

As smoke is driven away, so drive them away :

As wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God.

But let the righteous be glad ; let them rejoice before God : yea, let them exceedingly rejoice.

Sing unto God, sing praises to his name :

Extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH, and rejoice before him.

A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation.

God setteth the solitary in families : he bringeth out those which are bound with chains : but the rebellious dwell in a dry land.

O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness ;

The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God :

Even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.

Thy congregation hath dwelt therein : thou, O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the poor.

The Lord gave the word : great was the company of those that published it.

Kings of armies did flee apace : and she that tarried at home divided the spoil.

Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

When the Almighty scattered kings in it, it was white as snow in Salmon.

The hill of God is as the hill of Bashan ; a high hill as the hill of Bashan.

Why leap ye, ye high hills ? this is the hill which God desireth to dwell in ; yea, the Lord will dwell in it for ever.

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels :

The Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place.

Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive : thou hast received gifts for men ;

Yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.

He that is our God is the God of salvation ;

And unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.

But God shall wound the head of his enemies,

And the hairy scalp of such an one as goeth on still in his trespasses.

The Lord said, I will bring again from Bashan :

I will bring my people again from the depths of the sea :

That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dogs in the same.

They have seen thy goings, O God ;
even the goings of my God, my
King, in the sanctuary.

The singers went before, the players
on instruments followed after ;

Among them were the damsels playing
with timbrels.

Bless ye God in the congregations,
even the Lord, from the fountain of
Israel.

There is little Benjamin with their
ruler, the princes of Judah and
their council,

The princes of Zebulun, and the
princes of Naphtali.

Thy God hath commanded thy strength ;
strengthen, O God, that which thou
hast wrought for us.

Because of thy temple at Jerusalem
shall kings bring presents unto thee.

Rebuke the company of spear-men, the
multitude of the bulls, with the
calves of the people,

Till every one submit himself with
pieces of silver :

Scatter thou the people that delight in
war.

Princes shall come out of Egypt ;
Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her
hands unto God.

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the
earth ; oh, sing praises unto the
Lord ;

To him that rideth upon the heavens
of heavens, which were of old ;

Lo, he doth send out his voice, and
that a mighty voice.

Ascribe ye strength unto God : his
excellency is over Israel, and his
strength is in the clouds.

O God, thou art terrible out of thy
holy places :

The God of Israel is he that giveth
strength and power unto his people.
Blessed be God !

SELECTION 56.

GOD, OUR DEFENCE.—Ps. LIII.

THE fool hath said in his heart, There
is no God.

Corrupt are they, and have done abom-
inable iniquity : there is none that
doeth good.

God looked down from heaven upon
the children of men,

To see if there were any that did un-
derstand, that did seek God.

Every one of them is gone back : they
are altogether become filthy ;

There is none that doeth good, no,
not one.

Have the workers of iniquity no
knowledge ?

Who eat up my people as they eat
bread : they have not called upon
God.

There were they in great fear, where
no fear was :

For God hath scattered the bones of
him that encampeth against thee :

Thou hast put them to shame, because
God hath despised them.

Oh, that the salvation of Israel were
come out of Zion !

When God bringeth back the captivity
of his people, Jacob shall rejoice,
and Israel shall be glad.

Psalm LVI.

BE merciful unto me, O God : for man
would swallow me up ; he fighting
daily oppresseseth me.

Mine enemies would daily swallow me up: for they be many that fight against me, O thou Most High.

What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

In God I will praise his word, in God I have put my trust;

I will not fear what flesh can do unto me.

Every day they wrest my words: all their thoughts are against me for evil.

They gather themselves together, they hide themselves, they mark my steps, when they wait for my soul.

Shall they escape by iniquity? in thine anger cast down the people, O God.

Thou tellest my wanderings: put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?

When I cry unto thee, then shall mine enemies turn back: this I know; for God is for me.

In God will I praise his word: in the Lord will I praise his word.

In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid what man can do unto me.

Thy vows are upon me, O God: I will render praises unto thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death:

Wilt not thou deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?

Psalm cx.

THE Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool.

The Lord shall send the rod of thy

strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.

Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power,

In the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth.

The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent,

Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.

The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath.

He shall judge among the heathen, he shall fill the places with the dead bodies;

He shall wound the heads over many countries.

He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall he lift up the head.

Psalm iv.

HEAR me when I call, O God of my righteousness:

Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress;

Have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame?

How long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing?

But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself:

The Lord will hear when I call unto him.

Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.

Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the Lord.

There be many that say, Who will show us any good ?

Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep :

For thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

SELECTION 57.

CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

Psalm xxii.

MY God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?

Why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring ?

O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not ;

And in the night season, and am not silent.

But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

Our fathers trusted in thee : they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

They cried unto thee, and were delivered : they trusted in thee, and were not confounded.

But I am a worm, and no man ; a reproach of men, and despised of the people.

All they that see me laugh me to scorn :

They shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying,

He trusted on the Lord that he would deliver him : let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him.

Be not far from me ; for trouble is near ; for there is none to help.

Many bulls have compassed me : strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round.

They gaped upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion.

I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint ;

My heart is like wax : it is melted in the midst of my bowels.

My strength is dried up like a pottersherd ; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws ;

And thou hast brought me into the dust of death.

For dogs have compassed me : the assembly of the wicked have inclosed me : they pierced my hands and my feet.

I may tell all my bones : they look and stare upon me.

They part my garments among them and cast lots upon my vesture.

But be not thou far from me, O Lord : O my strength, haste thee to help me.

Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the power of the dog.

Save me from the lion's mouth : for thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns.

I will declare thy name unto my brethren : in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

Ye that fear the Lord, praise him ; all ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him ;

And fear him, all ye the seed of Israel.

For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted ;

Neither hath he hid his face from him ;
but when he cried unto him, he
heard.

My praise shall be of thee in the great
congregation : I will pay my vows
before them that fear him.

The meek shall eat and be satisfied :
they shall praise the Lord that
seek him : your heart shall live for
ever.

All the ends of the world shall remem-
ber and turn unto the Lord :

And all the kindreds of the nations
shall worship before thee.

For the kingdom is the Lord's : and he
is the governor among the nations.

All they that be fat upon earth shall
eat and worship :

All they that go down to the dust shall
bow before him : and none can keep
alive his own soul.

A seed shall serve him ; it shall be
accounted to the Lord for a gen-
eration.

They shall come, and shall declare
his righteousness unto a people that
shall be born, that he hath done this.

SELECTION 58.

NATIONAL HUMILIATION.

Psalm XLIV.

WE have heard with our ears, O God,
our fathers have told us, what work
thou didst in their days, in the times
of old.

How thou didst drive out the heathen
with thy hand, and plantedst them ;

How thou didst afflict the people, and
cast them out.

For they got not the land in possession

by their own sword, neither did their
own arm save them :

But thy right hand, and thine arm, and
the light of thy countenance, because
thou hadst a favor unto them.

Thou art my King, O God : command
deliverances for Jacob.

Through thee will we push down our
enemies :

Through thy name will we tread them
under that rise up against us.

For I will not trust in my bow, neither
shall my sword save me.

But thou hast saved us from our ene-
mies, and hast put them to shame
that hated us.

In God we boast all the day long, and
praise thy name for ever.

But thou hast cast off, and put us to
shame ; and goest not forth with our
armies.

Thou makest us to turn back from the
enemy : and they which hate us spoil
for themselves.

Thou hast given us like sheep ap-
pointed for meat ; and hast scattered
us among the heathen.

Thou sellest thy people for nought,
and dost not increase thy wealth by
their price.

Thou makest us a reproach to our
neighbors,

A scorn and a derision to them that
are round about us.

Thou makest us a byword among the
heathen, a shaking of the head
among the people.

My confusion is continually before me,
and the shame of my face hath cov-
ered me,

For the voice of him that reproacheth
and blasphemeth; by reason of the
enemy and avenger.

All this is come upon us; yet have we
not forgotten thee, neither have we
dealt falsely in thy covenant.

Our heart is not turned back, neither
have our steps declined from thy
way;

Though thou hast sore broken us in
the place of dragons, and covered us
with the shadow of death.

If we have forgotten the name of our
God, or stretched out our hands to a
strange god;

Shall not God search this out? for he
knoweth the secrets of the heart.

Yea, for thy sake are we killed all the
day long; we are counted as sheep
for the slaughter.

Awake, why sleepest thou, O Lord?
arise, cast us not off for ever.

Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and
forgettest our affliction and our op-
pression?

For our soul is bowed down to the
dust: our belly cleaveth unto the
earth.

Arise for our help, and redeem us for
thy mercies' sake.

Psalm LX.

O GOD, thou hast cast us off, thou
hast scattered us, thou hast been
displeased; oh, turn thyself to us
again.

Thou hast made the earth to tremble;
thou hast broken it: heal the
breaches thereof; for it shaketh.

Thou hast showed thy people hard
things: thou hast made us to drink
the wine of astonishment.

Thou hast given a banner to them that
fear thee, that it may be displayed
because of the truth.

That thy beloved may be delivered;
save with thy right hand, and hear
me.

God hath spoken in his holiness; I
will rejoice, I will divide Shechem,
and mete out the valley of Succoth.

Gilead is mine, and Manasseh is
mine; Ephraim also is the strength
of mine head; Judah is my law-
giver;

Moab is my washpot; over Edom will
I cast out my shoe: Philistia, tri-
umph thou because of me.

Who will bring me into the strong
city? who will lead me into Edom?

Wilt not thou, O God, which hadst
cast us off?

And thou, O God, which didst not go
out with our armies?

Give us help from trouble: for vain is
the help of man.

Through God we shall do valiantly:
for he it is that shall tread down
our enemies.

Psalm CXXVI.

WHEN the Lord turned again the cap-
tivity of Zion, we were like them
that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laugh-
ter, and our tongue with singing:

Then said they among the heathen,
The Lord hath done great things
for them.

The Lord hath done great things for
us; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as
the streams in the south.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth,
bearing precious seed,

Shall doubtless come again with rejoicing,
bringing his sheaves with him.

SELECTION 59.

GOD'S ANCIENT PEOPLE.

Psalms cv.

OH, give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name: make known his deeds among the people.

Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him: talk ye of all his wondrous works.

Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

Seek the Lord, and his strength: seek his face evermore.

Remember his marvelous works that he hath done;

His wonders, and the judgments of his mouth;

O ye seed of Abraham his servant, ye children of Jacob his chosen.

He is the Lord our God: his judgments are in all the earth.

He hath remembered his covenant for ever, the word which he commanded to a thousand generations.

Which covenant he made with Abraham, and his oath unto Isaac;

And confirmed the same unto Jacob for a law, and to Israel for an everlasting covenant:

Saying, Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan, the lot of your inheritance:

When they were but a few men in number; yea, very few, and strangers in it.

When they went from one nation to another, from one kingdom to another people;

He suffered no man to do them wrong: yea, he reproveth kings for their sakes;

Saying, Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.

Moreover he called for a famine upon the land: he brake the whole staff of bread.

He sent a man before them, even Joseph, who was sold for a servant:

Whose feet they hurt with fetters: he was laid in iron:

Until the time that his word came: the word of the Lord tried him.

The king sent and loosed him; even the ruler of the people, and let him go free.

He made him lord of his house, and ruler of all his substance:

To bind his princes at his pleasure; and teach his senators wisdom.

Israel also came into Egypt; and Jacob sojourned in the land of Ham.

And he increased his people greatly; and made them stronger than their enemies.

He turned their heart to hate his people, to deal subtilly with his servants.

He sent Moses his servant; and Aaron whom he had chosen.

They showed his signs among them, and wonders in the land of Ham.

He sent darkness, and made it dark ;
and they rebelled not against his
word.

He turned their waters into blood, and
slew their fish.

Their land brought forth frogs in
abundance, in the chambers of their
kings.

He spake, and there came divers sorts
of flies, and lice in all their coasts.

He gave them hail for rain, and flaming
fire in their land.

He smote their vines also and their fig-
trees ; and brake the trees of their
coasts.

He spake, and the locusts came, and
caterpillars, and that without number,
And did eat up all the herbs in their
land, and devoured the fruit of their
ground.

He smote also all the first-born in their
land, the chief of all their strength.

He brought them forth also with silver
and gold :

And there was not one feeble person
among their tribes.

Egypt was glad when they departed :
for the fear of them fell upon them.

He spread a cloud for a covering ; and
fire to give light in the night.

The people asked, and he brought
quails, and satisfied them with the
bread of heaven.

He opened the rock, and the waters
gushed out ; they ran in the dry
places like a river.

For he remembered his holy promise,
and Abraham his servant.

And he brought forth his people with
joy, and his chosen with gladness :

And gave them the lands of the
heathen : and they inherited the
labor of the people ;

That they might observe his statutes,
and keep his laws. Praise ye the
Lord.

SELECTION 60.

THE WORDS OF THE LORD.

Psalm xii.

HELP, Lord ; for the godly man ceas-
eth ; for the faithful fail from among
the children of men.

They speak vanity every one with his
neighbor :

With flattering lips and with a double
heart do they speak.

The Lord shall cut off all flattering
lips, and the tongue that speaketh
proud things :

Who have said, With our tongue will
we prevail ; our lips are our own :
who is lord over us ?

For the oppression of the poor, for the
sighing of the needy, now will I
arise, saith the Lord ;

I will set him in safety from him that
puffeth at him.

The words of the Lord are pure words :
as silver tried in a furnace of earth,
purified seven times.

Thou shalt keep them, O Lord, thou
shalt preserve them from this gener-
ation for ever.

The wicked walk on every side, when
the vilest men are exalted.

Psalm cxxix.

MANY a time have they afflicted me
from my youth, may Israel now
say :

Many a time have they afflicted me
from my youth: yet they have not
prevailed against me.

The ploughers ploughed upon my back:
they made long their furrows.

The Lord is righteous: he hath cut
asunder the cords of the wicked.

Let them all be confounded and turned
back that hate Zion.

Let them be as the grass upon the
house-tops, which withereth afore it
groweth up:

Wherewith the mower filleth not his
hand; nor he that bindeth sheaves
his bosom.

Neither do they which go by say, The
blessing of the Lord be upon you:

We bless you in the name of the Lord.

Psalm cxv.

NOT unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but
unto thy name give glory, for thy
mercy, and for thy truth's sake.

Wherefore should the heathen say,
Where is now their God?

But our God is in the heavens: he hath
done whatsoever he hath pleased.

Their idols are silver and gold, the
work of men's hands.

They have mouths, but they speak not:
eyes have they, but they see not:

They have ears, but they hear not:
noses have they, but they smell
not:

They have hands, but they handle not:
feet have they, but they walk not:
neither speak they through their
throat.

They that make them are like unto
them; so is every one that trusteth
in them.

O Israel, trust thou in the Lord: he is
their help and their shield.

O house of Aaron, trust in the Lord:
he is their help and their shield.

Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the
Lord: he is their help and their
shield.

The Lord hath been mindful of us: he
will bless us;

He will bless the house of Israel; he
will bless the house of Aaron.

He will bless them that fear the Lord,
both small and great.

The Lord shall increase you more and
more, you and your children.

Ye are blessed of the Lord which made
heaven and earth.

The heaven, even the heavens, are the
Lord's:

But the earth hath he given to the
children of men.

The dead praise not the Lord, neither
any that go down into silence.

But we will bless the Lord from this
time forth and for evermore. Praise
the Lord.

SELECTION 61.

THE ANCIENT LITANY.

O GOD the Father of Heaven, have
mercy upon us miserable sinners.

*O God the Father of Heaven, have
mercy upon us miserable sinners.*

O God the Son, Redeemer of the
world, have mercy upon us miser-
able sinners.

*O God the Son, Redeemer of the
world, have mercy upon us miser-
able sinners.*

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God, have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God, have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers; neither take thou vengeance of our sins; spare us, good Lord, spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.

Spare us, good Lord.

From all evil and mischief; from sin; from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all blindness of heart; from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all inordinate and sinful affections; and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; from all false doc-

trine, heresy, and schism; from hardness of heart, and contempt of thy Word and Commandment,

Good Lord, deliver us.

By the mystery of thy holy Incarnation, by thy holy Nativity and Circumcision; by thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

By thine Agony and Bloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost,

Good Lord, deliver us.

In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our prosperity; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,

Good Lord, deliver us.

We sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God; and that it may please thee to rule and govern thy holy Church universal in the right way;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bless and preserve all Christian Rulers and Magistrates, giving them grace to execute justice, and to maintain truth;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to illuminate all Pastors and Ministers of the Church with true knowledge and understanding of thy Word; and that both by their preaching and living they may set it forth, and show it accordingly;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to put an end to all sects and scandals, and to send forth faithful laborers into thy harvest;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bless and keep all thy people;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give to all nations unity, peace, and concord;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us an heart to love and fear thee, and diligently to live after thy commandments;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give to all thy people increase of grace to hear meekly thy Word, and to receive it with pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred, and are deceived;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to strengthen such as do stand; and to comfort and help the weak-hearted; and to raise up those who fall; and finally to beat down Satan under our feet;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to succor,

help, and comfort, all who are in danger, necessity, and tribulation;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to preserve all who travel by land or by water, all women in the perils of child-birth, all sick persons, and young children; and to show thy pity upon all prisoners and captives;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to defend, and provide for, the fatherless children, and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to have mercy upon all men;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts:

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time we may enjoy them;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us true repentance; to forgive us all our sins, negligences, and ignorances; and to endue us with the grace of thy Holy Spirit to amend our lives according to thy holy Word;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

Son of God, we beseech thee to hear
us.

*Son of God, we beseech thee to
hear us.*

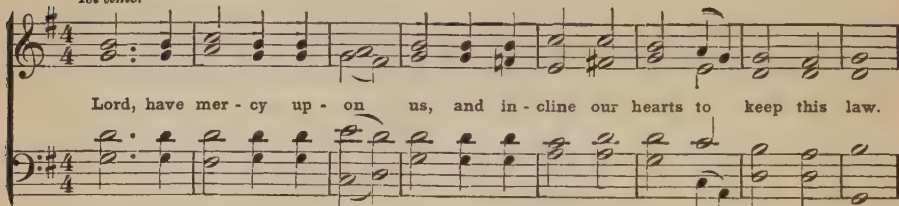
O Lamb of God, who takest away the

sins of the world; have mercy
upon us.

*O Lamb of God, who takest away
the sins of the world; grant us
thy peace.*

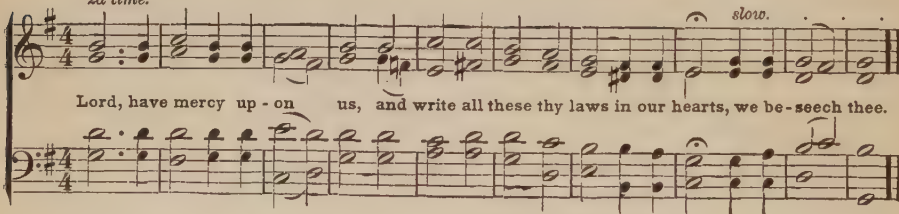
RESPONSE AFTER DECALOGUE.

1st time.



Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

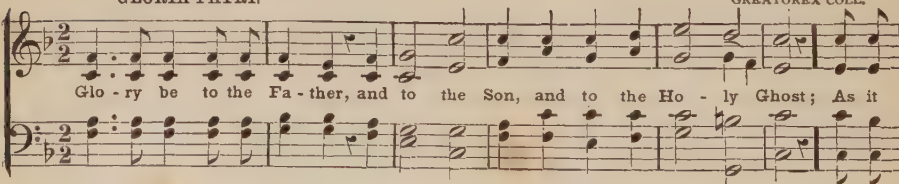
2d time.



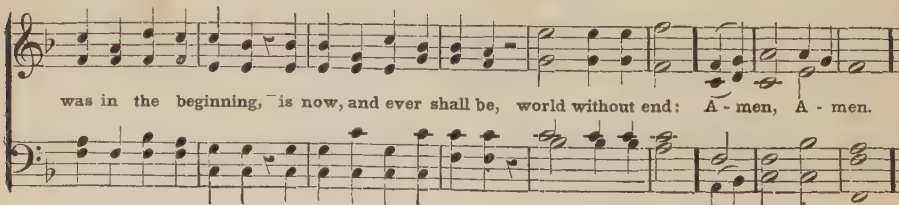
Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

GLORIA PATRI.

GREATOREX COLL.



Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it



was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: A - men, A - men.

